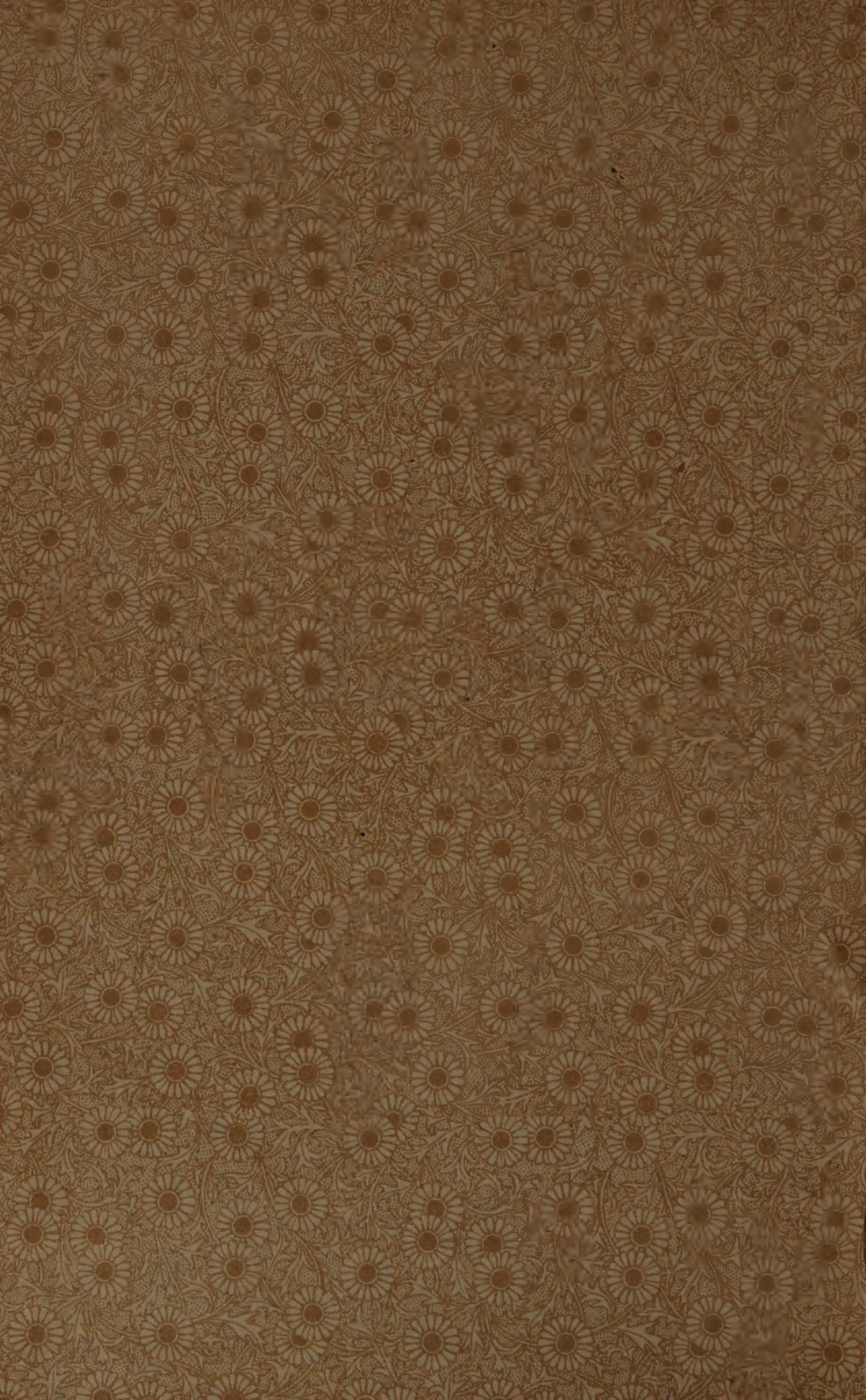




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THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

LIFE OF CROMWELL, VOL. III.—JOHN STERLING

NEW YORK
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER
1885

THE WORKS

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. ELIOT

NEW YORK

JOHN D. APPLETON & COMPANY

1862

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. III

NEW YORK:

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1885.

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LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THOMAS CLARKE

IN TWO VOLUMES

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

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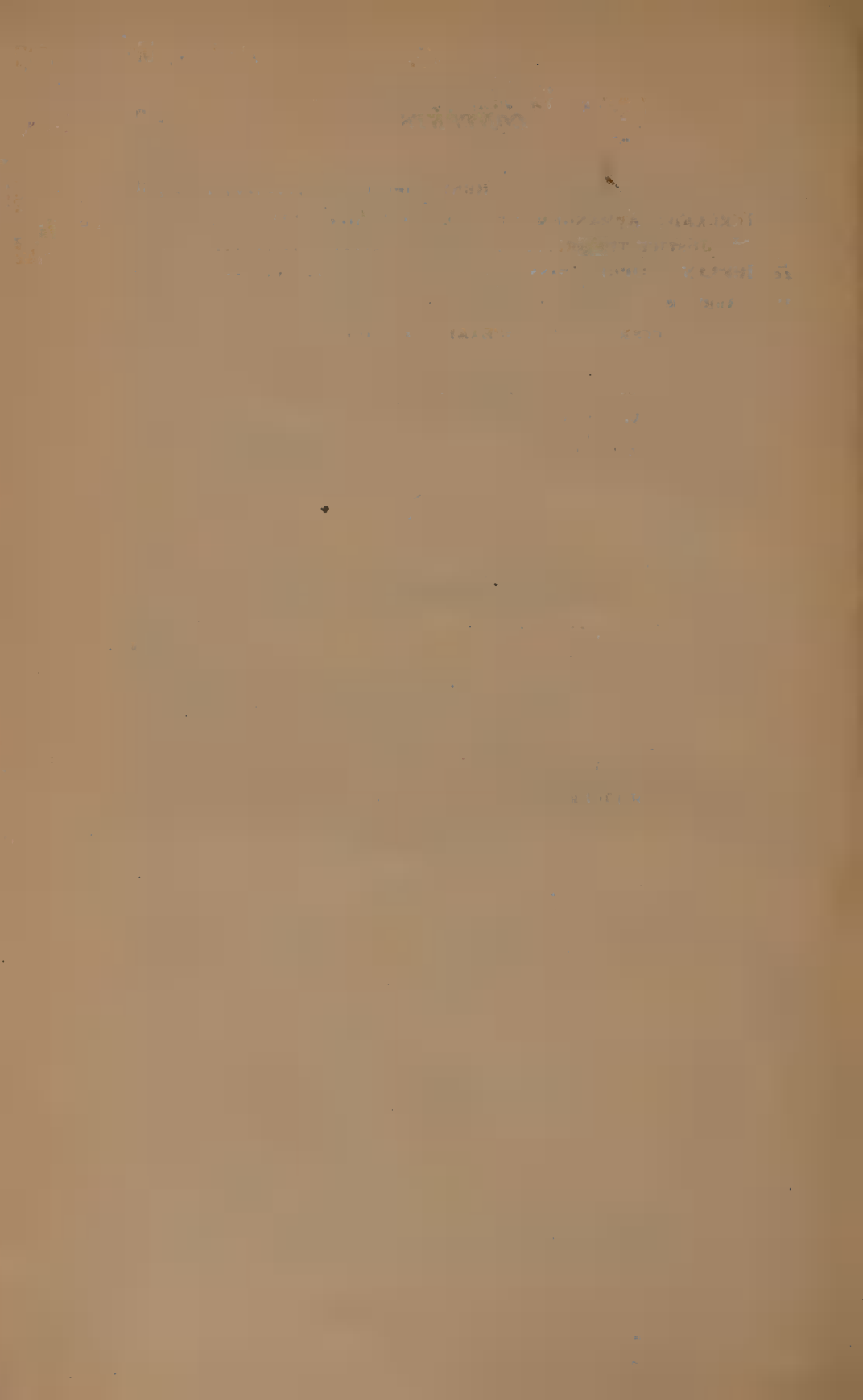
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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART NINTH.

THE MAJOR-GENERALS.

1655-1656.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

THE Plots and perils to the Commonwealth which my Lord Protector spoke of to his honourable Members, were not an imagination, but a very tragic reality. Under the shadow of this Constitutioning Parliament strange things had been ripening: without some other eye than the Parliament's, Constitution and Commonwealth in general had been, by this time, in a bad way! A universal rising of Royalists combined with Anabaptists is in a real state of progress. Dim meetings there have been of Royalist Gentlemen, on nocturnal moors, in this quarter and in that, 'with cart-loads of arms,'—terrified at their own jingle, and rapidly dispersing again till the grand hour come. Anabaptist Levellers have had dim meetings, dim communications; will prefer Charles Stuart himself to the traitor Oliver, who has dared to attempt actual 'governing' of men. Charles Stuart has come down to Middleburg, on the Dutch coast, to be in readiness; 'Hyde is cock-sure.'¹ From the dreary old *Thurloes*, and rubbish-continent of Spy Letters, Intercepted Letters, Letters of Intelligence; where, scattered at huge intervals, the History of England for those years still lies entombed, it

¹ Manning's Letter, in *Thurloe*, iii. 384.

is manifest enough what a winter and spring this was in England. A Protector left without supplies, obliged to cut his Parliament adrift, and front the matter alone; England, from end to end of it, ripe for an explosion; for a universal blazing-up of all the heterogeneous combustibilities it had; the Sacred Majesty waiting at Middleburg, and Hyde cock-sure!

Nevertheless it came all to nothing;—there being a Protector in it. The Protector, in defect of Parliaments, issued his own Ordinance, the best he could, for payment of old rates and taxes; which, as the necessity was evident, and the sum fixed upon was low, rather lower than had been expected, the Country quietly complied with. Indispensible supply was obtained: and as for the Plots, the Protector had long had his eye on them, had long had his nooses round them;—the Protector strangled them everywhere at the moment suitablest for him, and lodged the ringleaders of them in the Tower. Let us, as usual, try to extricate a few small elucidative facts from the hideous old Pamphletary Imbroglio, where facts and figments, ten thousand facts of no importance to one fact of some, lie mingled, like the living with the dead, in noisome darkness all of them: once extricated, they may assist the reader's fancy a little. Of Oliver's own in reference to this period, too characteristic a period to be omitted, there is little or nothing left us: a few detached Letters, hardly two of them very significant of Oliver; which cannot avail us much, but shall be inserted at their due places.

February 12th, 1654–5. News came this afternoon that Major John Wildman, chief of the *frantic* Anabaptist Party, upon whom the Authorities have had their eye of late, has been seized at Exton, near Marlborough, in Wilts; 'by a party of Major Butler's horse.' In his furnished lodging; 'in a room up stairs;' his door stood open: stepping softly up, the troopers found him leaning on his elbow, dictating to his clerk 'A Declaration of the free and well-affected People of England now in Arms' (or shortly to be in Arms) 'against the tyrant Oliver Cromwell:'¹ a forcible piece, which can still be read, but only as a fragment, the zealous Major never having had occasion to finish it. They carried him to Chepstow Castle; locked him up there: and the free and well-affected People of England never got to Arms against the Tyrant, but were only in hopes of getting. Wildman was in the last Parliament; but could not sign the Recognition; went away in virtuous indig-

¹ Whitlocke, p. 599; Cromwelliana, p. 151.

nation, to act against the Tyrant by stratagem henceforth. He has been the centre of an extensive world of Plots this winter, as his wont from of old was : the mainspring of Royalist Anabaptistry, what we call the *frantic* form of Republicanism, which hopes to attain its object by assisting even Charles Stuart against the Tyrant Oliver. A stirring man ; very flamy and very fuliginous : perhaps, since Freeborn John was sealed-up in Jersey, the noisiest man in England. The turning of the key on him in Chepstow will be a deliverance to us henceforth.

We take his capture as the termination of the Anabaptist-Royalist department of the Insurrection. Thurloe has now got all the threads of this Wildman business in his hand : the ringleaders are laid in prison, Harrison, Lord Grey of Groby and various others ; kept there out of harm's way ; dealt with in a rigorous, yet gentle, and what we must call great and manful manner. It is remarked of Oliver that none of this Party was ever brought to trial : his hope and wish was always that they might yet be reconciled to him. Colonel Sexby, once Captain Sexby, Trooper Sexby, our old acquaintance, one of Wildman's people,—has escaped on this occasion : better for himself had he been captured now, and saved from still madder courses he got into.

Sunday March 11th, 1654–5, in the City of Salisbury, about midnight, there occurs a thing worth noting. What may be called the general outcome of the Royalist Department of the Insurrection. This too over England generally has, in all quarters where it showed itself, found some 'Major Butler' with due 'troops of horse' to seize it, to trample it out, and lay the ringleaders under lock and key. Hardly anywhere could it get the length of fighting : too happy if it could but gallop and hide. In Yorkshire, there was some appearance, and a few shots fired ; but to no effect : poor Sir Henry Slingsby, and a Lord Malevrier, and others were laid hold of here ; of whom the Lord escaped by stratagem ; and poor Sir Henry lies prisoner in Hull,—where it will well be-hove him to keep quiet if he can ! But on the Sunday night above mentioned, peaceful Salisbury is awakened from its slumbers by a real advent of Cavaliers. Sir Joseph Wagstaff, 'a jolly knight' of those parts, once a Royalist Colonel ; he with Squire or Colonel Penruddock, 'a gentleman of fair fortune,' Squire or Major Grove, also of some fortune, and about Two-hundred others, did actually rendezvous in arms about the big Steeple that Sunday night, and ring a loud alarm in those parts.

It was Assize time ; the Judges had arrived the day before. Wagstaff seizes the Judges in their beds, seizes the High Sheriff,

and otherwise makes night hideous;—proposes on the morrow to hang the Judges, as a useful warning, which Mr. Hyde thinks it would have been; but is overruled by Penruddock and the rest. He orders the High Sheriff to proclaim King Charles; High Sheriff will not, not though you hang him; Town-crier will not, not even he though you hang him. The Insurrection does not speed in Salisbury, it would seem. The Insurrection quits Salisbury on Monday night, hearing that troopers are on foot; marches with all speed towards Cornwall, hoping for better luck there. Marches;—but Captain Unton Crook, whom we once saw before, marches also in the rear of it; marches swiftly, fiercely; overtakes it at South Molton in Devonshire ‘on Wednesday about ten at night,’ and there in few minutes puts an end to it. ‘They fired out of windows on us,’ but could make nothing of it. We took Penruddock, Grove, and long lists of others: Wagstaff unluckily escaped.¹ The unfortunate men were tried, at Exeter, by a regular assize and jury; were found guilty, some of High Treason, some of ‘Horse-stealing:’ Penruddock and Grove, stanch Royalists both and gallant men, were beheaded; several were hanged; a great many ‘sent to Barbadoes;’—and this Royalist conflagration too, which should have blazed all over England, is entirely damped out, having amounted to smoke merely, whereby many eyes are bleared! Indeed so prompt and complete is the extinction, thankless people begin to say there had never been anything considerable to extinguish. Had they stood in the middle of it,—had they seen the nocturnal rendezvous at Marston Moor, seen what Shrewsbury, what Rufford Abbey, what North Wales in general, would have grown to on the morrow,—in that case, thinks the Lord Protector not without some indignation, they had known!² Wagstaff has escaped, and Wilmot Earl of Rochester so-called; right glad to be beyond seas again; and will look twice at an Insurrection before they embark in it in time coming.

A terrible Protector this; no getting of him overset! He has the ringleaders all in his hand, in prison or still at large;—as they love their estates and their life, let them be quiet. He can take your estate:—is there not proof enough to take your head, if he pleases? He dislikes shedding blood; but is very apt ‘to *barbadoes*’ an unruly man,—has sent and sends us by hundreds to Bar-

¹ Crook’s Letter, ‘South Molton, 15th March 1654, two or three in the morning’ (King’s Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 637, § 15). State Trials, v. 767 et seqq.; Whitlocke, p. 601; Thurloe, iii. 365, 384, 391, 445; Cromwelliana, pp. 152-3.—Official Letters in reference to this Plot, Appendix, No. 28.

² Postea, Speech V.

badoes, so that we have made an active verb of it: "barbadoes you."¹ Safest to let this Protector alone! Charles Stuart withdraws from Middleburg into the interior obscurities; and Mr. Hyde will not be so cock-sure another time. Mr. Hyde, much pondering how his secret could have been let out, finds that it is an underling of his, one Mr. Manning, a gentleman by birth, 'fond of fine clothes,' and in very straitened circumstances at present, who has been playing the traitor. Indisputably a traitor: wherefore the King in Council has him doomed to death; has him shot, in winter following, 'in the Duke of Neuburg's territory.'² Diligent Thurloe finds others to take his place.

May 28th, 1655. Desborow, who commands the Regular Troops in that insurrectionary Southwest region, is, by Commission bearing date this day, appointed *Major-General* of the Militia-forces likewise, and of all manner of civic and military forces at the disposal of the Commonwealth in those parts. Major-General over six counties specified in this Document; with power somewhat enlarged, and not easy to specify,—power, in fact, to look after the peace of the Commonwealth there, and do what the Council of State shall order him.³ He coerces Royalists; questions, commits to custody suspected persons; keeps down disturbance by such methods as; on the spot, he finds wisest. A scheme found to answer well. The beginning of a universal Scheme of MAJOR-GENERALS, which develops itself into full maturity in the autumn of this year; the Lord Protector and his Council of State having well considered it in the interim, and found it the feasiblest; if not *good*, yet best.

By this Scheme, which we may as well describe here as afterwards, All England is divided into Districts; Ten Districts, a Major-General for each; let him be a man most carefully chosen, a man of real wisdom, valour and veracity, a man fearing God and hating covetousness; for his powers are great. He looks after the Good of the Commonwealth, spiritual and temporal, as he finds wisest. Ejects, or aids in ejecting, scandalous ministers; summons disaffected, suspected persons before him; demands an account of them; sends them to prison, failing an account that satisfies him;—and there is no appeal except to the Protector in Council. His force is the Militia of his Counties; horse and foot, levied and kept in readiness for the occasion; especially troops of horse. Involving, of course, new expense;—which we decide that

¹ Intercepted Letters, Thurloe, iii.

² Clarendon, iii. 752; Whitlocke, p. 618 (Dec. 1655); Ludlow, ii. 608.

³ Thurloe, iii. 486.

the Plotting Royalists, who occasion it, shall pay. On all Royalist disaffected Persons the Major-General therefore, as his first duty, is to lay an *Income-tax of Ten per-cent*; let them pay it quietly, or it may be worse for them. They pay it very quietly. Strange as it may seem, the Country submits very quietly to this arrangement;—the Major-Generals being men carefully chosen. “It is an arbitrary Government!” murmur many. Yes; arbitrary, but beneficial. These are powers unknown to the English Constitution, I believe; but they are very necessary for the Puritan English Nation at this time. With men of real wisdom, who do fear God and hate covetousness, when you can find such men, you may to some purpose intrust considerable powers!

It is in this way that Oliver Protector coerces the unruly elements of England; says to them: “Peace, ye! With the aid of Parliament and venerable Parchment, if so may be; without it, if so may not be,—I, called hither by a very good Authority, will hold you down. Quiet shall you, for your part, keep yourselves; or be ‘barbadoesed,’ and worse. Mark it; not while I live shall you have dominion, you nor the Master of you!”—Cock-matches, Horse-races and other loose assemblages are, for limited times, forbidden; over England generally, or in Districts where it may be thought somewhat is a-brewing. Without cock-fighting we can do; but not without Peace, and the absence of Charles Stuart and his Copartneries. It is a Government of some arbitrariness.

And yet singular, observes my learned friend, how popular it seems to grow. These considerable infringements of the constitutional fabric, prohibition of cock-fights, amercings of Royalists, taxing without consent in Parliament, seem not to awaken the indignation of England; rather almost the gratitude and confidence of England. Next year, we have ‘Letters of great appearances of the Country at the Assizes; and how the Gentlemen of the greatest quality served on Grand Juries; which is fit to be observed.’¹

We mention, but cannot dwell upon it, another trait belonging to those Spring Months of 1655: the quarrel my Lord Protector had in regard to his Ordinance for the Reform of Chancery. Ordinance passed merely by the Protector in Council; never confirmed by any Parliament; which nevertheless he insists upon having obeyed. How our learned Bulstrode, learned Widdrington, two of the Keepers of the Great Seal, durst not obey; and Lisle the other Keeper durst;—and Old-Speaker Lenthall, Master of the Rolls, “would be hanged at the Rolls Gate before he would

¹ Whitlocke, p. 624 (April 1656).

obey." What profound consults there were among us; buzz in the Profession, in the Public generally. And then how Oliver Protector, with delicate patient bridle-hand and yet with resolute spur, made us all obey, or else go out of that,—which latter step Bulstrode and Widdrington, with a sublime conscientious feeling, preferred to take, the big heart saying to itself, "I have lost a thousand pounds a-year!" And Lenthall, for all his bragging, was not hanged at the Rolls Gate; but kept his skin whole, and his salary whole, and did as he was bidden. The buzz in the Profession, notwithstanding much abatement of fees, had to compose itself again.¹—Bulstrode adds, some two months hence, 'The Protector being good-natured, and sensible of his harsh proceeding against Whitlocke and Widdrington,' made them Commissioners of the Treasury, which was a kind of compensation. There, with Montague and Sydenham, they had a moderately good time of it; but saw, not without a sigh, the Great Seal remain with Lisle who durst obey, and for colleague to him a certain well-known Nathaniel Fiennes, a shrewd man, Lord Say and Sele's son,—who knew nothing of that business, says Bulstrode, nay Lisle himself knew nothing of it till he learned it from us.¹ Console thyself, big heart. How seldom is sublime virtue rewarded in this world!

June 3d, 1655. This day come sad news out of Piedmont; confirmation of bad rumours there had been, which deeply affects all pious English hearts, and the Protector's most of all. It appears the Duke of Savoy had, not long since, decided on having certain poor Protestant subjects of his converted at last to the Catholic Religion. Poor Protestant people, who dwell in the obscure valleys 'of Lucerna, of Perosa and St. Martin,' among the feeders of the Po, in the Savoy Alps: they are thought to be descendants of the old Waldenses; a pious inoffensive people: dear to the hearts and imaginations of all Protestant men. These, it would appear, the Duke of Savoy, in the past year, undertook to himself to get converted; for which object he sent friars to preach among them. The friars could convert nobody; one of the friars, on the contrary, was found assassinated,—signal to the rest that they had better take themselves away. The Duke thereupon sent other missionaries: six regiments of Catholic soldiers; and an order to the People of the Valleys either to be converted straightway, or quit the country at once. They could not be converted all at once: neither could they quit the country well; the month was December; among the Alps; and it was their home for immemorial years! Six regiments, however, say they must; six Catholic

¹ Ibid. pp. 602-8.

² Ibid. p. 608.

regiments;—and three of them are Irish, made of the banished *Kurisees* we knew long since; whose humour, on such an occasion, we can guess at! It is admitted they behaved ‘with little ceremony;’ it is not to be denied they behaved with much bluster and violence: ferocities, atrocities, to the conceivable amount, still stand in authentic black-on-white against them. The Protestants of the Valleys were violently driven out of house and home, not without slaughters and tortures by the road;—had to seek shelter in French Dauphiné, or where they could; and, in mute or spoken supplication, appeal to all generous hearts of men. The saddest confirmation of the actual banishment, the actual violences done, arrives at Whitehall this day, 3d June, 1655.¹

Pity is perennial: “Ye have *compassion* on one another,”—is it not notable, beautiful? In our days too, there are Polish Balls and suchlike: but the pity of the Lord Protector and Puritan England for these poor Protestants among the Alps is not to be measured by ours. The Lord Protector is melted into tears, and roused into sacred fire. This day the French Treaty, not unimportant to him, was to be signed: this day he refuses to sign it till the King and Cardinal undertake to assist him in getting right done in those poor Valleys.² He sends the poor exiles 2,000*l.* from his own purse; appoints a Day of Humiliation and a general Collection over England for that object;—has, in short, decided that he will bring help to these poor men; that England and he will see them helped and righted. How Envoys were sent; how blind Milton wrote Letters to all Protestant States, calling on them for coöperation; how the French Cardinal was shy to meddle, and yet had to meddle, and compel the Duke of Savoy, much astonished at the business, to do justice and *not* what he liked with his own: all this, recorded in the unreadablest stagnant deluges of old Official Correspondence,³ is very certain, and ought to be fished therefrom and made more apparent.

In all which, as we can well believe, it was felt that the Lord Protector had been the Captain of England, and had truly expressed the heart and done the will of England;—in this, as in some other things. Milton’s Sonnet and Six Latin Letters are still readable; the Protector’s Act otherwise remains mute hitherto. Small damage to the Protector, if no other suffer thereby! Let it stand here as a symbol to us of his Foreign Policy in general;

¹ Letter of the French Ambassador (in Thurloe, iii. 470).

² Thurloe, *ubi supra*.

³ *Ibid.* (much of vol. iii.) ; Vaughan’s Protectorate, &c.

which had this one object, testified in all manner of negotiations and endeavours, noticed by us and not noticed, To make England Queen of the Protestant world; her, if there were no worthier Queen. To unite the Protestant world of struggling Light against the Papist world of potent Darkness. To stand upon God's Gospel, as the actual intrinsic Fact of this Practical Earth; and defy all potency of Devil's Gospels on the strength of that. Wherein, again, Puritan England felt gradually that this Oliver *was* her Captain; and in heart could not but say, Long life to him!—as we do now.

Let us note one other small private trait of Oliver in these months; and then hasten to the few Letters we have. Dull Bulstrode has jotted down: 'The Protector feasted the Commissioners for Approbation of Ministers.'¹ Means the Commission of Triers;² whom he has to dinner with him in Whitehall. Old Sir Francis, Dr. Owen and the rest. 'He sat at table with them; and was cheerful and familiar in their company:' Hope you are getting on, my friends: how this is, and how that is? 'By such kind of little caresses,' adds Bulstrode, 'he gained much upon many persons.' Me, as a piece of nearly matchless law-learning and general wisdom, I doubt he never sufficiently respected; though he knew my fat qualities too, and was willing to use and recognise them!—

LETTERS CXVIII.—CCIII.

Six Letters of somewhat miscellaneous character; which we must take in mass, and with no word of Commentary that can be spared. Straggling accidental lightbeams, accidentally preserved to us, and still transiently illuminating this feature or that of the Protector and his business,—let them be welcome in the darkness for what they are.

LETTER CXCVIII.

BESIDES the great Sea-Armament that sailed from Portsmouth last December, and went Westward, with sealed orders, which men begin to guess were for the Spanish West Indies,—the Protector had another Fleet fitted out under Blake, already famous as a Sea-General; which has been in the Mediterranean during these late months; exacting reparation for damages, old or recent, done to

¹ Whitlocke, April 1655.

² Vol. ii., p. 385.

the English Nation, or to individuals of it, by the Duke of Florence or by others ; keeping an eye on Spain too, and its Plate Fleets, apparently with still ulterior objects.

The Duke of Florence has handsomely done justice ; the Dey of Tunis was not so well advised, and has repented of it. There are Letters, dated March last, though they do not come till June : ' Letters that General Blake demanding at Tunis reparation for the losses of the English from Turkish Pirates, the Dey answered him with scorn, and bade him behold his Castles.' Blake did behold them ; ' sailed into the Harbour within musket-shot of them ; and though the shore was planted with great guns, he set upon the Turkish ships, fired nine of them,' and brought the Dey to reason, we apprehend.¹

To General Blake, ' at Sea.'

Whitehall, 13th June 1655.

SIR,

I have received yours of the 25th of March, which gives account of the late Transactions between yourself and the Governors of Tunis, concerning the losses which the English have sustained by the piracies of that place ; and ' of ' the success it pleased God to give in the attempt you made upon their shipping, after their positive refusal to give you satisfaction upon your just demands. And as we have great cause to acknowledge the good hand of God towards us in this Action, who, in all the circumstances thereof, as they have been represented by you, was pleased to appear very signally with you ; so I think myself obliged to take notice of your courage and good conduct therein ; and do esteem that you have done therein a very considerable service to this Commonwealth.

I hope you have received the former Despatches which were sent unto you by the way of Legorne, for your coming into Cadiz Bay with the Fleet ; as also those which were sent by a Ketch immediately from hence ; whereby you had also notice of three-months provisions then preparing to be sent,—which have since been sent away, under convoy of the Frigates the *Centurion* and *Dragon* ; and ' I ' hope they are safely arrived with you, they sailing from hence about the 28th of April

¹ Whitlocke, p. 608 (8th June 1655).

With this come farther Instructions concerning your disposing of the Fleet for the future; whereunto we do refer you. Besides which, we, having taken into consideration the present Design we have in the West Indies, have judged it necessary, That not only the King of Spain's Fleets coming from thence be intercepted (which as well your former Instructions as those now sent unto you require and authorise you to do), but that we endeavour also, as much as in us lies, to hinder him from sending any relief or assistance thither. You are therefore, during your abode with the Fleet in those seas, to inform yourself, by the best means you can, concerning the going of the King of Spain's Fleet for the West Indies; and shall, according to such information as you can gain, use your best endeavours to intercept at sea, and fight with and take them, or otherwise to fire and sink them; as also any other of his ships which you shall understand to be bound for the West Indies with provisions of War, for the aid and assistance of his subjects there; carrying yourself towards other of his ships and people as you are directed by your general Instructions.

OLIVER P.'¹

'I rest, your loving friend,

The Sea-Armament *was* for the West Indies, then: good news of it were welcome!

Here is a short Letter of Blake's to the Protector, dated just the day before; in cipher;—which the reader, having never perhaps seen another Letter of Blake's, will not be displeased with. Unimportant; but bringing the old Seas, with their Puritan Seakings, with their 'Plate Fleets,' and vanished populations and traffics, bodily before us for moments.

" George, 12th June 1655.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,—The secret Instructions sent by your Highness, referring me to a former Instruction, touching the Silver Fleet of Spain coming from America, I have received; and shall carefully observe the same. We had information at Cadiz that the Fleet was expected about a month or five weeks hence. We are now off Cape Mary's; intending to spread with our Fleet what we can, and to range this sea, according to the wind and the information we can get; plying likewise over towards Cape Sprat, it being their most likely and usual course.

¹ Thurloe, iii. 547. (Same day, Letter to Poet Waller: Appendix, No. 28, § 7.)

They of Cadiz are very distrustful of us ; there being four Galeons designed for the Mediterranean, and six for New Spain, it is doubtful how they may be employed.

“We shall use our best endeavours to put the Instructions in execution, as God shall afford an opportunity ; desiring your Highness to rest assured of our diligence, and of the integrity of,—your most humble and faithful servant,

ROBERT BLAKE.”¹

June 13th is Wednesday. On the morrow is universal Fast-Day, Humiliation and Prayer, and public Collection of Money for the Protestants of Piedmont. A day of much pious emotion in England ; and of liberal contribution, which continued on the following days. ‘Clerks come to every man’s house,’ says a disaffected witness ; ‘come with their papers, and you are forced to contribute.’ The exact amount realised I never could very authentically learn. The Dutch Ambassador says 100,000*l*. The disaffected witness says, ‘London City itself gave half-a million,’—or seemed as it would give. ‘The Ministers played their part to the full,’—the Ministers and the People and their Ruler. No French Treaty signed or signable till this thing be managed. At length the French were obliged to manage it ; 9th September of this same year the thing was got managed ;²—and by and by was got improved and still better managed, the Protector continuing all his days to watch over it, and over other similar things as they occurred, and to insist on seeing justice done respecting them.

LETTER CXCIX.

THE scheme of Major-Generals for England is not yet come to maturity ; but it is coming : new occasional arrests and *barbadoes*-ings continue, as the threads of old Plots are traced farther and farther. Monk keeps Scotland quiet ; the hydra is for the present well under foot.

Meanwhile Henry Cromwell is despatched for Ireland, to see with his own eyes how matters stand there. A reverend godly Mr. Brewster, hardly known to us otherwise, is also proceeding thither ; with whom the Lord Protector thinks good to salute his Son-in-law Fleetwood, the Lord Deputy, Ireton’s successor in Ireland. Henry Cromwell was there once before, on a somewhat similar mission, and acquitted himself well.³ His title, this second

¹ Thurloe, iii. 541.

² See Thurloe, iii. 549, 623, 745, &c.

³ March, 1653-4 (Thurloe, ii. 149).

time, is Major-General of the Army in Ireland. He is to command the forces in Ireland; one easily believes farther, he is to observe well and report faithfully how affairs are; and do his best to assist in rectifying them. Lord Deputy Fleetwood is by some thought to be of too lax temper for his place: he, with his Ludlows, Axtels and discontented Republicans, not to speak of other businesses, would need energy, if he have it not. Rumour has even risen that Henry Cromwell is now sent to supersede him; which, however, the Protector expressly contradicts.

The rumour nevertheless proved, if not true, yet prophetic of the truth. Henry Cromwell acquitted himself well this second time also; being, as we judge, a man of real insight, veracity and resolution; very fit for such a service. Many of his Letters, all creditable to him, are in *Thurloe*: 'Petitions' from certain Irish parties come likewise to view there, That *he* might be appointed Deputy; which Petitions are, for the present, carefully 'suppressed,' yet have in the end to be complied with;—they and the nature of the case, we suppose, require compliance. Some fifteen months hence, Henry is appointed Lord Deputy;¹ Fleetwood, in some handsome way, recalled. In which situation Henry continues till the end of the Protectorate, making really an honourable figure; and then, the scene having altogether changed, retires from it into total obscurity, still in a very manful, simple and noble way.²

'My dear Biddy,' in this letter, is Bridget Fleetwood, whom we once saw as Bridget Ireton;³ who, for her religious and other worth, is 'a joy to my heart.' Of 'Mr. Brewster,' and the other reverend persons, Spiritual Fathers, held in such regard by the Lord Protector as is due to Spiritual Fatherhood, and pious nobleness of Intellect under whatever guise, I can say nothing; they are Spiritual Great-grand-fathers of ours, and we have had to forget them! Some slight notices of Brewster, who I think was a Norfolk man, and more of Cradock, who was Welsh,—zealous Preachers both,—are in the *Milton State-Papers*:⁴ they prove the fervent zeal, faith and fearlessness of these worthies;—not necessary to extract in this place. Cradock writes to Cromwell in 1652 that his heart overflows with prayers and praise to God for sending such a man; that he has often stepped aside to pray for him, in some thicket or ditch by the wayside, while travelling along,

¹ 21st November 1657 (*Thurloe*, vi. 632).

² His Letter to Clarendon, in *Thurloe*, i. 763; see also Tanner MSS. N. 71, ■ prior Letter to Speaker Lenthall.

³ Vol. i. p. 221.

⁴ pp. 85, 158, &c.

and thinking of him;—which Dryasdust Nicols, the Editor of these *Milton State-Papers*, considers a very ludicrous proceeding. Godly ‘Mr. Tillinghurst,’ so noble a phenomenon to Oliver and Fleetwood, is to us fallen altogether silent:—seemingly some godly Preacher, of very modest nature; who, in his old days, being brought once before the Lord Protector, cried it was a ‘shame’ to trouble any Lord Protector, or Sovereign Person, with the like of him! The venerable hoary man. And godly Mr. Troughton, or ‘Throughton,’ too, was there. O Tillinghurst, O Troughton, how much lies buried!’

‘*To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland.*’

‘Whitehall,’ 22d June 1655.

DEAR CHARLES,

I write not often: at once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee; and indeed my heart is plain to thee as thy heart can well desire: let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny turn all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the People of God: that the Lord knows, and will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds;—which though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good ‘are’ well satisfied, and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

It’s reported that you are to be sent for, and Harry to be Deputy; which truly never entered into my heart. The Lord knows, my desire was for him and his Brother to have lived private lives in the country: and Harry knows this very well, and how difficultly I was persuaded to give him his commission for his present place. This I say as from a simple and sincere heart. The noise of my being crowned &c. are similar² malicious figments.

¹ Buried but indisputable traces of this Tillinghurst, certain authentic, still legible entries concerning him, in one of which Brewster too is named, have been detected by a friendly eye in the Record-Book of the Independent Church at Great Yarmouth; where Tillinghurst, it clearly enough appears, was Minister from 1651 to 1654, and much followed and valued as a Preacher and Spiritual Guide in those parts. Brewster, likewise an Independent, was of Alby in the same neighbourhood.—Ms. Excerpts penes me (*Note to Third Edition*).

² ‘like’ in orig.

Use this Bearer, Mr. Brewster, kindly. Let him be near you: indeed he is a very able holy man; trust me you will find him so. He was a bosom-friend of Mr. Tillinghamurst; ask him of him; you will thereby know Mr. Tillinghamurst's spirit. This Gentleman brought him to me a little before he died, and Mr. Cradock;—Mr. Throughton, a godly minister being by, with 'Mr. Tillinghamurst' himself, who cried "Shame!"

Dear Charles, my dear love to thee; 'and' to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if she knows the Covenant,¹ she cannot but do 'so.' For that Transaction is without *her*; sure and stedfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to Him, thirsting after Him, and embracing Him, we are His Seed;—and the Covenant is sure to all the Seed. The Compact is for the Seed: God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in Him to us: the Covenant is without *us*; a Transaction between God and Christ.² Look up to *it*. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write His Law in our heart; to plant His fear 'so' that we shall never depart from Him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in Covenant,—who cannot deny Himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

If you have a mind to come over with your dear Wife &c., take the best opportunity for the good of the Public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me, that the Lord would direct, and keep me His servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own;—but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me; I do for you all. Commend me to all friends. I rest, your loving father,

OLIVER P.³

¹ Covenant of Grace; much expounded, and insisted on, by Dr. Owen, among others; and ever a most fundamental point of God's Arrangement, according to the theory of Oliver.

² The reader who discerns no spiritual meaning in all this, shall try it again, if I may advise him.

³ Thurloe, iii. 572.

Courage, my brave Oliver ! Thou hast but some three years more of it, and then the coils and puddles of this Earth, and of its poor unthankful doggerly of a population, are all behind thee ; and Carrion Heath, and Chancellor Hyde, and Charles Stuart the Christian King, can work their will ; for thou hast done with it, thou art above it in the serene azure forevermore !

Fleetwood, I observe, did come over : in January next we find the ' Lord Deputy ' busy here in London with Bulstrode, and others of the Treasury, on high matters of State.¹ He did not return to Ireland ; got into Major-Generalings, into matters of State, on this side the Channel ; and so ended his Deputyship ;—dropping without violence, like fruit fully ripe ; the management of Ireland having gradually all shifted into Henry Cromwell's hand in the interim.

LETTER CC.

HERE, fluttering loose on the dim confines of Limbo and the Night-realm, is a small Note of Oliver's, issuing one knows not whence, but recognisable as his, which we must snatch and save. A private and thrice-private Note, for Secretary Thurloe ; curiously disclosing to us, as one or two other traits elsewhere do, that, with all his natural courtesies, noble simplicities and affabilities, this Lord Protector knew on occasion the word-of-command too, and what the meaning of a Lord Protector, King, or Chief Magistrate in the Commonwealth of England was.

' Margery Beacham, ' Wife of William Beacham, Mariner, lives, the somnolent Editors do not apprise us where,—probably in London or some of the Out Ports ; certainly in considerable indigence at present. Her poor Husband, in the course of ' many services to the Commonwealth by sea and land, ' has quite lost the use of his right arm ; has a poor ' Pension of Forty shillings allowed him from Chatham ; ' has Margery, and one poor Boy Randolph, ' tractable to learn, ' but who can get no schooling out of such an income. Wherefore, as seems but reasonable, Margery petitions his Highness that the said Randolph might be admitted ' a Scholar of Sutton's Hospital, commonly called the Charter-house, ' in London.²

His Highness, who knows the services of William Beacham, and even ' a secret service ' of his not mentioned in the Petition or

¹ Whitlocke, p. 618 (7th Jan. 1655-6).

² Her Petition printed, without date, in Scatcherd, &c. *ubi infra*.

Certificates, straightway decides that the Boy Beacham is clearly a case for Sutton's Bounty, and that the Commissioners of the same shall give it him. But now it seems the Chief Commissioner, whose name in this Note stands — — *Blank Blank*, is not so prompt in the thing; will consider it, will &c. Consider it? His Highness docketts the Petition, 'We refer this to the Commissioners for Sutton's Hospital: 28th July 1655;' and instructs Thurloe to inform Blank Blank that he had much better not consider it, but do it! Which there is no doubt Blank Blank now saw at once to be the real method of the business.

'To Mr. Secretary Thurloe.'

'Whitehall,' 28th July 1655.

You receive from me, this 28th instant, a Petition from Margery Beacham, desiring the admission of her Son into the Charterhouse; whose Husband¹ was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the Commonwealth's.

I have wrote under it a common Reference to the Commissioners; but I mean a great deal more: That it shall be done, without their debate or consideration of the matter. And so do you privately hint to ————. I have not the particular shining bauble for crowds to gaze at or kneel to, but —To be short, I know how to deny Petitions; and whatever I think proper, for outward form, to "refer" to any Officer or Office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing *done*. Thy true friend,

OLIVER P.²

¹ 'who' in the hasty original, as if Margery's self or Son were meant.

² Scatcherd's History of Morley (Leeds, 1830), p. 332. Printed there, and in Annual Register (for 1758, p. 268), and elsewhere; without commentary, or indication Whence or How,—with several impertinent interpolations which are excluded here. In the Annual Register vague reference is made to a Book called Collection of Letters &c., 'compiled by Leonard Howard, D.D.,' who seems to be the first publisher of this Note; author, I suppose, of the impertinent interpolations, which vary in different copies, but being exactly indicated in all, are easily thrown out again as here. In Howard's Book (a disorganic Quarto, London, 1753; one volume published, ■ second promised but nowhere discoverable), which is credibly described to me as 'one of the most confused farragos ever printed,' search for this Note has been made, twice, to no purpose; and with little hope of elucidation there, had the Note been found. By internal evidence ■ genuine Note; and legible as we have it.

LETTER CCL.

We fear there is little chance of the Plate Fleet this year ; bad rumours come from the West Indies too, of our grand Armament and Expedition thither. The Puritan Sea-king meanwhile keeps the waters ; watches the coasts of Spain ;—which, however, are growing formidable at present.

The ‘Person bound for Lisbon’ is Mr. Meadows, one of Secretary Thurloe’s Under-secretaries ; concerning whom and whose business there will be farther speech by and by. Of the ‘Commissioners of the Admiralty’ we name only Colonel Montague of Hinchinbrook, who is getting very deep in these matters, and may himself be Admiral one day.

To the General of the Fleet, ‘General Blake, at Sea.’

‘Whitehall,’ 30th July 1655.

SIR,

We have received yours of the 4th, as also that of the 6th instant, both at once ; the latter signifying the great preparations which are making against you.

Some intelligence of that nature is also come to us from another hand. Which hath occasioned us to send away this Despatch unto you, immediately upon the receipt of yours, to let you know That we do not judge it safe for you, whilst things are in this condition, to send away any part of the Fleet, as you were directed by our Instructions of the 13th of June ;¹ and therefore, notwithstanding those Orders, you are to keep the whole Fleet with you, until you have executed the Secret Instructions,² or find the opportunity is over for the doing thereof.

We think it likewise requisite that you keep with you the two Frigates which conveyed the victuals to you ; as also the *Nantwich*, which was sent to you with a Person bound for Lisbon with our instructions to that King. And for the defects of the Fleet, the Commissioners of the Admiralty will take care thereof ; and be you confident that nothing shall

¹ Antea, Letter CXCVIII.

² In Blake’s Letter, antea ;—they concern the ‘Silver Fleet’ most likely.

be omitted which can be done here for your supply and encouragement.

I beseech the Lord to be present with you. I rest, your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

Copied 'in Secretary Thurloe's hand ;' who has added the following Note : ' With this Letter was sent the intelligence of the twenty ships coming across the Straits, and of the thirty-one ships and eight fire-ships—[*word lost*]—in Cadiz ;'—dangerous ships and fire-ships, which belong all now to the vanished generations : and have sailed, one knows not whence, one knows not whither !

COMPLIMENT.

PRECISELY in those same summer days there has come a brilliant Swedish gentleman, as Extraordinary Ambassador to this Country from the King of Swedeland. A hot, high-tempered, clear-shining man ; something fierce, metallic in the lustre of him. Whose negotiations, festivities, impatiences, and sudden heats of temper, occupy our friend Bulstrode almost exclusively for a twelvemonth. We will say only, He has come hither to negotiate a still stricter league of amity between the two Countries ; in which welcome enterprise the Lord Protector seems rather to complicate him by endeavouring to include the Dutch in it, the Prussians and Danes in it,—to make it, in fact, a general League, or basis for a League, of Protestants against the power of Rome, and Antichristian Babylon at large ; which in these days, under certain Austrian Kaisers, Spanish Kings, Italian Popes, whose names it may be interesting not to remember, is waxing very formidable. It was an object the Protector never ceased endeavouring after ; though in this, as in other instances, with only partial, never with entire success.

Observe, however, as all Old London observes, on the night of Saturday July 28th, 1655, the far-shining Procession by torch-light. Procession 'from Tower-wharf to the late Sir Abraham Williams's in Westminster ;' this brilliant Swedish Gentleman with numerous gilt coaches and innumerable outriders and on-lookers, making his advent then and thus ; Whitlocke, Montague, Strickland (for we love to be particular) officially escorting him. Observe next how he was nobly entertained three days in that

¹ Thurloe, iii. 688.

Williams House, at the Protector's charges; and on the third day had his audience of the Protector; in a style of dignity worth noting by Bulstrode. Sir Oliver Fleming; 'galleries full of ladies,' 'Lifeguards in their gray frock-coats with velvet welts;' lanes of gentlemen, seas of general public: conceive it all; truly dignified, decorous; scene 'the Banqueting House of Whitehall, hung with arras:" and how at the upper end of the room the Lord Protector was seen standing 'on a footpace and carpet, with a chair of state behind him;' and how the Ambassador saluted thrice as he advanced, thrice lifting his noble hat and feathers, as the Protector thrice lifted his; and then—Bulstrode shall give the rest:

'After a little pause, the Ambassador put off his hat, and began to speak, and then put it on again: and whensoever, in his speech, he named the King his master, or Sweden, or the Protector, or England, he moved his hat: especially if he mentioned anything of God, or the good of Christendom, he put off his hat very low; and the Protector still answered him in the like postures of civility. The Ambassador spake in the Swedish language; and after he had done, being but short, his Secretary Berkman did interpret it in Latin to this effect' — — Conceivable, without repetition, to ingenious readers. A stately, far-shining speech, done into Latin; 'being but short.'

And now 'after his Interpreter had done, the Protector stood still a pretty while; and, putting off his hat to the Ambassador, with a carriage full of gravity and state, he answered him in English to this effect: "

My Lord Ambassador, I have great reason to acknowledge, with thankfulness, the respects and good affection of the King your master towards this Commonwealth, and towards myself in particular. Whereof I shall always retain a very grateful memory; and shall be ready upon all occasions to manifest the high sense and value I have of his Majesty's friendship and alliance.

My Lord, you are welcome into England; and during your abode here, you shall find all due regard and respect to be given to your person, and to the business about which you come. I am very willing to enter into a "nearer and more strict alliance and friendship with the King of Swedeland," as that which, in my judgment, will tend much to the honour

and commodity of both Nations, and to the general advantage of the Protestant Interest. I shall nominate some Persons to meet and treat with your Lordship upon such particulars as you shall communicate to them.

After which, Letters were presented, *etceteras* were transacted, and then, with a carriage full of gravity and state, they all withdrew to their ulterior employments, and the scene vanishes.¹

LETTER CCII.

It is too sad a truth, the Expedition to the West Indies has failed! Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables have themselves come home, one after the other, with the disgraceful news; and are lodged in the Tower, a fortnight ago, for quitting their post without orders. Of all which we shall have some word to say anon. But take first these glimpses into other matters, foreign and domestic, on sea and land,—as the Oblivions have chanced to leave them visible for us. ‘Cascais Bay’ is at the mouth of the Tagus: General Blake seems still king of the waters in those parts.

‘To General Blake, at Sea.’

Whitehall, 13th September 1655.

SIR,

We have received yours from Cascais Bay, of the 30th of August; and were very sensible of the wants of the Fleet as they were represented by your last before; and had given directions for three-months provisions,—which were all prepared, and sent from Portsmouth, some time since, under the convoy of the *Bristol* Frigate. But the Commissioners of the Admiralty have had Letters yesterday that they were forced back, by contrary winds, into Plymouth, and are there now attending for the first slack of wind, to go to sea again. And the Commissioners of the Admiralty are instructed² to quicken them by an express; although it is become very doubtful whether those provisions can ‘now’ come in time for supplying of your wants.

¹ Whitlocke, pp. 609–10.

² ‘commands of the Admiralty are required’ in orig.

And for what concerns the fighting of the Fleet of Spain, whereof your said Letter makes mention, we judge it of great consequence, and much for the service of the Commonwealth, that this Fleet were fought; as well in order to the executing your former Instructions, as for the preservation of our ships and interest in the West Indies: and our meaning was, by our former Order, and still is, That the Fleet which shall come for the guarding of the Plate Fleet, as we conceive this doth, should be attempted. But in respect we have not certain knowledge of the strength of the Spanish Fleet, nor of the condition of your Fleet, which may alter every day,—we think it reasonable, at this distance, not to oblige you by any positive order to engage; but must, as we do hereby, leave it to you, who are upon the place, and know the state of things, to handle the rein as you shall find your opportunity and the ability of the Fleet to be:—as we also do for your coming home, either for want of provisions or in respect of the season of the year, at such time as you shall judge it to be for the safety of the Fleet. And we trust the Lord will guide and be with you in the management of this thing. Your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.

‘P.S.’ In case your return should be so soon as that you should not make use of the Provisions now sent you, or but little thereof, we desire you to cause them to be preserved; they may be applied to other uses.¹

LETTER CCHII.

‘*To the Commissioners of Maryland.*’

Whitehall, 26th September 1655.

SIRS,

It seems to us by yours of the 29th of June, and by the relation we received by Colonel Bennet, that some mistake or scruple hath arisen concerning the sense of our Letters of the 12th of January last,²—as if, by our Letters,

¹ Thurloe, i. 724,—in cipher; and seemingly of Thurloe's composition.

² Antea, p. 74.

we had intimated that we would have a stop put to the proceedings of those Commissioners who were authorised to settle the Civil Government of Maryland. Which was not at all intended by us ; nor so much as proposed to us by those who made addresses to us to obtain our said Letter ; but our intention (as our said Letter doth plainly import) was only, To prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the Plantations of Virginia or Maryland, from one to the other, upon the differences concerning their bounds : the said differences being then under the consideration of Ourselves and Council here. Which, for your more full satisfaction, we have thought fit to signify to you ; and rest, your loving friend,

‘OLIVER P.’¹

A very obscure American Transaction ;—sufficiently lucid for our Cisatlantic purposes ; nay shedding a kind of light or twilight into extensive dim regions of Oblivion on the other side of the Ocean. Bancroft, and the other American authorities, who have or have not noticed this Letter, will with great copiousness explain the business to the curious.

The Major-Generals are now all on foot, openly since the middle of August last ;² and an Official Declaration published on the subject. Ten military Major-Generals, Ten or finally Twelve, with militia-forces, horse and foot, at their beck ; coercing Royalist Revolt, and other Anarchy ; ‘decimating’ it, that is, levying Ten per-cent upon the Income of it ; summoning it, cross-questioning it,—peremptorily signifying to it that it will not be allowed here, that it had better cease in this Country. They have to deal with Quakers also, with Anabaptists, Scandalous Ministers, and other forms of Anarchy. The powers of these men are great : much need that they be just men and wise, men fearing God and hating covetousness ;—all turns on that ! They will be supportable, nay welcome and beneficial, if so. Insupportable enough, if not so :—as indeed what official person, or man under any form, except the form of a slave well-collared and driven by whips, is or ought

¹ Thurloe, iv. 55.

² Order-Book of the Council of State ; cited in Godwin (iv. 228).

to be supportable 'if not so'? We subjoin a list of their names, as historically worthy, known or unknown to the reader here.¹

Soon after the letter, 'in the month of October 1655,' there was seen a strange sight at Bristol in the West. A Procession of Eight Persons; one, a man on horseback, riding single; the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single-rider, at whose bridle splash and walk two women: "Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" and other things, 'in a buzzing tone,' which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single-rider is a raw-boned male figure, with lank hair reaching below his cheeks; hat drawn close over his brows; 'nose rising slightly in the middle;' of abstruse 'down look,' and large dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung-to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges, and mud knee-deep: 'so that the rain ran in at their necks, and they vented it at their hose and breeches:' a spectacle to the West of England and Posterity! Singing as above; answering no question except in song. From Bedminster to Ratcliff Gate, along the streets, to the High Cross of Bristol: at the High Cross they are laid hold of by the authorities;—turn out to be James Nayler and Company. James Nayler, 'from Andersloe' or Ardsley 'in Yorkshire,' heretofore a Trooper under Lambert; now a Quaker and something more. Infatuated Nayler and Company; given up to Enthusiasm,—to Animal-Magnetism, to Chaos and Bedlam in one shape or other! Who will need to be coerced by the Major-Generals, I think;—to be forwarded to London, and there sifted and cross-questioned.² Is not the Spiritualism of

¹ *General Desborow* has the Counties: Gloucester, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall.

Colonel Kelsey: Kent and Surrey.

Colonel Goffe: Sussex, Hants, Berks.

Major-General Skippon: London.

Colonel Barkstead (Governor of the Tower): Middlesex and Westminster.

Lord Deputy Fleetwood (who never returns to Ireland): Oxford, Bucks, Herts; Cambridge, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk,—for these last four he can appoint a substitute (*Colonel Haynes*).

General Whalley: Lincoln, Notts, Derby, Warwick, Leicester.

Major Butler: Northampton, Bedford, Rutland, Huntingdon.

Colonel Berry (Richard Baxter's friend, once a Clerk in the Ironworks): Hereford, Salop, North Wales.

General (Sea-General) *Dawkins*: Monmouth and South Wales.

Colonel Worsey: Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire.

The Lord Lambert: York, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland,—can appoint substitutes (*Colonel Robert Lilburn*, *Colonel Charles Howard*).

² Examination of them (in Harleian Miscellany, vi. 424-39).

England developing itself in strange forms? The Hydra, royalist and sansculottic, has many heads.

George Fox, some time before this had made his way to the Protector himself; to represent to him the undeserved sufferings of Friends,—and what a faithful people they were, though sansculottic, or wearing suits sometimes merely of perennial leather. George's huge *Journal*, to our regret, has no dates; but his Interview with the Protector, once in these late months, is authentic, still visible to the mind. George, being seized in Leicestershire, 'carried-up to the Mews,' and otherwise tribulated by subaltern authorities, contrived to make the Protector hear some direct voice of him, appoint some hour to see him. 'It was on a morning:' George went; was admitted to the Protector's bedchamber, 'where one Harvey, who had been a little among Friends,' but had not proved entirely obedient,—the Harvey who will write us a very valuable little Pamphlet one day,¹—was dressing him. "Peace be in this house!" George Fox 'was moved to say.' Peace, O George. 'I exhorted him,' writes George, 'to keep in the fear of God,' whereby he might 'receive Wisdom from God, which would be a useful guidance for any Sovereign Person. In fact, I had 'much discourse' with him; explaining what I and Friends had been led to think 'concerning Christ and his Apostles' of old time, and His Priests and Ministers of new; concerning Life and concerning Death;—concerning this unfathomable Universe in general, and the Light in it that is from above, and the Darkness in it that is from Below: to all which the Protector 'carried himself with much moderation.' Yes, George; this Protector has a sympathy with the Perennial; and feels it across the Temporary: no hulls, leathern or other, can entirely hide it from the sense of him. 'As I spake, he several times 'said, "That is very good," and, "That is true."—Other persons coming in, persons of quality so-called, I drew back; lingered; and then was for retiring: 'he caught me by the hand,' and with moist-beaming eyes, 'said: "Come again to my house! If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul."—"Hearken to God's voice!" said George in conclusion: "Whosoever hearken to it, his heart is not hardened;" *his* heart remains true, open to the Wisdoms, to the Noblenesses; with him it shall be well!—"Captain Drury' wished me to stay among the Lifeguard gentlemen, and dine with them; but I declined, not being free thereunto."²

¹ Passages in his Highness's Last Sickness.

² Fox's Journal (Leeds, 1836), i. 265.

LETTERS CCIV.—CCVI.

JAMAICA.

WE said already the grand Sea-Armament, which sailed from Portsmouth at Christmas 1654, had proved unsuccessful. It went westward; opened its sealed Instructions at a certain latitude; found that they were instructions to attack Hispaniola, to attack the Spanish Power in the West Indies; it did attack Hispaniola, and lamentably failed; attacked the Spanish Power in the West Indies, and has hitherto realised almost nothing,—a mere waste Island of Jamaica, to all appearance little worth the keeping at such cost. It is hitherto the unsuccessfullest enterprise Oliver Cromwell ever had concern with. Desborow fitted it out at Portsmouth, while the Lord Protector was busy with his First refractory Pedant Parliament; there are faults imputed to Desborow: but the grand fault the Lord Protector imputes to himself, That he chose, or sanctioned the choice of, Generals improper to command it. Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables, they were unfortunate, they were incompetent; fell into disagreements, into distempers of the bowels; had critical Civil Commissioners with them, too, who did not mend the matter. Venables lay ‘six weeks in bed,’ very ill of sad West-India Maladies; for the rest, a covetous lazy dog, who cared nothing for the business, but wanted to be home at his Irish Government again. Penn is father of Penn the Pennsylvanian Quaker; a man somewhat quick of temper, ‘like to break his heart’ when affairs went wrong; unfit to right them again. As we said, the two Generals came voluntarily home in the end of last August, leaving the wreck of their forces in Jamaica; and were straightway lodged in the Tower for quitting their post.

A great Armament of Thirty, nay of Sixty Ships: of Four-thousand soldiers, two regiments of whom were veterans, the rest a somewhat sad miscellany of broken Royalists, unruly Levellers, and the like, who would volunteer,—whom Venables augmented at Barbadoes, with a still more unruly set, to Nine-thousand: this great Armament the Lord Protector has strenuously hurled, as a sudden fiery bolt, into the dark Domdaniel of Spanish Iniquity in the far West: and it has exploded there, almost without effect. The Armament saw Hispaniola, and Hispaniola with fear and wonder saw it, on the 14th of April 1655: but the Armament, a sad miscellany of distempered unruly persons, durst not land ‘where Drake had landed,’ and at once take the Town and Island:

the Armament hovered hither and thither; and at last agreed to land some sixty miles off; marched therefrom through thick-tangled woods, under tropical heats, till it was nearly dead with mere marching; was then set upon by ambuscadoes; fought miserably ill, the unruly persons of it, or would not fight at all; fled back to its ships a mass of miserable disorganised ruin; and 'dying there at the rate of two-hundred a day,' made for Jamaica.¹

Jamaica, a poor unpopulous Island, was quickly taken, as rich Hispaniola might have been, and the Spaniards were driven away: but to men in biliary humour it seemed hardly worth the taking or the keeping. 'Immense droves of wild cattle, cows and horses, run about Jamaica;' dusky Spaniards dwell in *hatos*, in unswept shealings; '80,000 hogs are killed every year for the sake of their lard, which is sold under the name of *hog's-butter* at Carthagena:' but what can we do with all that! The poor Armament continuing to die as if by murrain, and all things looking worse and worse to poor biliary Generals, Sea-General Penn set sail for home, whom Land General Venables swiftly followed; leaving 'Vice-Admiral Goodson,' 'Major-General Fortescue,' or almost whosoever liked, to manage in their absence, and their ruined moribund forces to die as they could;—and are now lodged in the Tower, as they deserve to be. The Lord Protector, and virtually England with him, had hoped to see the dark empire of bloody Antichristian Spain a little shaken in the West; some reparation got for its inhuman massacrings and long-continued tyrannies,—massacrings, exterminations of us, 'at St. Kitts in 1629, at Tortuga in 1637, at Santa Cruz in 1650;' so, in the name of England, had this Lord Protector hoped; and he has now to take his disappointment.

The ulterior history of these Western Affairs, of this new Jamaica under Cromwell lies far dislocated, drowned deep in the Slumber-Lakes of *Thurloe* and Company; in a most dark, stupefied, and altogether dismal condition. A history indeed, which, as you painfully fish it up and by degrees reawaken it to life, is in itself sufficiently dismal. Not much to be intermeddled with here. The English left in Jamaica, the English successively sent thither, prosper as ill as need be; still die, soldiers and settlers of them, at a frightful rate per day; languish, for most part, astonished in their strange new sultry element; and cannot be brought to front with right manhood the deadly inextricable jungle of tropical confusions, outer and inner, in which they find themselves. Brave

¹ Journal of the English Army in the West Indies, by an Eye-witness (in Harl. Miscell. vi. 372-390). A lucid and reasonable Narrative.

Governors, Fortescue, Sedgwick, Brayne, one after the other, die rapidly, of the climate and of broken heart; their life-fire all spent there, in that dark chaos, and as yet no result visible. It is painful to read what misbehaviour there is, what difficulties there are.¹

Almost the one steady light-point in the business is the Protector's own spirit of determination. If England have now a 'West-India Interest,' and Jamaica can be an Island worth something, it is to this Protector mainly that we owe it. Here too, as in former darknesses, 'Hope shines in him, like a pillar of fire, when it has gone out in all the others.' Having put his hand to this work, he will not for any discouragement turn back. Jamaica shall yet be a colony; Spain and its dark Domdaniel shall yet be smitten to the heart,—the enemies of God and His Gospel, by the soldiers and servants of God. It must, and it shall. We have failed in the West, but not wholly; in the West and in the East, by sea and by land, as occasion shall be ministered, we will try it again, and again.

'On the 28th of November 1655, the Treaty with France is proclaimed by heralds and trumpets,' say the Old Newspapers.² Alliance with France, and *Declaration* against Spain,—within the tropics where there is never Peace, and without the tropics where Peace yet is, there shall now be War with Spain. Penn and Venables, cross-questioned till no light farther could be had from them, are dismissed; in Penn's stead, Montague is made Admiral.³ We will maintain Jamaica, send reinforcement after reinforcement to it; we will try yet for the Spanish Plate Fleets; we will hurl yet bolt after bolt into the dark Domdaniel, and have no Peace with Spain. In all which, as I understand, the spirit of England, mindful of Armadas, and wedded once for all to blessed Gospel Light and Progress, and not to accursed Papal Jesuitry and Stagnancy, co-operates well with this Protector of the Commonwealth of England. Land-fighting too we shall by and by come upon; in all ways, a resolute prosecution of hostilities against Spain. Concerning the 'policy' of which, and real wisdom and unwisdom of which, no reader need consult the current Sceptical Red-tape Histories of that Period, for they are much misinformed on the matter.—

¹ Thurloe, iii. iv.,—in very many places, all in a most unedited, confused condition. Luminous Notices too in Carte's Ormond Papers, ii. Long's History of Jamaica (London, 1774), i. 221 et seq., gives in a vague but tolerably correct way some of the results of Thurloe; which Bryan Edwards has abridged. Godwin (iv. 192-200) is exact, so far as he goes.

² In Cromwelliana, p. 134.

³ Jan. 1655-6 (Thurloe, iv. 338).

Here are Three Official Letters, or Draughts of Letters, concerning the business of Jamaica: which have come to us in a very obscure, unedited condition, Thomas Birch having been a little idle. Very obscure; and now likely to remain so, though others,—unless indeed Jamaica should produce a *Thurloe* of its own, pious towards the Hero-Founder of Jamaica, and courageous to venture into the Stygian Quagmires of *Thurloe* and the others, and vanquish them on his and its behalf!

Apparently these Official Letters are first-draughts, in the hand of *Thurloe* or some underling of his: dictated to him, as is like, by the Protector: they would afterwards be copied-fair, dated, and duly despatched; and only the rough originals, unhappily without date, are now left us. Birch has put them down without much criticism; the arrangement of some is palpably wrong. By the spelling and punctuation we judge them to be of *Thurloe*'s handwriting; but the sense is clearly *Oliver*'s and probably, with some superficial polishings, the composition. They cannot, after much inquiry, be dated except approximately; the originals are gone with Birch, who has not even told us in whose handwriting they were, much less has tried to make any sense of them for himself, the idle ineffectual Editor! In fact, *Thurloe* in regard to these Jamaica businesses has had to go without editing; lies widespread, dislocated, dark; and, in this passage, read by Birch's light, is mere darkness visible. One of the Letters, we at length find, is even misaddressed,—seemingly by idle Birch, at random. Happily it is with the sense alone that we are much concerned; and that is in good part legible. Fancy Penn and Venables dismissed, after some light got out of them by cross-questioning; fancy 'Vice-Admiral Goodson, Major-General Fortescue, Daniel Serle Governor of Barbadoes, and Major-General Sedgwick' new from England, made Commissioners, with Instructions,¹ with full power over Jamaica,—and then read.

LETTER CCIV.

VICE-ADMIRAL GOODSON, as his title indicates, went out as second under Penn; whose place he now fills as chief. Letters of his in *Thurloe* indicate a thick blunt stout-hearted sailor character, not nearly so stupid as he looks; whose rough piety, sense, stoicism, and general manfulness grow luminous to us at last. The Pro-

¹ Given in *Thurloe*, iv. 634.

tector hopes 'the Lord may have blessed Goodson to have lighted upon some of the Enemy's vessels, and burnt them;'—which is a hope fulfilled: for Goodson has already been at St. Martha on the Spanish Main, and burnt it; but got few 'ships,' nor any right load of plunder either; the people having had him in sight for six hours before landing, and run away with everything to the woods. He got 'thirty brass guns and two *bases*,' whatever these are. The rest of the plunder, being 'accurately sold at the mast of each ship' by public auction, yielded just 471*l.* sterling, which was a very poor return. At the Rio de Hacha ('Rio de hatch' as we here write it) 'the bay was so shoal' no great ships could get near; and our 'hoys' and small craft, on trying it, saw nothing feasible; wherefore we had drawn back again. Santa Martha, and plunder sold by auction to the amount above stated, was all we could get.¹

To Vice-Admiral Goodson, at Jamaica.

Whitehall, 'October 1655.'

SIR,

I have written to Major-General Fortescue divers advertisements of our purpose and resolution, the Lord willing, to prosecute this Business; and you shall not want bodies of men nor yet anything in our power for the carrying-on of the work. I have also given divers hints unto him of things which may probably be attempted, and should² be very diligently looked after by you both; but are left to your better judgments upon the place. Wherein I desire you would consult together how to prosecute your affairs with that brotherly kindness that upon no colour whatsoever any divisions or distractions should be amongst you, but that you may have one shoulder to the work; which will be very pleasing to the Lord; and not unnecessary, considering what an enemy you are like to have to deal withal.

We hope that you have with 'you' some of those ships which came last, near Twenty men-of-war; which I desire you to keep equipt, and make yourselves as strong as you can to beat the Spaniard, who will doubtless send a good force into the Indies. I hope, by this time the Lord may have blessed you to have light upon some of their vessels,—

¹ Goodson's Letter, in Thurloe, iv. 159 et sequ.

² 'would' in orig.

whether by burning them in their harbours or otherwise. And it will be worthy of you to improve your strength, what you can, both to weaken them by parcels, and to engage them as you have opportunity,—which, at such a distance I may probably guess, would be best ‘managed’ by not suffering, if you can help it, the new Fleet, which comes from Spain, to go unfought, before they join with the ships that are to the Leeward of you.

We are sending to you, with all possible speed, Seven more stout men-of-war, some of them forty guns, and the rest not under thirty, for your assistance. This Ship goes before, with instructions, to encourage you to go on in the work; and also with instructions to Mevis, and the other Windward Islands, to bring so many of the Plantations as are free to come, ‘that they may settle with you at Jamaica.’ And I desire you, with your lesser merchant-ships or such others as you can spare, to give all possible assistance for their removal and transplantation, from time to time, as also all due encouragement to remove them.

You will see by the Enclosed what I have writ to Major-General Fortescue. And I hope your counsels will enter into that which may be for the glory of God and good of this Nation. It is not to be denied but the Lord hath greatly humbled us in that sad loss sustained at Hispaniola; and we doubt we have provoked the Lord; and it is good for us to know and to be abased for the same. But yet certainly His name is concerned in the work; and therefore though we should, and I hope do, lay our mouths in the dust, yet He would not have us despond, but I trust give us leave to make mention of His name and of His righteousness, when we cannot make mention of our own. You are left there; and I pray you set-up your banners in the name of Christ; for undoubtedly it is His Cause. And let the reproach and shame that hath been for our sins, and through (also we may say) the misguidance of some, work-up your hearts to confidence in the Lord, and for the redemption of His honour from the hands of men who attribute their success to their Idols, the work of their own hands. And though He hath torn us,

yet He will heal us ; though He hath smitten us, yet He will bind us up ; after two days He will revive us, in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.¹ The Lord Himself hath a controversy with your Enemies ; even with that Roman Babylon, of which the Spaniard is the great underpropper. In that respect we fight the Lord's battles ;—and in this the Scriptures are most plain. The Lord therefore strengthen you with faith, and cleanse you from all evil : and doubt not but He is able, and I trust as willing, to give you as signal success as He gave your enemies against you. Only the Covenant-fear of the Lord be upon you.²

If we send you not by this, I trust we shall by the next, our Declaration setting forth the justness of this War. I remain, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.³

The *Declaration* here alluded to, of War with Spain, came out on Tuesday, 23d October 1655 ;⁴ which with sufficient approximation dates this Letter for us. By obscure intimations, allusions to events, and even by recurrence of phrases, the following Letter seems to have the same or a closely subsequent date ; but no sense could be made of it till the Address, 'Major-General Fortescue, at Jamaica' (which, being nonsense, we have to impute to Birch), was erased,—was altered, by dim lights⁵ and guessings still a little uncertain, as below.

LETTER CCV.

'*To Daniel Serle, Esquire, Governor of Barbadoes.*'

'Whitehall, October 1655.'

SIR,

These are first to let you know that myself and the Government reckon ourselves beholden⁶ to you for the ready expressions of your love in giving assistance to our late Design.⁷ Which indeed, though it hath miscarried in what

¹ Hosea, vi. 1, 2.

² No other fear ; nor is there need of any other hope or strength !

³ Thurloe, iv. 130.

⁴ Thurloe, iv. 117 ; Godwin, iv. 217 ; Antea, p. 140.

⁵ Thurloe, iv. 633, &c. &c.

⁶ 'beholding' in orig. ; as the old phrase usually is.

⁷ Hispaniola : to which Serle, at Barbadoes, had given due furtherance, as the Expedition passed.

we hoped for, through the disposing hand of God, for reasons best known to Himself, and as we may justly conceive for our sins,—yet is not this Cause the less His, but will be owned by Him, as I verily believe: and therefore we dare not relinquish it;¹ but shall, the Lord assisting, prosecute it with what strength we can, hoping for ‘a’ blessing for His name’s sake.

You will receive some Instructions,² with encouragements to remove your people thither. Whereto I refer you: only let me tell you, that if you shall think to desire some other things which are not mentioned in those Instructions, ‘you may’ rest upon my word that we shall be most ready to supply what they may be defective in, or you may reasonably demand when once you are upon the place,—where certainly you may be better able to judge what may tend most to your accommodation than at a distance. Surely the sooner you remove thither,³ you will have the more time to strengthen yourself, in such place and upon such part as you shall like of. And for your own part, I have named you one of the Commissioners there for managing of the whole affair; whereby you will have your vote and interest in that Government.

Having said this, I think fit to let you know that we have Twenty men-of-war already there, and are sending Eight more, many whereof have forty guns and upwards, and the rest above thirty.⁴ We hope the Plantation is not wanting in anything; having at the least Seven-thousand fighting-men upon the place: and we are providing to supply them constantly with fresh men: and we trust they are furnished with a twelve-month’s victuals;—and I think, if we have it in England, they shall not want.

We have also sent to the Colonies of New England like offers with yours,⁵ To remove thither; our resolution being to people and plant that Island. And indeed we have very

¹ No!

² Thurloe, iv, 633-7; worth reading, though in great want of editing.

³ Will mean, if our Addressing of this Letter is correct, that it had at one time been intended and decided to send Serle of Barbadoes, an experienced man, the ablest and principal English Governor in the West Indies, to take charge of Jamaica himself. Which however, in the quick succession of new lights and occurrences, never came to pass.

⁴ Same phrase in the preceding Letter.

⁵ Encouragements to them, as to ‘your’ Colony, to emigrate thither.

good reason to expect considerable numbers from thence, forasmuch as the last winter was very destructive, and the summer hath proved so very sickly.

I pray God direct you ; and rest, your loving friend,

‘ OLIVER P. ’¹

Undoubtedly to ‘ Daniel Serle,’ or else to ‘ Major-General Sedgwick,’ the other of the Four new Commissioners, this Letter must have been addressed. With either of which Addresses it remains historically somewhat obscure ; but is legible enough for our purposes with it here. The next seems to be of slightly later date.

LETTER CCVI.

To Major-General Fortescue, at Jamaica.

‘ Whitehall, November 1655.’

SIR,

You will herewith receive Instructions for the better carrying-on of your business ; which is not of small account here, though our discouragements have been many ; for which we desire to humble ourselves before the Lord, who hath very sorely chastened us. I do commend, in the midst of others’ miscarriages, your constancy and faithfulness to your trust in every ‘ situation ’² where you are, and ‘ your ’ taking care of a “ company of poor sheep left by their shepherd : ”³ and be assured that, as that which you have done hath been good in itself, and becoming an honest man, so it hath a very good savour here with all good Christians and all true Englishmen, and will not be forgotten by me as opportunity shall serve.

I hope you have long before this time received that good supply which went from hence in July last, ‘ whereby you will perceive that you have not been forgotten here. I hope also the ships sent for New England are, before this time, with

¹ Thurloe, iv. 130.

² Word torn.

³ Fortescue’s own expression ; in a Letter of 21st July 1655 (Thurloe, iii. 675).

⁴ Vaughan, i. 303 ; Thurloe, iv. 4.

you :¹—and let me tell you, as an encouragement to you and those with you to improve the utmost diligence, and to excite your courage in this business, though not to occasion any negligence in prosecuting that affair, nor to give occasion to slacken any improvement of what the place may afford, That you will be followed with what necessary supplies, as well for comfortable subsistence as for your security against the Spaniard, this place may afford, or you want.

And therefore study first your security by fortifying : and although you have not moneys, for the present, to do it in such quantities as were to be wished ; yet, your case being as that of a marching army, wherein every soldier, out of principles of nature, and according to the practice of all discipline, ought to be at pains to secure the common quarter,—we hope no man amongst you will be so wanting to himself, considering food is provided for you, as not to be willing to help to the uttermost therein. And therefore I require you and all with you, for the safety of the whole, that this be made your most principal intention. The doing of this will require that you be very careful not to scatter, till you have begun a security in some one place.—Next I desire you that you would consider how to form such a Body of good Horse as may, if the Spaniard should attempt upon you at his next coming into the Indies with his Galeons, be in a readiness to march to hinder his landing ; who will hardly land upon a body of horse ; and if he shall land, ‘you will’ be in a posture to keep the provisions of the country from him, or him from the provisions, if he shall endeavour to march towards you.

We have sent Commissioners and Instructions into New England, to try what people may be drawn thence.² We have done the like to the Windward English Islands ; and both in England and Scotland and Ireland, you will have what men and women we can well transport.

We think, and it is much designed amongst us, to strive with the Spaniard for the mastery of all those seas : and

¹ Thurloe, iv. 157 ; one, the first of them, did arrive, Nov. 1st : ‘sent from Jamaica to New England for provisions.’

² Long Correspondences about it, and details from assiduous Mr. Gookin, chief of those Commissioners, in Thurloe, iv.

therefore we could heartily wish that the Island of Providence were in our hands again ; believing that it lies so advantageously in reference to the Main, and especially for the hindrance of the Peru trade and Carthagena, that you would not only have great advantage thereby of intelligence and surprisal, but 'might' even block-up Carthagena.¹ It is discoursed here that, if the Spaniard do attempt upon you, it is most likely it will be upon the East end of the Island, towards Cuba ; as also 'that' Cuba, in its chief Town, is a place² easily attempted, and hath in it a very rich copper-mine. It would be good, for the first, as you have opportunity, to inform yourself ; and if there be need, to make a good work upon the East end of your Island, to prevent them. And for the other, and all things of that kind, we must leave them to your judgment upon the place, to do therein as you shall see cause.

To conclude : As we have cause to be humbled for the reproof God gave us at St. Domingo, upon the account of our own sins as well as others', so, truly, upon the reports brought hither to us, of the extreme avarice, pride and confidence, disorders and debauchedness, profaneness and wickedness, commonly practised amongst the Army, we can not only bewail the same, but desire that all with you may do so ; and that a very special regard may be had so to govern, for time to come, as that all manner of vice may be thoroughly discountenanced, and severely punished ; and that such a frame of government may be exercised that virtue and godliness may receive due encouragement. 'I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER P.'³

The brave Fortescue never received this letter ; he already lay in his grave when it was written ; had died in October last,⁴ a speedy victim of the bad climate and desperate situation. Brave Sedgwick, his Partner and Successor, soon died also :⁵ a very brave, zealous and pious man, whose Letters in *Thurloe* are of all others the best worth reading on this subject. Other brave men followed, and soon died ; spending heroically their remnant of

¹ 'the same' in orig.

² The first 'Cuba' here is the old capital of the Eastern Department, now called *Santiago de Cuba*, where there are still copper-mines.

³ *Thurloe*, iv. 633.

⁴ *Ibid.* iv. 153.

⁵ 24th June 1656 (*Long's History of Jamaica*, i. 257).

life-fire there,—as heroes do, ‘making paths through the impassable.’ But we must leave the heroisms of Oliver Protector and his Puritans, in this Jamaica Business, to the reader’s fancy henceforth,—till perhaps some Jamaica *Poet* rise to resuscitate and extricate them. Reinforcement went on the back of reinforcement, during this Protector’s lifetime: ‘a Thousand Irish Girls’ went; not to speak of the rogue-and-vagabond species from Scotland,—‘we can help you’ at any time ‘to two or three hundred of these.’¹ And so at length a West-India Interest did take root; and bears spices and poisons, and other produce, to this day.

LETTERS CCVII.—CCXIV.

TAKE the following Letters in mass; and make some dim History of Eleven Months from them, as best may be.

LETTER CCVII.

HENRY CROMWELL has no Major-Generals in Ireland, but has his anarchies there also to deal with. Let him listen to this good advice on the subject.

For my Son Henry Cromwell, at Dublin, Ireland.

‘Whitehall,’ 21st November 1655.

SON,

I have seen your Letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe; and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you, towards yourself and the public affairs.

I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontent as they have opportunity: but this should not make too great impressions in you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which, for the present, seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, if they are found in other

¹ Long, i. 214; Thurloe, iv. 692-5:—new Admonitions and Instructions from the Protector, of Thurloe’s writing, 17th June 1656 (Thurloe, v. 129-131); &c.

ways towards you. Which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour, all that lies in you. Whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it; and shall not be wanting to send you some farther addition to the Council, so soon as men can be found out who are fit for the trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person who may command the North of Ireland; which I believe stands in great need of one; and 'I' am of your opinion that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion. And therefore I would have you move the Council that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better.

I commend you to the Lord; and rest, your affectionate father,

OLIVER P.¹

'The Letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe,' which is responded to in this wise and magnanimous manner, does not appear in *Thurloe* or elsewhere. November 14th, a week before the date of this, Henry writing to Thurloe excuses his present brevity, his last letter having been so very copious: that copious Letter, now lost, is probably the one in question here.

'November 22d,' the day after this Letter, 'came several accounts from the Major-Generals out of divers Counties. Out of Norfolk it was certified that Cleveland the Poet and one Sherland a wild Parson were apprehended' at Norwich 'by Colonel Haynes,'² the Lord Fleetwood's Substitute in those regions. This is John Cleveland the famed Cantab Scholar, Royalist Judge-Advocate, and thrice-illustrious Satirist and son of the Muses; who 'had gone through eleven editions' in those times, far transcending all Miltons and all mortals,—and does not now need any twelfth edition, that we hear of. Still recognisable for a man of lively parts, and brilliant petulant character: directed, alas, almost wholly to the *worship of clothes*,—which is by nature a transient one! His good fortune quitted him, I think, nine years ago, when David Lesley took him prisoner in Newark. A stinging satire against the Scots had led Cleveland to expect at least martyrdom

¹ Thurloe, i. 726.

² Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 154); Thurloe, iv. 185.

on this occasion ; But Lesley merely said, " Let the poor knave go and sell his ballads ; " ¹ and dismissed him,—towards thin diet, and a darkness which has been deepening ever since. Very low now at Norwich, where he is picked-up by Colonel Haynes : ' Thirty pounds a year ; ' ' lives with a gentleman to whom he is giving some instruction ; '—unfortunate son of the Muses. He indites a highflown magnanimous epistle to Cromwell, on this new misfortune ; who likewise magnanimously dismisses him, ² to ' sell his ballads ' at what little they will bring.

Wednesday December 12th, 1655. This day, ' in a withdrawing-room at Whitehall, ' presided over by his Highness, who is much interested in the matter, was held ' a Conference concerning the Jews ; ' ³—of which the modern reader too may have heard something. Conference, one of Four Conferences, publicly held, which filled all England with rumour in those old December days : but must now contract themselves into a point for us. Highest official Persons, with Lord Chief Barons, Lord Chief Justices, and chosen Clergy have met here to advise, by reason, Law-learning, Scripture-prophecy, and every source of light for the human mind, concerning the proposal of admitting Jews, with certain privileges as of alien-citizens, to reside in England. They were banished near Four-hundred years ago : shall they now be allowed to reside and trade again ? The Proposer is ' Manasseh Ben Israel, ' a learned Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam ; who, being stirred-up of late years by the great things doing in England, has petitioned one and the other, Long Parliament and Little Parliament, for this object ; but could never, till his Highness came into power, get the matter brought to a hearing. And so they debate and solemnly consider ; and his Highness spake ;—and says one witness, " I never heard a man speak so well. " ⁴ His Highness was eager for the scheme, if so might be. But the Scripture-prophecies, Law-learnings, and lights of the human mind seemed to point another way ; zealous Manasseh went home again ; the Jews could not settle here except by private sufferance of his Highness ;—and the matter contracts itself into a point for us. ⁵

This same Jew-Wednesday, Wednesday the 12th, as a laborious

¹ Biog. Britan. (2d edit.), iii. 531 :—very ignorantly told there.

² Life of Cleveland, Prefixed to his *Poems*.

³ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 154).

⁴ Sir Paul Rycant (in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 77 ;—as cited by Godwin, iv. 299).

⁵ Godwin, iv. 243-9.—To ' Manasseh Ben Israel, a Pension of 100*l.* per annum, payable quarterly, and commencing 20th February 1656 ' (1657) : Privy-Seals of Oliver ; in Fifth Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (London, 1841), Appendix ii. p. 263.

unimportant computation shows, was the 'evening' when Republican Ludlow had the first interview with his Highness and certain of his Council 'in the Protector's bed-chamber.'¹ Solid Ludlow has been in Ireland: dreadfully sulky ever since this Protectorate began. Solid Ludlow never would acknowledge any Single Person, never he; not though the Single Person "were his own father." He has nevertheless, by certain written 'engagements,' contrived to get across from Ireland, with much trouble by the road; but will not now give any promise satisfactory to his Highness. "He will be peaceable; yes, so long as he sees no chance otherwise: but if he see a chance!—Should like notwithstanding, to breathe a little air in his own country; that is all he is wanting for the present!" In fact, our solid friend is firm as brass, or oak-timber; altogether obstinate indeed, not to say dogged and mulish. The Protector, who has a respect for the solid man, and whose course is conciliation in such cases, permits him to reside in Essex; keeping his eye upon him.

We might speak also of the famed 'Committee of Trade,' which has now begun its sessions 'in the Old House of Lords.' An Assemblage of Dignitaries, Chief Merchants, Political Economists, convened by summons of his Highness;² consulting zealously how the Trade of this country may be improved. A great concernment of the Commonwealth, 'which his Highness is eagerly set upon.' They consulted of 'Swedish Copperas,' and suchlike; doing faithfully what they could.

Of these things we might speak; but prefer to end the year by this small interesting fraction of Domestic Gossip, coming to us in a small flute-voice across the loud Disturbances, which are fallen silent now, more silent now than even it! Sorry only that nobody can inform us who this blameworthy 'person' in the Lord Henry Cromwell's house is, or what her misdoings are: but the reader, skilled in perennial human nature, can sufficiently supply these, and listen to the ancient small flute-voice with intelligence:

The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland.

"'Hampton-Court,' 7th December 1655.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot be any longer without begging an excuse for my so long silence. You cannot but hear of my Sister's illness; which indeed has been the only cause of it. You

¹ Ludlow, ii. 551 et seqq.

² Whitlocke, p. 618 (2d Nov. 1655).

might justly take it ill otherwise, and think there were want of that affection I owe unto you.

“Indeed, dear Brother, it was a great deal of trouble to me to think I should give you any occasion to think amiss of me: for I can truly say it, you are very dear to me; and it is a great trouble to me to think of the distance we are from one another; and would be more, if I did not think you are doing the Lord’s service;—and truly that ought to satisfy us; for while we are here, we cannot expect but that we must be separated. Dear Brother, the Lord direct you in His ways, and keep your heart close unto Himself. And I am sure, therein you will have true comfort; and that will last when all this world shall pass away.

“I cannot but give you some item of One that is with you, who, ‘it’ is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonour to you and my dear Sister, if you have not a great care. For it is reported here, that she rules much in your Family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of the Godly People. Therefore, dear Brother, take it not ill, that I give you an item of her; for, truly, if I did not love both you and your honour, I would not give you notice of her. Therefore I hope you will not take it ill, that I have dealt thus plainly with you. I suppose you know who it is I mean, therefore I desire to be excused for not naming her. I desire not to be seen in it; and therefore desire you that you would not take the least notice of my writing to you about it: because I was desired not to speak of it;—nor should I, but that I know you will not take it amiss from your poor Sister who loves you.

“Dear Brother, I take leave to rest—your sister and servant,

“MARY CROMWELL.

“Her Highness¹ desires to have her love to you and my Sister; and my Sister Franke her respects to you both.”²

‘My Sister Franke’ and the Lady Mary, these are my ‘two little wenches,’ grown now to be women; with dress-caps, fresh blossoming hearts, musical glib tongues,—not uninteresting to men! Anthony Ashley Cooper, I am told, is looking towards this Lady Mary; now turned of Eighteen,³ and a desirable match for any youth of ambition,—but not attainable, I doubt, by Ashley.

¹ ‘our Mother,’

² Thurloe, iv. 293.

³ Vol. i. p. 60.

LETTER CCVIII.

HE that builds by the wayside has many masters! Henry Cromwell, we perceive by all symptoms,¹ has no holiday task of it; needs energy, vigilance, intelligence,—needs almost unlimited patience first of all. With a hot proud temper of his own to strive against, too; and is not nine-and twenty yet: a young man whose carriage hitherto merits high praise. Anabaptist Colonels ‘preach’ against him; Fleetwood, at headquarters, has perhaps a tendency to favour Anabaptist Colonels, and send them over hither to us? Colonel Hewson, here in Ireland, he, with a leaning that way, has had correspondences, has even had an ‘Answer’ from the Lord Protector (now lost), whereupon have risen petitionings, colloquies, caballings,—much loud unreason to absorb into oneself, and convert at least into silence! ‘Be not troubled with that Business; we understand the men:’ no;—and on the whole, read, and be encouraged, and go on your way.

For my Son Harry Cromwell.

‘Whitehall,’ 21st April, 1656.

HARRY,

I have received your Letters, and have also seen some from you to others; and am sufficiently satisfied of your burden, and that if the Lord be not with you, to enable you to bear it, you are in a very sad condition.

I am glad to hear what I have heard of your carriage: study still to be innocent; and to answer every occasion, roll yourself upon God,—which to do needs much grace. Cry to the Lord to give you a plain single heart. Take heed of being over-jealous, lest your apprehensions of others cause you to offend. Know that uprightness will preserve you; in this be confident against men.

I think the Anabaptists are to blame in not being pleased with you. That’s their fault! It will not reach *you*, whilst you with singleness of heart make the glory of the Lord your aim. Take heed of professing religion without the power: that will teach you to love all who are after the similitude of Christ. Take care of making it a business to be too hard for

¹ See his Letters to Thurloe: Thurloe, iv. 254-608 (Letters from Nov. 1655 to April 1656).

the men who contest with you. Being over-concerned may train you into a snare.—I have to do with those poor men; and am not without my exercise. I know they are weak; because they are so peremptory in judging others. I quarrel not with them but in their seeking to supplant others; which is done by some, first by branding them with antichristianism, and then taking away their maintenance.

Be not troubled with the late Business: we understand the men. Do not fear the sending of any over to you but such as will be considering men, loving all godly interests, and men 'that' will be friends to justice. Lastly, take heed of studying to lay for yourself the foundation of a great estate. It will be a snare to you: they will watch you; bad men will be confirmed in covetousness. The thing is an evil which God abhors. I pray you think of me in this.

If the Lord did not sustain me, I were undone: but I live, and I shall live, to the good pleasure of His grace; I find mercy at need. The God of all grace keep you. I rest, your loving father,

OLIVER P.

My love to my dear Daughter (whom I frequently pray for) and to all friends.¹

Such a Letter, like a staff dipped in honeycomb and brought to one's lips, is enough to enlighten the eyes of a wearied Sub-Deputy; and cheer him, a little, on his way! To prove that you can conquer every opponent, to found a great estate: not these, or the like of these, be your aims, Son Harry. 'I pray you think of me in this.' And, on the whole, heed not the foolish noises, the fatuous lights; heed the eternal Loadstars and celestial Silences,—and vigilantly march: so shall you too perhaps 'find mercy at need.'

LETTER CCIX.

NEW Sea-Armaments, and ever new, are fitted out against the Spaniards and their Papist Domdaniel. Penn being dismissed, Councillor Colonel Montague, already in the Admiralty, was made Sea-General last January in his stead; and now Blake and he have their flags flying somewhere off Cadiz Bay, it would appear.

¹ Autograph in the possession of Sir W. Betham (Ulster King of Arms), Dublin.

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.

Whitehall, 28th April 1656.

MY LOVING FRIENDS,

You have, as I verily believe and am persuaded, a plentiful stock of prayers going 'on' for you daily, sent up by the soberest and most approved Ministers and Christians in this Nation; and, notwithstanding some discouragements, very much wrestling of faith for you: which is to us, and I trust will be to you, matter of great encouragement. But notwithstanding all this, it will be good for you and us to deliver up ourselves and all our affairs to the disposition of our All-wise Father; who, not only out of prerogative, but because of His wisdom, goodness and truth, ought to be resigned-unto by his creatures, and most especially by those who are children of His begetting through the Spirit. We have been lately taught¹ that it is not in man to direct his way. Indeed all the dispensations of God, whether adverse or prosperous, do fully read that lesson. We can no more turn away the Evil, as we call it, than attain the Good: And therefore Solomon's counsel, of doing what we have to do with all our might, 'and' getting our hearts wholly submitted, if not to rejoicing, at least to contentation with whatsoever shall be dispensed by Him to whom alone the issues of all things do belong, is worthy to be received by us.²

Wherefore we have thought fit to send this honest man, Captain Lloyd, who is known to us to be a person of integrity, to convey to you some thoughts,—wherein we do only offer to you such things as do arise to us, partly upon intelligence, and partly upon such a measure as we at such a distance take of that great affair wherein you are engaged; desiring to give no rule to you; but building, under God, much more upon your judgments on the place than 'upon' our own; forasmuch as our intelligences, coming much upon the examination of Merchants' ships and such ways, may not be true oftentimes in matter of fact. And therefore we do offer what we have to say rather as queries than 'as' resolutions.

¹ In the affair of Hispaniola, &c.

² Yes, I should say so;—as indeed the whole Universe, since it first had any glimmerings of intelligence in it, has said.

We are informed that not many of the Plate Fleet are come home ; viz. two Galeons and two Pataches ;¹ and we hear they are not so rich as they gave out. We are informed also that the Spaniards' Fleet in Cadiz is in no preparation to come out ; and some think they will not come forth, but delay you upon the coast, until your victuals are spent, and you forced to come home. We apprehend that, when General Blake was there last year, they could not have told how to have manned-out a Fleet, if the Merchants there and gentlemen interested had not (principally for their own interest in the return of the 'Plate' Fleet) done it.

We are informed that they sent what men they could well spare, by those Six or Seven ships which they sent to the West Indies in March last. We know also that it hath ever been accounted that the Spaniards' great want is men,—as well as money at this time. What numbers are in and about Cadiz you best know. We only discourse probabilities : Whether now it might not be worthy to be weighed by you and your council of war, whether this Fleet of theirs now in Cadiz might not be burnt or otherwise destroyed ? Whether Puntal and the Forts are so considerably stronger as to discourage from such an attempt ? Whether Cadiz itself be unattemptable ; or the Island on which it stands be noways to be separated from relieving the Town by the Bridge,² the Island being so narrow in some parts of it ? Whether any other place be attemptable ; especially that of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar,—which if possessed and made tenable by us,³ would it not be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard ; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet on that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniard more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charge ?

You may discourse freely with the Bearer concerning anything contained in this Letter, to whom the whole was communicated, that so he might be able to bring back to us a more

¹ *Galeone*, in the Spanish Dictionary, is defined as an 'Armed ship of burden used for trade in time of war ;' *Patache*, as 'a Tender, or smaller ship to wait upon the *Galeone*.'

² Means 'noways to be separated from the Mainland, by ruining its Bridge : ' Cadiz were thus in reality *isolated*.

³ Hear, hear !

particular account of things. The Lord guide you to do that which may be pleasing in His sight. I remain, your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

LETTER CCX.

CADIZ could not be attempted. Here, eight days later, is another message to the same parties, concerning another business. 'The Portugal,' it appears, has been behaving in a very paltry fashion; and now 'Mr. Meadows,' one of Thurloe's Under-Secretaries, is gone out to him; whose remonstrances, the Fleet lending them its emphasis, will probably be effectual!

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.

Whitehall, 6th May 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

You will perceive, by the Instructions² herewith sent you, what is expected by the Council and myself at your hands. And although we are satisfied that you will believe we have sufficient grounds to give you these Directions, yet we have thought fit, for the farther strengthening you unto this Action, to give you a short knowledge of the true state of the Difference between us and the King of Portugal.

You very well know that it is very near two years since we and the Ambassador of Portugal did agree a Treaty; they having wronged us and our Merchants, and taken part with the late King against us. When the Articles were fully agreed by the Ambassador, who had full power and authority to conclude with us, we on our part ratified and confirmed the same, and sent it to the King of Portugal to be ratified and executed by him also. He, delaying to do it according to the first Agreement, in which there were some preliminaries to be performed by him before we could enter upon the whole body of a Treaty,—not only refused to give us satisfaction therein, but instead thereof sent us a pretended Ratification of a Treaty, so different from what was agreed by his Ambassador that it

¹ Thurloe, iv. 744.

² Thurloe, iv. 769: brief 'instructions,' To seize the Portugal's ships, fleets, almost the Portugal's self, if he will not do justice.

was quite another thing. In 'regard to' some essential Articles, it was proposed that if we would condescend to some amendments, the King of Portugal would 'then' agree to confirm the whole.

Whereupon we sent Mr. Maynard to have the Treaty consummated : but finding by the answer he gave us,¹ that there was little reality, and nothing but delays intended, we could not satisfy ourselves without sending another Person, fully instructed, and authorised by us to take away all scruples by yielding to their own amendments ; thereby to discern whether they were sincere² or not. But, contrary to all expectation, we find, by the account the said Person hath given us, that we are put upon it to recede from all those things that were provisional, either for the good of the State or of our Merchants, or else we must have no Peace with them.³

In one of the Articles agreed with the Ambassador, it was expressed, That the Merchants should enjoy liberty of conscience, in the worship of God in their own houses and aboard their ships ; enjoying also the use of English Bibles, and other good books ; taking care that they did not exceed this liberty. Now, upon the sending of Mr. Meadows,—unless we will agree to submit this Article to the determination of the Pope, we cannot have it ; whereby he would bring us to an owning of the Pope ; which, we hope, whatever befall us, we shall not, by the grace of God, be brought unto.⁴ And upon the same issue is that Article put whereby it is provided and agreed by his Ambassador, That any ships coming to that harbour, any of their company that shall run away from the said ships shall be brought back again by the Magistrate ; and the Commanders of the said ships 'shall' not 'be' required to pay the said runaways their wages, upon pretence 'that' they are turned Catholics,—which may be a colour for any knave to leave his duty, or for the Roman Catholics to seduce our men. This we thought necessary to be provided against. Yet to this also, as I said before, they would not consent without the approbation of the Pope, although it was agreed by their Ambassador too.

¹ 'by his return' in orig.² 'real' in orig.³ Let them have a care !⁴ No !

Upon the whole matter, we find them very false to us, who intended nothing but what was simply honest. And truly we cannot believe that Article that was for our good, was 'ever' really intended by them. And we may now plainly see what the effect is like to be of any Treaty had or made with people or states guided by such principles, who, when they have agreed, have such an evasion as these people have manifestly held forth in their dealing with us. Wherefore we pray you to be very exact in your prosecution of your Instructions; which truly I hope do not arise from the hope of gain, but from a sense of duty. For, seeing we cannot secure our People in their lives, liberties and estates by a Pretence of a Treaty; nor yet answer the just demands this Nation hath for wrongs done them; but must in some sort be guilty of bringing our People as it were into a net, by such specious shows which have nothing but falseness and rottenness in them;—we are necessitated, having amongst ourselves found out no possible expedient, though we have industriously sought it, to salve these things; we, out of necessity 'I say,' and not out of choice, have concluded to go in this way.

You will receive herewith the Copy of an Instruction given and sent to Mr. Meadows, wherein is a time limited for the King's answer: and we desire that this may not be made use of by the King to delay or deceive us: nor that you, upon the first sight hereof, delay to take the best course you can to effect your Instructions,—or that the Portugal should get his Fleet home before you get between him and home, and so the birds be flown.

We know not what your affairs are at the present; but are confident that nothing will be wanting on your part for the effectual accomplishment of this Service. But knowing that all ways, and works, and ourselves, are ever at the perfect disposition of the Lord and His providence, and that our times are in His hands,—we therefore recommend you to the grace and guidance of our good God, who, we hope, hath thoughts of mercy towards us: and that He would guide and bless you is the prayer of, your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

¹ Thurloc, iv. 768.

In Thurloe's handwriting; but very evidently Oliver's composition every sentence of it. There will clearly be no living for the Portugal, unless he decide to throw away his jockeyings and jesuitries, and do what is fair and square!

LETTER CCXI.

A SMALL vestige, it is presumable, of this Protector's solicitude for the encouragement of Learning and Learned Men. Which is a feature of his character very conceivable to us, and well demonstrated otherwise by testimony of facts and persons. Such we shall presume the purport of this small Civic Message to be:

For Our worthy Friends the Committee of the City of London for Gresham College: These.

Whitehall, 9th May 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

We understanding that you have appointed an election this afternoon of a Geometry Professor in Gresham College,—We desire you to suspend the same for some time, till We shall have an opportunity to speak with some of you in order to that business. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

Historical Neal says zealously, 'If there was a man in England who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find him out, and reward him according to his merit.' The renowned Dr. Cudworth in Cambridge, I have likewise expressly read, had commission to mark among the ingenuous youth of that University such as he deemed apt for Public Employment, and to make the Protector aware of them. Which high and indeed sacred function we find the Doctor, as occasion offers, intent to discharge.² The choice this Protector made of men,—'in nothing was his good understanding better discovered;' 'which gave a general satisfaction to the Public,' say the Histories.³ As we can very well believe! He who is himself a true man, has a chance to know the truth of men when he sees them; he who is

¹ Original with Oliver's Signature, now (1846) in the Guildhall Library, London.

² Thurloe, iii. 614; v. 522; &c.

³ Burnet, in Neal, ii. 514; ib. ii. 461, 494.

not, has none : and as for the poor Public and its satisfactions,—alas, is not the kind of ‘man’ you set upon it the liveliest symbol of its, and your veracity and victory and blessedness, or unverity and misery and cursedness ; the general summation, and practical outcome, of all else whatsoever in the Public, and in you ?

LETTER CCXII.

ANOTHER small Note still extant ; relating to very small, altogether domestic matters.

*‘For my loving Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley :
These.’*

‘Whitehall,’ 29th May 1656.

SON,

You know there hath often been a desire to sell Newhall, because in these four years last past it hath yielded very little or no profit at all, nor did I ever hear you ever liked it for a Seat.

It seems there may be a chapman had, who will give 18,000*l.* It shall either be laid out where you shall desire ; at Mr. Wallop’s or elsewhere, and the money put into feoffees’ hands in trust to be so disposed : or I shall settle Bureligh ; which yields near 1,300*l.* *per annum*, besides the woods. Waterhouse will give you farther information. I rest, your loving father,

OLIVER P.

My love to your Father and Mother,² and your dear Wife.³

Newhall is the House and Estate in Essex which had once belonged to the great Duke of Buckingham. Burleigh I guess to be Burleigh on the Hill, near Oakham, another House of the great Duke’s, which Oliver in the beginning of his military services had known well : he took it by assault in 1643. Of Oliver’s Lands, or even of his Public Lands granted by the Parliament, much more of the successive phases his Estates assumed by new purchase and

¹ Written above is ‘1,260*l.*’

² Mr. and Mrs. Mayor of Hursley.

³ Original in the possession of Henry William Field, Esq., of the Royal Mint.

exchange, there is, as we once observed already, no exact knowledge now anywhere to be had. Obscure incidental notices flit through the Common Journals and other Records; but the sum of the matter alike with the details of it are sunk in Antique Law-Parchments, in obliterated Committee-Papers, far beyond human sounding. Of the Lands he *died* possessed of, there is a List extant, more or less accurate; which is worth looking at here. On quitting the Protectorship in 1659, Richard Cromwell, with the hope of having his debts paid and some fixed revenue allowed him, gave in a Schedule of his Liabilities and of his Properties, the latter all in Land; which Schedule poor Noble has found *somewhere*; ¹ and copied, probably with blunders. Subjoined is his List of the Properties, some of them misspelt, most likely; the exact localities of which no indication being given or sought by Noble, may be a problem for persons learned in such matters. ² To us, only Burleigh and Newhall are of importance here.

¹ Not where he says he did, 'in Commons Journals, 14th May 1659' (Noble, i. 333-4).

² REAL ESTATE IN 1659.

<i>Dalby</i>	} settled on my Brother Henry Cromwell upon marriage: worth a-year	£989	9	1
<i>Broughton</i>		533	8	8
<i>Gower</i>		479	0	0
Newhall with woods settled for security of 15,000 <i>l.</i> for a Portion for my sister Frances		1200	0	0
<i>Chepstall</i>		549	7	3
<i>Magore</i>		448	0	0
<i>Tydenham</i>		3121	9	6
<i>Woolaston</i>		664	16	6
<i>Chaulton</i> with woods		500	0	0
<i>Burleigh</i>		12	6	12
<i>Okham</i>		326	14	11
<i>Egleton</i>		79	11	6

These are all the Lands at this date in the possession of the Oliver Family. The Five names printed here in italics are still recognisable: Villiers (Duke of Buckingham) Properties all of these; the first two in Leicestershire, the last three contiguous to one another in Rutlandshire: of the others I at present (A.D. 1845) know nothing. As to poor Richard's finance-budget, encumbered 'with 2,000*l.* yearly to my Mother,' 'with 3,000*l.* of debt contracted in my Father's lifetime,' and plentifully otherwise,—it shall not concern us farther.

(Note of 1857.) The other Properties have now also been discovered: Lands, these, of the confiscated Marquis of Worcester; all of them in the South-Wales or Ragland quarter. '*Gower*' is in Glamorgan, not far from Swansea; '*Chepstall*' is *Chepstow*; '*Tydenham*,' *Tidenham*, in the same neighbourhood; '*Woolaston*' is in Gloucestershire, four miles from Chepstow; '*Chaulton*,' one of the *Charltons* in the same county; '*Magore*,' *Magor* (St. Mary's) in Monmouthshire. For *Gower*, *Tidenham*, *Magor*, and their connexion with Cromwell, there is still direct proof; for the others, which are all Ragland manors too, there is thus presumption to the verge of proof. So that all these Properties, in Richard's Schedule, are either Buckingham or else Worcester ones,—grants by the Nation:—and of 'my ould land' (now settled otherwise, or indeed not concerned in this question) there is no mention here. (Newpaper called Notes and Queries, Nos. 21-28; London 23d March-11th May 1850.)

Newhall, we can observe, was not sold on the occasion of this Letter, nor at all sold; for it still stands in the List of 1659; and with some indication too, as to what the cause of now trying to sell it may have been. 'For a portion to my Sister Frances,' namely. Noble's citations from Morant's *History of Essex*; his and Morant's blunderings and somnambulancies, in regard to this matter of Newhall, seem almost to approach the sublime.¹

Leaving these, let us attend a little to the 'Portion for my Sister Frances;' concerning which and whom a few lines of musical domestic gossip, interesting to the mind, are once more audible, from the same flute-voice above listened to, 'Mr. Rich,' we should premise, is the Lord Rich's Son, the Earl of Warwick's Grandson; heir apparent, though he did not live to be heir: pious old Earl of Warwick, whom we have seen heretofore as Admiral in the Long-Parliament time; the poor Earl of Holland's Brother. Here are affairs of the heart, romances of reality, such as have to go on in all times, under all dialects and fashions of dress-caps, Puritan-Protectoral and other.

*The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General
of the Forces in Ireland.*

" 'Hampton Court,' 23d June 1656.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your kind Letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have for you,—who, truly I think, none that knows you but you may justly claim it from.²

"I must confess myself in a great fault in omitting to write to you and your dear Wife so long a time. But I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause; which is this business of my Sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our Family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor Family can be in. The Lord tell us His 'mind'³ in it; and settle us, and make us what He would have us to be! I suppose you heard of the breaking-off of the business; and, according to your desire in your last Letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it. Which is this:

"After a quarter of a year's admittance, my Father and my Lord

¹ Noble, i. 334-5.

² Young-Lady's grammar!

³ Word torn out.

Warwick began to treat about the Estate; and it seems my Lord did not offer that which my Father expected. I need not name particulars: for I suppose you have had them from better hands: but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate, as from private reasons which my Father discovered to none but to my sister Frances and his own Family;—which was a dislike to the young person. Which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play and suchlike things; which office was done by some who had a mind to break-off the match. My Sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it;¹ and truly did find all the reports to be false that were recited of him. And to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, that she could not think of breaking it off. So that my Sister engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my Father. Which we did; but could not be heard to any purpose: only this my Father promised, That if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off. With which she was satisfied.

“And so after this, there was a second Treaty; and my Lord Warwick desired my Father, To name what it was he demanded more; and to his utmost he would satisfy him. So my Father upon this made new propositions; which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can. But it seems there are Five-hundred pounds a year in my Lord Rich's hands; which he has power to sell: and there are some people, who persuade his Highness, that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude it unless these 500*l.* a year be settled upon Mr. Rich, after his father's death. And my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not so bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my Father, That it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, that he was made a fool of by my Lord Rich. So the truth is, how it shall be, I cannot understand, nor very few else;² and truly I must tell you privately, they are so far engaged, that the match cannot be broke off! She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution, when she did it.

“Dear Brother, this is, as far as I can tell, the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do. And all, I think, ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing;—which I must say truly she was put upon by the ‘course’³ of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my Sister for not writing. My best respects to her. Pardon this trouble; and

¹ Poor little Frances!² Good little Mary!³ Torn out.

believe me that I shall ever strive to approve myself,—dear Brother, your affectionate sister and servant,

“MARY CROMWELL.”¹

Poor little Fanny Cromwell was not yet much turned of Seventeen, when she had these complex things to do, with her friends, ‘who truly were very few.’ What ‘people’ they were that put, or strove to put, such notions into his Highness’s head, with intent to frustrate the decidedly eligible Mr. Rich, none knows. I could suspect Ashley Cooper, or some such hand, if his date of favour still lasted. But it is gone, long months ago. Ashley is himself frustrated; cannot obtain this musical glib-tongued Lady Mary, says Ludlow;² goes over to opposition in consequence; is dismissed from his Highness’s Council of State; and has to climb in this world by another ladder.—Poor Fanny’s marriage did nevertheless take effect. Both Mary and she were duly wedded, Fanny to Rich, Mary to Lord Fauconberg, in November next year, within about a week of each other:³ our friends, ‘who truly were very few,’ and our own lively wits, brought all right in the end.

CHAPTER CCXIII.

It was last Spring Assizes, as we saw, that the ‘great appearances of country gentlemen and persons of the highest ‘quality’ took place; leading to the inference generally that this Protect-

¹ Thurloe, v. 146.

² Here is the passage, not hitherto printed; one of several ‘Suppressed passages from Ludlow’s Memoirs,’ which still exist in the handwriting of John Locke (now in the possession of Lord Lovelace), having been duly copied out by Locke for his own poor Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom they all relate:

‘Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was first for the King, then for the Parliament; then, in Cromwell’s First Assembly,’ the Little Parliament, was ‘for the reformation; and afterwards for Cromwell against the reformation. Now’ again, ‘being denied Cromwell’s Daughter Mary in Marriage, he appears against Cromwell’s design in the last Assembly,’ the Constituting Parliament, where his behaviour was none of the best; ‘and is therefore dismissed the Council, Cromwell being resolved to act there as the chief juggler himself; and one Colonel Mackworth, a Lawyer about Shrewsbury, a person fit for his purpose, is chosen in his room.’—Mackworth was a Soldier as well as Lawyer; the same who, as Governor of Shrewsbury, gave negative response to Charles Second, when he summoned him on the road to Worcester, once upon a time. Mackworth was in the Council, and had even died, and entirely left the Council, before Anthony Ashley left it (Thurloe, iii. 581; and Godwin, iv. 288). My solid friend, absent in Ireland, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, falls into some errors! Court-rumour, this of his; truth in the heart of it, details rather vague;—not much worth verifying or rectifying here.

³ Vol. i. p. 60.

orate Government is found worth acknowledging by England. Certainly a somewhat successful Government hitherto ; in spite of difficulties great and many. It carries eternal Gospel in the one hand, temporal drawn sword in the other. Actually it has compressed the turbulent humours of this Country, and encouraged the better tendencies thereof, hitherto ; it has set its foot resolutely on the neck of English Anarchy, and points with its armed hand to noble onward and upward paths. All which, England, thankful at lowest for peace and order, by degrees recognises ; with acquiescence, not without some slow satisfactory feeling. England is in peace at home ; stands as the Queen of Protestantism abroad ; defies Spain and Antichrist, protects poor Piedmont Protestants and servants of Christ ;—has taken, all men admit, a nobler attitude than it ever had before.

Nor has the task been easy hitherto ; nor is it like to be. No holiday work, governing such an England as this of Oliver Protector's ; with strong Papistry abroad, and a Hydra of Anarchies at home ! The domestic Hydra is not slain ; cannot, by the nature of it, be *slain* ; can only be scotched and mowed down, head after head, as it successively protrudes itself ;—till, by the aid of Time, it slowly *die*. As yet, on any hint of foreign encouragement it revives again, requires to be scotched and mowed down again. His exiled Majesty Charles Stuart has got a new lever in hand, by means of this War with Spain.

Seven years ago his exiled Majesty's 'Embassy to Spain,' embassy managed by Chancellor Hyde and another, proved rather a hungry affair ; and ended, I think, in little,—except the murder of poor Ascham, the then Parliament's Envoy at Madrid ; whom, like Dutch Dorislaus, as 'an accursed regicide or abettor of regicides,' certain cut-throat servants of the said hungry Embassy broke-in upon, one afternoon, and slew. For which violent deed no full satisfaction could be got from Spain,—the murderers having taken 'sanctuary,' as was pleaded.¹ With that rather sorry result, and no other noticeable, Chancellor Hyde's Embassy took itself away again ; Spain ordering it to go. But now, this fierce Protestant Protector breathing nothing but war, Spain finds that the English domestic Hydra, if well operated upon by Charles Stuart might be a useful thing ; and grants Charles Stuart some encouragements for that. His poor Majesty is coming to the sea-shore again ; is to have 'Seven-thousand Spaniards to invade England,—if the domestic Hydra will stir with effect. The

¹ Clarendon, iii. 498-509 ; Process and Pleadings in the Court of Spain upon the Death of Anthony Ascham (in Harl. Miscell. vi. 236-47).

domestic Hydra, I think, had better lie quiet for a while! This Letter to Henry Cromwell is to bid him too, for his part, be awake in Ireland to these things.

For the Hydra is not dead; and its heads are legion. Major Wildman, for example, sits safe in Chepstow: but Sexby, the Anabaptist Colonel, whom we could not take on that occasion, is still busy; has been 'trying to seduce the Fleet,' trying to do this and that; is now fairly gone to Spain, to treat with Antichrist himself for the purpose of bringing-in a Reign of Christ,—the truly desperate Anabaptist Colonel!¹ It is a Hydra like few. Spiritual and Practical: Mugglestonians, mad Quakers riding into Bristol, Fifth-Monarchists, Hungry Flunkies: ever scheming, plotting with or without hope, to 'seduce the Protector's Guard,' 'to blow-up the Protector in his bedroom,' and do "other little fiddling things," as the Protector calls them,—which one cannot waste time in specifying! Only the slow course of nature can kill that Hydra: till a Colonel Sexby *die*, how can you keep him quiet?—

But what doubtless gives new vitality to plotting, in these weeks, is the fact that a General Election to Parliament is going on. There is to be a new Parliament;—in which may lie who knows what contentions. The Protector lost it last time, by the arithmetical account of heads; will he gain it this time? Account of heads is not exactly the Protector's basis; but he hopes he may now gain it even so. At all events, this wide foreign and domestic Spanish War cannot be carried on without supplies; he will first try it so,—then otherwise if not so.

'To Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland.'

'Whitehall,' 26th August 1656.

SON HARRY,

We are informed, from several hands, that the old Enemy are forming designs to invade Ireland, as well as other parts of the Commonwealth; and that he and Spain have very great correspondence with some chief men in that Nation, for raising a sudden rebellion there.

Therefore we judge it very necessary that you take all possible care to put the Forces into such a condition as may answer anything that may fall-out in this kind. And to that end, that you contract the Garrisons in Ireland, as many as may be; and get a considerable marching Army into the

¹ Clarendon, iii. 852; Thurloe, iv. 698, &c.

field, in two or three bodies, to be left in the most proper and advantageous places for service, as occasion shall require. Taking also, in all other things, your best care you can to break and prevent the designs and combinations of the Enemy ;—and a very particular regard is to be had to the North, where, without question, busy and discontented persons are working towards new disturbances. I do not doubt but you will communicate this thing to Colonel Cowper, to the end he may be more watchful and diligent in looking to this danger. I rest, your loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

‘Colonel Cowper’ commands the Forces in Ulster. Plenty of details about him in Thurloe’s Fourth Volume:—our readers can sufficiently conceive him without details. We are more interested to state, from a Letter of Thurloe’s which goes along with this, that there are ‘Fourteen Spanish ships plying about the Isle of Islay,’ doubtless with an eye to Carrickfergus; that we hope, and indeed believe, my Lord Henry will be on the alert. For the rest, the Elections are going well; all ‘for peace and settlement,’ as we hear, ‘and great friends to the Government.’ Ashley Cooper, indeed, has been chosen for Wilts: but, on the other hand, Bradshaw has missed in Cheshire; Sir Henry Vane has tried in three places and missed in all.² This is of date 26th August 1656; poor England universally sifting itself; trying what the arithmetical account of heads will do for it, once more.

LETTER CCXIV.

THE Portugal has done justice; reluctantly aware at last that jesuitries would not serve him.³ The Spaniards, again, cower close within their harbours; patient of every insult; no ship will venture out, and no Plate Fleet will come in: and as for ‘attempting Cadiz or Gibraltar,’ the Sea-Generals, after mature survey, decide that without other force it cannot prudently be done. This is what Montague, with his clear eyes, has had to report to Secretary Thurloe on the latter enterprise: “I perceive much desire that Gibraltar should be taken. My thoughts as to that are, in

¹ Sloane Mss. 4157, f. 209; and (with insignificant variations) Thurloe, v. 348.

² Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, date 26th Aug. (v. 349).

³ Meadows to Blake and Montague, 13th May 1656: Thurloe, v. 14;—see ib. 69, 116, and 118 (the Portugal’s Letter to Oliver, 24th June 1656).

short, these : That the likeliest way to get it is, By landing on the sand, and quickly cutting it off between sea and sea, or so securing our men there as that they may hinder the intercourse of the Town with the Main ; frigates lying near, too, to assist them :—and it is well known that Spain never victualleth any place for one month. This will want Four or Five thousand men, well formed and officered.—This is my own only thought which I submit, at present.”¹

Whereupon the Lord Protector sends the following Orders ; one other Sea Letter of his which we happen to have left. Mainly of Thurloe’s composition, I perceive ; but worth preserving on various accounts.

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.

Whitehall, 28th August 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

We have received your Letters of the 19th of June brought to us by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here the 11th of July.

By those Letters, and by what Captain Lloyd related by word of mouth,—which is not contradicted by yours of the 1st and 3d of July, ‘since’ received by the Squadron of Ten Ships (which are all safely arrived in the Channel), nor by any other intelligence received by other hands,—we find That the Spaniard keeps ‘within’ his Ports, and doth not yet prepare any considerable Fleet to come to sea ; and that, in the condition you and they were then in, they were not to be attempted in their Harbours. And as for any design upon Gibraltar, we see by General Montague’s Letter, to the Secretary, that nothing therein was feasible without a good Body of Landsmen.—So that, upon the whole, there remains nothing to be done, in those seas for the present, which should require the whole Fleet now with you to remain there. Besides that the Great Ships cannot, without great danger, be kept out, the winter-time, upon that coast.

Upon these grounds we are of opinion, with you, That a good Squadron of Frigates will, in this season, be sufficient

¹ Montague to Thurloe, in cipher, 20th April to 29th May 1656 (Thurloe, v. 67–70), ‘received by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here 11th July,’—and has brought other Letters joint Letters from the Generals, of somewhat later date, as we shall perceive.

to answer any opportunity of service which may present itself. And therefore we have resolved That about the number of Twenty Ships, such as you shall judge proper and fit for that purpose, be kept in those seas ; and the rest be sent home, with the first opportunity of wind and weather :—and desire that you will give order therein accordingly. And in respect it will be necessary that we advise with one of you at least, upon this whole affair ; and it being also very inconvenient that you should be *both* from the head of the Fleet which remains behind, the management thereof being of so great concernment to the Commonwealth,—we would have General Blake to stay with the Fleet, and General Montague to come with the Squadron which comes home.

For the service which these Ships ‘that stay’ should be applied to,—we need say nothing therein ; but refer you to the former Instructions. That which we believe the Enemy will most intend will be the carrying-on his Trade to the West Indies ; which if he can effectually do, he will not much care for what else is done upon him. And our intelligence is, That at this time he is fitting-out some Ships of war, and others, to send from Cadiz into those parts ;—the certainty whereof we suppose you may know. And therefore that which is most to be endeavoured is, The spoiling him in that Trade, by intercepting his Fleets either going to or coming from those parts,¹—and as much as may be To destroy his correspondencies thither. It will be of great use also to prevent the coming of any Materials for Shipping, or other contraband goods into Cadiz or any of his Ports : which you can have an eye to ; and, as much as may be, prejudice his correspondence with Flanders.

Besides these things, and what other damage you may have an opportunity to do the Enemy, we, in our keeping the said Fleet in those Seas, had an eye to the Preservation of the Trade of this Commonwealth in the Straits and to Portugal :² which we suppose could not be driven on without a very good countenance and strength,—in respect the Enemy would

¹ ‘thence’ in orig.

² Here, I think, at the beginning of this Paragraph, the Protector himself has more decidedly struck in.

otherwise be able with a few ships to obstruct this Trade wholly, and to take all that passed either to or from the one place or the other. But our intention is not To reckon up every particular wherein this Fleet may be useful, but only To let you know our general scope ; and to leave the management and improvement thereof to the prudence and direction of him who is to abide upon the place, Whom we beseech the Lord to be present with ; and to guide him to that which may be for the good of this Commonwealth, and according to His own will.

These have been our thoughts, and the considerations we have had upon this Affair. If anything else doth occur to you different from what is here expressed, either as to the number of Ships to remain in those seas, or the way and manner of weakening the Enemy and managing the War against him,—we desire to understand your sense and advice hereupon, with all possible speed ; sooner, if it may be, than the return of the aforesaid Squadron. And in the mean time we are not willing to tie you up positively to the number of Twenty Ships to remain on that Coast ; but give you a latitude to keep a lesser or greater number there, for answering the ends aforesaid, and ‘so’ as you shall find the occasion to require, which possibly may be very much varied since the last we had from you.—For what concerns the Provisions of victuals and other things which the Fleet will stand in need of, the Commissioners of the Admiralty have direction to write at large to you. Unto whose Letters we refer you ;—and desire you and the whole Fleet to rest assured that nothing shall be omitted to be done, here, for your supply and encouragement upon all occasions. Your loving friend,

‘OLIVER P.’¹

About a fortnight ago, August 13th, learned Bulstrode went with the Swedish Ambassador to dine with a famed Sea-General, Sir George Ayscough, of whom we have occasionally heard ; who lives for the present, retired from service, ‘at his House in Surrey :’ House not known to me ; which by the aid of ‘ponds, moats,’ and

¹ Thurloe, v. 363. ‘Sent to Plymouth, To be sent to the Generals by Captain Hatsell.’

hydraulic contrivances, he has made to 'stand environed in water like a ship at sea,'—very charming indeed; and says he has 'cast anchor' here. Our entertainment was superb. The brilliant Swedish Ambassador and Sir George spake much about frigates, their rates of sailing, their capabilities of fighting, and other technical topics; which a learned mind might, without much tedium, listen to. 'After dinner, the Ambassador came round by Hampton Court, to take his leave of the Lady Claypole and her Sisters;' ¹—which latter small fact, in the ancient Autumn afternoon, one rather loves to remember! As for this Swedish Ambassador, he is just about quitting England, the high-tempered, clear-glancing man; having settled 'copperas,' 'contrabanda,' and many other things, to mutual satisfaction;—nay it is surmised he has thoughts of inviting Ayscough into Sweden to teach them seamanship there; which, however, shall not concern us on this occasion.²

SPEECH V.

BUT the new Parliament is now about assembling; wherein we shall see what conclusions will be tried! A momentous question for his Highness and the Council of State; who have been, with interest enough, perusing and pondering the List of Names returned. On the whole, a hopeful Parliament, as Thurloe had expected: Official persons, these and others known as friends to this Government, are copiously elected: the great body of the Parliament seems to consist of men well-affected to his Highness, and even loyal to him; who, witnessing the course he follows, wish him heartily God-speed thereon. Certain others there are, and in considerable number, of stiff Republican ways, or given to turbulence in general,—a Haselrig, a Thomas Scott, an Ashley Cooper: these, as a mass of leaven which might leaven the whole lump, and produce one knows not what in the way of fermentation, are clearly very dangerous. But for these also his Highness and the Council of State, in the present anomalous condition of the Nation, have silently provided an expedient. Which we hope may be of service. On the whole, we trust this Parliament may prove a better than the last.

At all events, on Wednesday 17th September 1656, Parliament, Protector, all in due state, do assemble at the Abbey Church; and, with reverence and credence, hear Doctor Owen, Vice-Chan-

¹ Whitlocke, pp. 638-9.

² Biog. Britan. § Ayscough.

cellor of Oxford, very pertinently preach to them from these old words of Isaiah,—old and yet always new and true : *What shall one then answer to the Messengers of the Nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the Poor of His People shall trust in it.*¹ After which, all having removed, still in due state, to the Painted Chamber, and there adjusted themselves, the Protector, rising in his elevated place and taking off his hat, now speaks. The Speech, reported by one knows not whom, lies in old Manuscript in the British Museum; and printed in late years in the Book called *Burton's Diary*; here and there in a very dreary, besmeared, unintelligible condition; from which, as heretofore, a pious Editor strives to rescue it. Sufficiently studied, it becomes intelligible, nay luminous. Let the reader too read with piety, with a real endeavour to understand.

GENTLEMEN,

When I came hither, I did think that a duty was incumbent upon me a little to pity myself; because, this being a very extraordinary occasion, I thought I had very many things to say unto you, ‘and was somewhat burdened and straitened thereby.’ But truly now, seeing *you* in such a condition as you are,² I think I must turn off ‘my pity’ in this, as I hope I shall in everything else;—and consider *you* as certainly not being able long to bear that condition and heat that you are now in.— —‘So far as possible, on this large subject, let us be brief; not studying the Art of Rhetoricians.’ Rhetoricians, whom I do not pretend to ‘much concern with;’ neither with them, nor with what they use to deal in: Words!

Truly *our* business is to speak Things! The Dispensations of God that are upon us do require it; and that subject upon which we shall make our discourse is somewhat of very great interest and concernment, both for the glory of God, and with reference to His Interest in the world. I mean His peculiar, His most peculiar Interest, ‘His Church, the Communion of the faithful Followers of Christ;’—and that will not leave any of us to exclude His general Interest, which is the concernment of the Living People, ‘not as Christians but as hu-

¹ Isaiah, xiv. 32.

■ Place crowded, weather hot.

man creatures,' within these three Nations, and all the Dependencies thereupon. I have told you I should speak to *things*; things that concern these Interests: The Glory of God, and His Peculiar Interest in the world,—which 'latter' is more extensive, I say more extensive, than the People of all these three Nations with the appurtenances, or the countries and places, belonging unto them.'

The first thing, therefore, that I shall speak to is *That* that is the first lesson of Nature: Being and Preservation. [*Begin at the basis: How are we to get continued at all as a Nation, not trampled under foot by Invaders, Anarchies, and reduced to wreck?*] As to that of Being, I do think I do not ill style it the *first* consideration which Nature teacheth the Sons of Adam:—and then I think we shall enter into a field large enough when we come to consider that of Well-being. But if Being itself be not first well laid, I think the other will hardly follow!

Now in order to this, to the Being and Subsistence of these Nations with all their Dependencies: The conservation of that, 'namely of our National Being,' is first to be viewed with respect to those who seek to undo it, and so make it *not to be*; and then very naturally we shall come to the consideration of what will make it *be*, of what will *keep* its being and subsistence. [*His Highness's heads of method.*]

'Now' that which plainly seeks the destruction of the Being of these Nations is, out of doubt: The endeavour and design of all the common Enemies of them. I think, truly, it will not be hard to find out who those Enemies are; nor what hath made them so! I think, They are all the wicked men in the world, whether abroad or at home, that are the Enemies to the very Being of these Nations;—and this upon a common account, from the very enmity that is in them 'to all such things.' Whatsoever could serve the glory of God and the interest of His People,—which they see to be more eminently, yea more eminently patronised and professed in

■ 'more extensive: *more important* would have better suited what went before; yet 'extensive' is in all likelihood the word, for his Highness is here branching out into a second idea, which he goes on to blend with the primary one, of 'the concernment of the general mass of the People.'

this Nation (we will not speak it with vanity) than in all the Nations in the world: *this* is the common ground of the common enmity entertained against the prosperity of our Nation, against the very Being of it.—But we will not, I think, take up our time, contemplating who these Enemies are, and what they are, in the general notion: we will labour to *specificate* our Enemies; to know what persons and bodies of persons they practically are that seek the very destruction and ¹ Being of these Three Nations.

And truly I would not have laid such a foundation but to the end I might very particularly communicate with you ‘about that same matter.’ For which ‘above others,’ I think, you are called hither at this time:—That I might particularly communicate with you about the many dangers these Nations stand in, from Enemies abroad and at home; and advise with you about the remedies, and means to obviate these dangers. ‘Dangers’ which,—say I, and I shall leave it to you whether you will join with me or no,—strike at the very Being and ‘vital’ interest of these Nations. And therefore, coming to particulars, I will shortly represent to you the estate of your affairs in that respect: in respect ‘namely’ of the Enemies you are engaged with: and how you come to be engaged with those Enemies, and how they come to be, as heartily, I believe, engaged against you. [*His Highness’s utterance is terribly rusty hitherto; creaky, uncertain, difficult! He will gather strength by going. Wait till the axles get warm a little!*]

Why, truly, your great Enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so; he is naturally so throughout,—by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God. ‘Whatsoever is of God which is in you, or which may be in you; contrary to that which his blindness and darkness, led on by superstition, and the implicitness of his faith in submitting to the See of Rome, actuate² him unto!—With this King and State, I say, you are at present in hostility. We put you into this hostility. You

¹ ‘of the’ would be more grammatical; but much less Oliverian.

² ‘acts’ in orig., now as always.

will give us leave to tell you how. [*By sending out your Hispaniola Fleet, Christmas gone a year,—which has issued rather sorrily, your Highness !*] For we are ready to excuse ‘this and ’most of our actions,—and to justify them too, as well as to excuse them, upon the ground of Necessity. ‘And’ the ground of Necessity, for justifying of men’s actions, is above all considerations of instituted Law ; and if this or any other State should go about,—as I know they never will,—to make Laws against Events, against what *may* happen, ‘then’ I think it is obvious to any man, they will be making Laws against Providence ; events, and issues of things, being from God alone, to whom all issues belong.

The Spaniard is your enemy ; and your enemy, as I tell you, naturally, by that antipathy which is in him,—‘and also’ providentially,¹ and this in divers respects. You could not get an honest or honourable Peace from him : it was sought by the Long Parliament ; it was not attained. It could not be attained with honour and honesty. I say, it could not be attained with honour and honesty. And truly when I say that, ‘I do but say,’ He is naturally throughout *an enemy* ; an enmity is put into him by God. “I will put an enmity between thy seed and her seed ;”²—which goes but for little among statesmen, but is more considerable than all things ! [*Yea, your Highness ; it is !—Listen to what his Highness himself says of his reasons for going to war with Spain. “Statesmen” too, if they can separate therein what is transitory from what is perennial and eternal, may find it still very worthy of attention. He who has in him, who manifests in the ways of him, an “enmity to God,” and goes about patronising untruths, rotten delusions, brazen falsities, pestilent injustices,—with him, whatever his seeming extent of money-capital and worldly prosperity may be, I would advise no nation nor statesman nor man to be prompt in clapping-up an alliance. He will not come to good, I think ; not he, for one. Bad security in his firm ; have no trade with him. With him your only fit trade is Duel to the death, when the time comes for that !*] And he that considers not such natural enmity, the providential enmity, as well as the

¹ Means, not ‘luckily’ as now, but simply ‘by special ordering of Providence.’

² Genesis, iii. 15.

accidental, I think he is not well acquainted with Scripture and the things of God. And the Spaniard is not only our enemy accidentally, but he is providentially so; God having in His wisdom disposed it so to be, when we made a breach with the Spanish Nation 'long ago.'

No sooner did this Nation form what is called (unworthily) the Reformed Religion [*It was not half reformed!*] after the death of Queen Mary, by the Queen Elizabeth of famous memory,—we need not be ashamed to call her so! [*No, your Highness; the royal-court phrase expresses in this case an exact truth. She was, and is, "of famous memory"*]¹—but the Spaniard's design became, By all unworthy, unnatural means, to destroy that Person, and to seek the ruin and destruction of these Kingdoms. For me to instance in particulars upon that account, were to trouble you at a very unseasonable time: there is a Declaration extant [*The Council's "Declaration," in October last*], which very fully hath in it the origin of the Spaniard venting himself upon this Nation; and a series of it¹ from those very beginnings to this present day. But his enmity was partly upon that general account which all are agreed 'about.' The French, all the Protestants in Germany, all have agreed, That his design was the empire of the whole Christian World, if not more;—and upon *that* ground he looks, 'and hath looked,' at this Nation as his greatest obstacle. And as to what his attempts have been for that end,—I refer you to that Declaration, and to the observations of men who read History. It would not be difficult to call to mind the several Assassinations designed upon that Lady, that great Queen: the attempts upon Ireland, the Spaniard's invading of it; their designs of the same nature upon *this* Nation,—public designs, private designs, all manner of designs, to accomplish this great and general end. Truly King James made a Peace; but whether this Nation, and the interest of all Protestant Christians, suffered not more by that Peace, than ever by Spain's hostility, I refer to your consideration!

Thus a State which you can neither have peace with nor

¹ Of 'his ventings,' namely.

reason from,—that is the State with which you have enmity at this time, and against which you are engaged. And give me leave to say this unto you, because it is truth, and most men know it, That the Long Parliament did endeavour, but could not obtain satisfaction ‘from the Spaniard’ all the time they sat: for their Messenger [*Poor Ascham!*] was murdered: and when they asked satisfaction for the blood of your poor people unjustly shed in the West Indies [*Yes, at Tortuga, at St. Kitt’s; in many a place and time!*] and for the wrongs done elsewhere; when they asked liberty of conscience for your people who traded thither,—satisfaction in none of these things would be given, but was denied. I say, they denied satisfaction either for your Messenger that was murdered, or for the blood that was shed, or the damages that were done in the West Indies. No satisfaction at all; nor any reason offered *why* there should not be liberty ‘of conscience;’ given to your people that traded thither. Whose trade was very considerable there, and drew many of your people thither; and begot an apprehension in us “as to their treatment there,”—whether in *you* or no, let God judge between you and Himself. I judge not: but all of us know that the people who went thither to manage the trade there, were imprisoned. We desired ‘but’ such a liberty as ‘that’ they might keep their Bibles in their pockets, to exercise their liberty of religion for themselves, and not be under restraint. But there is not liberty of conscience to be had ‘from the Spaniard;’ neither is there satisfaction for injuries, nor for blood. When these two things were desired, the Ambassador told us, “It was to ask his Master’s two eyes;”¹ to ask both his eyes, asking these things of him!—

Now if this be so, why truly then here is some little foundation laid to justify the War that has been entered-upon² with the Spaniard! And not only so: but the plain truth of it is, Make any peace with any State that is Popish and subjected to the determination of Rome and ‘of’ the Pope himself,—

¹ ‘these two things:’ Exemption to our traders from injury in the West Indies, and Liberty to have Bibles and worship:—See Thurloe (i. 760-1); Bryan Edwards (i. 141-3); &c.

² ‘that was had’ in orig.

you are bound, and they are loose. It is the pleasure of the Pope at any time to tell you, That though the man is murdered [*Poor Ascham, for example!*], yet his murderer has got into the sanctuary! And equally true is it, and hath been found by common and constant experience, That Peace is but to be kept so long as the Pope saith Amen to it. [*What is to be done with such a set of people?*]—We have not ‘now’ to do with any Popish State except France: and it is certain that *they* do not think themselves under such a tie to the Pope; but think themselves at liberty to perform honesties with nations in agreement with them, and protest against the obligation of such a thing as that,—‘of breaking your word at the Pope’s bidding.’ *They* are able to give us an explicit answer to anything reasonably demanded of them: and there is no other Popish State we can speak of, save this only, but will break their promise or keep it as they please upon these grounds,—being under the lash of the Pope, to be by him determined, ‘and made to decide.’

In the time when Philip Second was married to Queen Mary, and since that time, through Spanish power and instigation, Twenty-thousand Protestants were murdered in Ireland. We thought, being denied just things,—we thought it our duty to get that by the sword which was not to be had otherwise! And this hath been the spirit of Englishmen; and if so, certainly it is, and ought to be, the spirit of men that have *higher* spirits! [*Yes, your Highness: “Men that are Englishmen and more,—Believers in God’s Gospel, namely!”—Very clumsily said; but not at all clumsily meant, and the very helplessness of the expression adding something of English and Oliverian character to it.*]—With that State you are engaged. And it is a great and powerful State:—though I may say also, that with all other Christian States you are at peace. All these ‘your other’ engagements were upon you before this Government was undertaken: War with France, Denmark,—nay, upon the matter, War, ‘or as good as War,’ with Spain ‘itself.’ I could instance how it was said ‘in the Long-Parliament time,’ “We will have a war in the Indies, though we fight them not at home.” I say, we are at peace with all other

Nations, and have only a war with Spain. I shall say somewhat 'farther' to you, which will let you see our clearness 'as' to that, by and by.

Having thus 'said, we are' engaged with Spain,—'that is the root of the matter;' that is the party that brings *all* your enemies before you. [*Coming now to the Home Malignants.*] It doth: for so it is now, that Spain hath espoused that Interest which you have all along hitherto been conflicting with,—Charles Stuart's Interest. And I would but meet the gentleman upon a fair discourse who is willing that that Person should come back again!—but I dare not believe any in this room is. [*Heavens, no; not one of us!*] And I say, it doth not detract at all from your Cause, nor from your ability to make defence of it, That God by His providence hath so disposed that the King of Spain should espouse that Person. And I say 'farther' [*His Highness's spirit gets somewhat tumultuous here, and blazes up with several ideas at once,—producing results of "some inextricableness," as he himself might phrase it*], No man but might be very well satisfied that it is not for aversion to that person [*Not for his sake that we have gone to war with Spain:—the Cavaliers talk loudly so, and it is not so*]—! And the "choosing out" (as was said today') "a Captain to lead us *back into Egypt*," 'what honest man has not an aversion to that?'—if there *be* such a place? I mean metaphorically and allegorically such a place; 'if there be,' that is to say, A *returning* 'on the part of some' to all those things we have been fighting against, and a destroying of all that good (as we had some hints today) which we have attained unto—?—I am sure my Speech 'and defence of the Spanish War' will signify very little, if such grounds [*Grounds indicated, in this composite "blaze of ideas," which is luminous enough, your Highness; but too simultaneous for being very distinct to strangers!*] go not for good! Nay, I will say this to you, Not a man in England, that is disposed to comply with Papists and Cavaliers, but to him my Speech here is the greatest parable, the absurdest discourse! And in a word, we could wish they were all where Charles Stuart is, all who

¹ In Owen's Sermon.

declare [*"By their cavilling at Spanish Wars and so on:" his Highness looks animated!*] that they are of that spirit. I do, with all my heart;—and I would help them with a boat to carry them over, who are of that mind! Yea, and if you shall think it a duty to drive them over by arms, I will help in that also!— —

You are engaged with such an Enemy; a foreign enemy, who hath such allies among ourselves:—this last said hath a little vehemency in it [*His Highness repents him of blazing up into unseemly heat*]: but it is well worth your consideration.

Though I seem to be, all this while, upon the justice of the business, yet my desire is to let you see the dangers 'and grand crisis' this Nation stands in 'thereby.' All the honest interests; yea, all interests of the Protestants, in Germany, Denmark, Helvetia and the Cantons, and all the interests in Christendom, are the same as yours. If you succeed, if you succeed well and act well, and be convinced what is God's Interest, and prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many who are God's own. Therefore I say that your danger is from the Common Enemy abroad; who is the head of the Papal Interest, the head of the Antichristian Interest, —who is so described in Scripture, so forespoken of, and so fully, under that characteral name 'of Antichrist' given him by the Apostle in the *Epistle to the Thessalonians*, and likewise so expressed in the *Revelations*; which are sure and plain things! Except you will deny the truth of the Scriptures, you must needs see that that State is so described in Scripture to be Papal and Antichristian. [*Who would not go to war with it!*] I say, with this Enemy, and upon this account, you have the quarrel,—with the Spaniard.

And truly he hath an interest in your bowels; he hath so. The Papists in England,—they have been accounted, ever since I was born, Spaniolised. There is not a man among us can hold up his face against that. [*The justifying of the Spanish War is a great point with his Highness!*] They never regarded France; they never regarded any other Papist State where a 'hostile' Interest was, 'but Spain only.' Spain was

• Old phrase for 'the interior of your own country.'

their patron. Their patron all along, in England, in Ireland and Scotland : no man can doubt of it. Therefore I must needs say, this 'Spanish' Interest is also, in regard to your home-affairs, a great source of your danger. It is, and it evidently is ; and will be more so,—upon that account that I told you of : He hath espoused Charles Stuart ! With whom he is fully in agreement ; for whom he hath raised Seven or Eight Thousand men, and has them now quartered at Bruges ; to which number Don John of Austria has promised that, as soon as the campaign is ended, which it is conceived will be in about five or six weeks, he shall have Four or Five Thousand added. And the Duke of Neuburg, who is a Popish prince, hath promised good assistance according to his power ; and other Popish States the like. In this condition you are with that State 'of Spain ;' and in this condition through unavoidable necessity ; because your enemy was *naturally* an enemy, and is providentially too become so. [*Always, by the law of his being, as Antichristian to Christian, a VIRTUAL enemy ; and now Providence, with beneficent wisdom, has developed him into an ACTUAL one.*—"That was his Highness's fundamental reason for rushing at him in the West Indies ? Because he was Antichrist ?" ask some Moderns.—Why yes, it might help, my red-tape Friends ! I know well, if I could fall-in with Antichrist anywhere, with Supreme Quack and Damnability anywhere, I should be right happy to have a stroke at him if there seemed any chance !]

And now farther,—as there is a complication of these Interests abroad, so there is a complication of them here. Can we think that Papists and Cavaliers shake not hands in England ? It is unworthy, unchristian, un-Englishlike,¹ 'say you.' Yes ; but it doth serve to let you see, and for that end I tell it you that you may see, your danger, and the source thereof. Nay it is not only thus, in this condition of hostility, that we stand towards Spain ; and towards all the Interest which would make void and frustrate everything that has been doing for you ; namely, towards the Popish Interest, Papists and Cavaliers ;—but it is also — — [*His Highness*

¹ To combine with Papists, even for Royalists to do so.

finds this sentence will not do, and so tries it another way]—That is to say, your danger is so great, if you will be sensible of it, by reason of Persons who pretend *other* things! [*Coming now to the great Miscellany of Anabaptists, Republicans, Levellers; your Allens, Sexbys, Overtons.*] ‘Pretend, I say;’ yea who, though perhaps they do not all suit in their hearts with the said ‘Popish’ Interest—[*Sentence left ruinous; sense gradually becomes visible*]—Yet every man knows, and must know, that discontented parties are among us somewhere! They must expect backing and support somewhere. They must end in the Interest of the Cavalier at the long-run. That must be their support!—I could have reckoned this in another ‘head’ [*Half soliloquising, his Highness; giving us a glimpse into the strange seething, simmering inner-man of him*]—But I give you an account of things as they arise to me. Because I desire to clear them to you! Not discursively, in the oratoric way; but to let you see the matter of fact,—to let you see how the state of your affairs stands. [*Well, your Highness; that certainly is the grand object of speaking to us. To show ME what THOU seest, what is in THEE: why else should one human being dare to wag his tongue to another? It is frightful otherwise. One almost loves this incondite half-articulation of his Highness, in comparison.*]

Certain it is, there was, not long since, an endeavour to make an Insurrection in England. [*Penruddock at Salisbury;—we heard of Wagstaff and him!*] It was going on for some time before it broke out. It was so before the last Parliament sat. ‘Nay,’ it was so not only from the time of the undertaking of this Government; but the spirit and principle of it did work in the Long-Parliament ‘time.’ From that time to this, hath there been nothing but enterprising and designing against you. And this is no strange or new thing to tell you: Because it is true and certain that the Papists, the Priests and Jesuits have a great influence upon the Cavalier Party; they and the Cavaliers prevail upon the discontented spirits of the Nation,—who are not all so apt to see where the dangers lie, nor to what the management of affairs tend. Those ‘Papists and Cavaliers’ do foment all things that tend to dis-

service ; to propagate discontentments upon the minds of men. And if we would instance, in particulars, those that have manifested this,—we could tell you how Priests and Jesuits have insinuated themselves into men's society ; pretending the same things that *they* pretended ;—whose ends, ‘these Jesuits’ ends,’ have, out of doubt, been what I have told you. [*Dark spectres of Jesuits ; knitting-up Charles Stuart, the Spaniard, and all manner of Levellers and discontented persons, into one Antichristian mass, to overwhelm us therewith !*]

We had that Insurrection. It was intended first to the assassination of my person ;—which I would not remember as anything at all considerable to myself or to you [*Very well, your Highness !*] : for they would have had to cut throats beyond human calculation before they could have been able to effect their design. But you know it very well, ‘this of the assassination ;’—it is no fable. Persons were arraigned for it before the Parliament sat ; and tried, and upon proof condemned [*Gerard and Vowel ; we remember them !*]*—for their designs to cut the throat of myself, and three or four more ; whom they had singled out as being, a little beyond ordinary, industrious to preserve the peace of the Nation. And did think to make a very good issue ‘in that way,’ to the accomplishment of their designs ! I say, this was made good upon the Trial. Before the Parliament sat, all the time the Parliament sat, they were about it. We did hint these things to the Parliament people by several persons, who acquainted them therewith. But what fame we lay under I know not !* [*Suspicious of us in that Parliament !*] It was conceived, it seems, we had things¹ which rather intended to persuade agreement and consent, and bring money out of the people's purses, or I know not what :—in short, nothing was believed [*Very beautifully rebutted, your Highness ; without even anger at it ; as the Lion walks quietly on through cobwebs. We had “things” which rather intended to &c. &c. What most articulate rhetoric could match this half-articulate,—articulate enough for the occasion !*] ; though there was a series of things distinctly and plainly communicated to many Members.

¹ Means ‘we made statements ;’ very Oliverian expression.

The Parliament rose about the middle of January. By the 12th of March after, the people were in arms. But “they were a company of mean fellows,”—alas!—“not a lord, nor a gentleman, nor a man of fortune, nor a this nor that, among them: but it was a poor headstrong people, a company of rash fellows who were at the undertaking of this,”—and that was all! And by such things [*His Highness’s face indicates that he means “no-things,” “babblements”*] have men ‘once well-affected’ lost their consciences and honours, complying, ‘coming to agreement with Malignants,’ upon such notions as these!—Give me leave to tell you, We know it; we are able to prove it. And I refer you to that Declaration¹ which was for guarding against Cavaliers (as I did before to that other ‘Declaration’ which set down the grounds of our War with Spain), Whether these things were true or no? If men will not believe,—we are satisfied, we do our duty. [*A suspicious people, your Highness: nay not suspicious, so much as incredulous, obstinate, dreadfully thick of skin and sense,—and unused to such phenomena as your Highness!*]—If we let you know things and the ground of them, it is satisfaction enough to us: But to see how men can reason themselves out of their honours and consciences in their compliance with those sort of people—!—Which, truly I must needs say, some men had compliance with, who I thought never *would* for all the world: I must tell you so.—

These men rise in March. And that it was a general Design, I think all the world must know and acknowledge. For it is as evident as the day, that the King [*We may call him “King”*] sent Sir Joseph Wagstaff and another, the Earl of Rochester, to the North. And that it was general, we had not by suspicion or imagination; but we know individuals! We are able to make appear, That persons who carried themselves the most demurely and fairly of any men in England were engaged in this business. And he that gave us our intelligence lost his life for it in Neuburg Country [*Yes, Manning was shot there; he had told us Hyde was cock-sure*];—I think I may now speak of that, because he is dead:—but he

¹ Can be read in Parliamentary History, xx. 434 et seqq.

did discover, from time to time, a full intelligence of these things. Therefore, How men of wicked spirits may traduce us in that matter; or, notwithstanding all that hath been done, may still continue their compliances 'with the Malignants;'—I leave it. [*Yes, let THEM look to that.*] I think England cannot be safe unless Malignants be carried far away!—

There was never any design on foot but we could hear it out of the Tower. He who commanded there¹ would give us account, That within a fortnight or such a thing² there would be some stirrings; for a great concourse of people were coming to them, and they had very great elevations of spirit. [*Vigilant Barkstead!*] And not only there; but in all the Counties of England. We have had informations, that they were upon designs all over England (besides some particular places which came to our particular assurance), by knowledge we had from persons in the several Counties of England.

And if this be so, then, as long as commotions can be held on foot, you are in danger by your War with Spain; with whom all the Papal Interest is joined. This Pope³ is a person all the world knows to be a person of zeal for his Religion,—wherein perhaps he may shame us,—and a man of contrivance, and wisdom, and policy; and his Designs are known to be, all over, nothing but an Endeavour to unite all the Popish Interests in all the Christian world, against this Nation above any, and against all the Protestant Interest in the world.—If this be so, and if you will take a measure of these things; if we must still hold the esteem that we have had 'for Spaniards,' and be ready to shake hands with them and the Cavaliers,—what doth this differ from the Bishop of Canterbury [*Poor old Laud, and his Surplices!*] 'striving' to reconcile matters of religion; if this temper be upon us to unite with these 'Popish' men in Civil Things? Give me leave to say, and speak what I know! If this be men's mind, I tell you plainly,—I hope I

¹ Barkstead, a Goldsmith once, a severe vigilant Colonel now; who has seen much service.

² 'time' might be the word: but I am getting to love this 'thing.'

³ One *Chigi* by natural name, called Alexander VII. as Pope; an 'Antijansenist Pope,' say the Books. With whom, beyond the indispensable, let us crave not to be acquainted.

need not ; but I wish all the Cavaliers in England, and all the Papists, heard me declare it, and many besides yourselves have ‘heard me :’ There are a company of poor men that are ready to spend their blood against such compliance ! [*Right so, your Highness ; that is the grand cardinal certainty ! An irrevocable Act of Legislature passed in one’s own heart. In spite of all clamours and jargons, and constitutional debates in Parliament and out of it, there is a man or two will have himself cut in pieces before that “shaking of hands” take place. In fact, I think Christ and Antichrist had better not try shaking of hands ; no good will come of it !—Does not his Highness look uncommonly animated ?*]

—and I am persuaded of the same thing in you !

If this be our condition,—with respect had to this, truly let us go a little farther. For I would lay open the danger where—in I think in my conscience we stand ; and if God give not your hearts to see and discern what is obvious, we shall sink, and the house will fall about our ears,—upon even ‘what are called’ “such sordid attempts” as these same ! Truly there are a great many people in this Nation who “would not reckon-up every pitiful thing,”—perhaps like the nibbling of a mouse at one’s heel ; but only “considerable dangers” ! I will tell you plainly ‘what to me seems dangerous ;’ it is not a time for compliments nor rhetorical speeches,—I have none, truly ;—but to tell you how we *find* things.¹

There is a generation of men in this Nation who cry-up nothing but righteousness and justice and liberty [*Coming now to the Levellers and “Commonwealth’s-men”*] ; and these are diversified into several sects, and sorts of men ; and though they may be contemptible in respect they are many, and so not like to make a solid vow to do you mischief,—yet they are apt to agree *in aliquo tertio*. They are known (yea, well enough) to shake hands with,—I should be loath to say with Cavaliers,—but with all the scum and dirt of this Nation [*Not loath to say that, your Highness ?*], to put you to trouble. And when I come to speak of the *Remedies*, I shall tell you what are the most apt and proper remedies in these respects. I

¹ Paragraph irretrievably misreported ; or undecipherable for want of the tones and looks accompanying it ;—in a dim uncertain manner displays the above as a kind of meaning.

speak now of the very time when there was an Insurrection at Salisbury, 'your Wagstaffs and Penruddocks openly in arms' — — [*Sudden prick of anger stings his Highness at the thought of that great Peril, and how it was treated and scouted by the incredulous Thickskinned; and he plunges in this manner*] — — I doubt whether it be believed there ever was any rising in North Wales 'at the same time;' at Shrewsbury; at Rufford Abbey, where were about Five-hundred horse; or at Marston Moor; or in Northumberland, and the other places,—where all these Insurrections were at that very time! [*Truly it is difficult to keep one's temper: sluggish mortals saved from destruction; and won't so much as admit it!*] — — There was a Party which was very proper to come between the Papists and Cavaliers; and that *Levelling* Party hath some accession lately, which goes under a *finer* name or notion! I think they would now be called "Commonwealth's-men;" who perhaps have right to it little enough. And it is strange that men of fortune and great estates [*Lord Grey of Groby; he is in the Tower; he and others*] should join with such a people. But if the fact be so, there will need no stretch of wit to make it evident, it being so by demonstration. [*His Highness still harps on the incredulity of a thickskinned public, naturally very provoking to him in these perilous, abstruse and necessarily SECRET operations of his.*]

I say, this people at that very time, they were pretty numerous,—and do not despise them!—at the time when the Cavaliers were risen, this very Party had prepared a Declaration against all the things that had been transacted 'by us;' and called them by I know not what 'names,' "tyranny," "oppression," things "against the liberty of the subject," and cried out for "justice," and "righteousness," and "liberty:"—and what was all this business for, but to join the Cavaliers to carry-on that Design? And these are things,—not words! That Declaration we got; and the Penner of it we got [*Locked him fast in Chepstow; the unruly Wildman!*]: and we have got intelligence also how the business was laid and contrived;—which was hatched in the time of the Sitting of that Parliament. I do not accuse anybody: but that was the *time* of

it ;—an unhappy time ! And a plausible Petition had been penned, which must come to me, forsooth [*Through that obtuse Constitutioning Parliament, I fancy !*], “To consider of these things, and to give redress and remedies.” And this was so.—

Now indeed I must tell you plainly, we suspected a great deal of violence then ; and we did hunt it out. I will not tell you these are high things [*Call them “low” if you like ; mice nibbling at one’s heel !*] : but at that time when the Cavaliers were to rise, a Party was to seize upon General Monk in Scotland, and to commit him to Edinburgh Castle, upon this pretence of “liberty :” and when they had seized him, and clapped him by the heels, ‘him’ and some other true and faithful Officers, they had resolved a number at the same time should march away for London ; leaving a party behind them,—to have their throats cut by the Scots ! Though I will not say they would have ‘purposely’ brought it to this pass ; yet it cannot be thought but that a considerable ‘part of the’ Army would have followed them ‘hither’ at the heels. — — And not only thus : but this same spirit and principle designed some little fiddling things upon some of your Officers, to an assassination ;¹ and an Officer was engaged, who was upon the Guard, to seize me in my bed. This was true. And other foolish designs there were,—as, To get into a room, to get gunpowder laid in it, and to blow-up the room where I lay. And this, we can tell you, is *true*. These are Persons not worthy naming ; but the things are *true*. And such is the state we have stood in, and had to conflict with, since the last Parliament. And upon this account, and in this combination,² it is that I say to you, That the ringleaders to all this are none but your old enemies the Papists and Cavaliers. We have some ‘of them’ in prison for these things.

Now we would be loath to tell you of notions more seraphical ! [*His Highness elevating his brows ; face assuming a look of irony, of rough banter.*] These are poor and low conceits. We have had very seraphical notions ! We have had endeavours to deal between two Interests ;—one some section of that

¹ Means : ‘they attempted to persuade some of your Officers to that “little fiddling thing.”’

² Identity of time and attempt.

Commonwealth Interest ; and another which was a notion of a Fifth-Monarchy Interest ! [*A “NOTION ;” not even worth calling a “SECTION” or “PARTY,”—such moonshine was it !*]—Which ‘strange operation’ I do not recite, nor what condition it is in, as thinking it not worthy our trouble. But *de facto* it hath been so, That there have been endeavours ;—as there were endeavours to make a reconciliation between Herod and Pilate that Christ might be put to death, so there have been endeavours of reconciliation between the Fifth-Monarchy men and the Commonwealth men that there might be union in order to an end,—no *end* can be so bad as *that* of Herod’s was,—but in order to end in blood and confusion ! And, that you may know, ‘to tell you candidly,’ I profess I do not believe of these two last, of Commonwealth men and Fifth-Monarchy men, but that they have stood at a distance, ‘aloof from Charles Stuart.’ [*The Overtons, the Harrisons, are far above such a thing.*] I think they did not participate. I would be so charitable, I would be, That they did not. But this I will tell you, That as for the others, *they* did not only set these things on work ; but they sent a fellow [*Sexby, the miserable outcast !*], a wretched creature, an apostate from religion and all honesty,—they sent him to Madrid to advise with the King of Spain to land Forces to invade the Nation. Promising satisfaction that they would comply and concur with him to have both men and moneys ; undertaking both to engage the Fleet to mutiny, and also your Army to gain a garrison ‘on the coast ;’ to raise a party, ‘so’ that if the Spaniard would say where he would land, they would be ready to assist him !—This person was sometimes¹ a Colonel in the Army. He went with Letters to the Archduke Leopoldus and Don John. That was an “Ambassador ;”—and gave promise of much moneys : and hath been soliciting, and did obtain moneys ; which he sent hither by Bills of Exchange :—and God, by His Providence, we being exceeding poor, directed that we lighted on some of them and some of the moneys ! [*Keep hold of them, your Highness !*] Now if they be payable, let them be called for ! [*Won’t call, I be-*

¹ Means ‘at one time ;’ as almost all know.

lieve.!]—If the House shall think fit to order any inspection into these things, they may have it.

We think it our duty to tell you of these things; and we can make them good. Here is your danger; that is it! Here is a poor Nation that hath wallowed in its blood;—though, thanks be to God, we have had Peace these four or five years: yet here is the condition we stand in. And I think I should be false to you, if I did not give you this true representation of it.

I am to tell you, by the way, a word to justify a Thing [*Coming to the Major-Generals*] which, I hear, is much spoken of. When we knew all these Designs before mentioned; when we found that the Cavaliers would not be quiet — — No quiet; “there is no peace to the wicked,” saith the Scripture (*Isaiah*, Fifty-seventh): “They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest; whose waters throw up mire and dirt.”¹ They cannot rest,—they have no Peace with God in Jesus Christ to the remission of sins! They do not know what belongs to that [*My brave one!*]; therefore they know not how to be at rest; therefore they can no more cease from their actions than they can cease to live,—nor so easily neither! — — Truly when that Insurrection was, and we saw it in all the roots and grounds of it, we did find out a little poor Invention, which I hear has been much regretted. I say, there was a little thing invented; which was, the erecting of your Major-Generals [*Yes!*]: To have a little inspection upon the People thus divided, thus discontented, thus dissatisfied, ‘split’ into divers interests,—and the workings of the Popish Party! ‘Workings’ of the Lord Taaff and others;² the most consisting of Natural-Irish rebels, and all those men you have fought against in Ireland, and have expelled from thence, as having had a hand in that bloody Massacre;—of him and of those that were under his power; who were now to have joined in this excellent business of Insurrection!—

¹ *Isaiah*, lvii. 20. 21.

² His Highness suddenly breaks off after new quarry on mention of this Party. The Lord Taaff is even now very busy, at Antwerp (*Thurloe*, v.), with Chancellor Hyde, “throwing up mire and dirt” of the insurrection kind. He was in trouble long ago, at the beginning of the Long Parliament, on the score of the Irish Massacre; sat some time in the Tower (*Clarendon*, ii. 216), with Lord Dillon and others; a generation “who can no more cease from their practices than they can cease to live, nor so easily neither!”

And upon such a Rising as that was,—truly I think if ever anything were justifiable as to Necessity, and honest in every respect, this was. And I could as soon venture my life with it as with anything I ever undertook! [*His Highness looks animated.*] We did find,—I mean myself and the Council did,—That, if there were need to have greater forces to carry-on this work, it was a most righteous thing to put the charge upon that Party which was the cause of it. [*Yea!*] And if there be any man that hath a face averse to this, I dare pronounce him to be a man against the Interest of England!—Upon this account, upon this ground of necessity; when we saw what game they were upon; and knew individual persons, and of the greatest rank, not a few, engaged in this business (I knew one man that laid down his life for it) [*“Name?” He must go unnamed, this one!*]; and had it by intercepted Letters made as clear as the day;—we did think it our duty To make that class of persons who, as evidently as anything in the world, were in the combination ‘of the insurrectionists,’ bear their share of the charge. ‘Bear their share,’ one with another, for the raising of the Forces which were so necessary to defend us against those Designs! And truly if any man be angry at it,—I am plain, and shall use an homely-expression: *Let him turn the buckle of his girdle behind him!*¹ If this were to be done again, I would do it.

How the Major-Generals have behaved themselves in that work? I hope they are men, as to their persons, of known integrity and fidelity; and men who have freely adventured their blood and lives for that good Cause,—if it ‘still’ be thought such, and it was well stated, ‘this morning,’ against all the ‘new’ humours and fancies of men!——And truly England doth yet receive one day more of Lengthening-out its tranquillity, by that same service of theirs.²—

Well; your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency;

¹ The Proverb is in Ray; but without commentary. Various friendly Correspondents, who have found it in Shakspeare (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Scene 1) and elsewhere, point out to me that the meaning is, ‘Let him bring his sword-hilt round, then;’ ready for drawing; round to the front, where the ‘buckle’ of his belt or ‘girdle’ now is.

² ‘that occasion’ in orig.

—as truly, I think, it will not : for we are Englishmen ; that is one good fact. And if God give a Nation the property of valour and courage, it is honour and a mercy ‘from Him.’ [*Yes, it is a great thing, your Highness !*] And much more ‘than English’ ! Because you all, I hope, are Christian Men, who know Jesus Christ [*Yea !*], and know that Cause which hath been mentioned to you this day.

Having declared to you my sense and knowledge,—pardon me if I say so, my knowledge,—of the condition of these poor Nations, for it hath an influence upon them all, it concerneth them all very palpably ; I should be to blame if I did not a little offer to you the Remedies. [*Second head of method: the Remedies.*] I would comprehend them under two considerations. They are both somewhat general. The one is, The Considering all things that may be done, and ought to be done, in order to Security ; that is one. And truly the other is a common head, ‘a general, nay a universal consideration,’—the other is, Doing all things that ought to be done in order to Reformation : and with that I will close my Discourse. All that hath hitherto been hinted-at was but to give you a sense of the danger ; which ‘truly’ is most material and significant ; for which principally you are called hither to advise of the remedies.—I do put them, ‘the remedies,’ into this two-fold method, not but that I think they are scarcely distinct. I do believe, truly, upon serious and deliberate consideration : That a true Reformation, as it may, and will through God’s acceptance, and by the endeavours of His poor servants, be,—That that, ‘I say,’ will be pleasing in His sight ; and will prove not only what shall avert the present danger, but be a worthy return for all the blessings and mercies which you have received. So, in my conscience, if I were put to show it, this hour, Where the security of these Nations will lie ?—forces, arms, watchings, posts, strength ; your being and freedom ; be as politic and diligent, and as vigilant as you can be,—I would say in my conscience, and as before Almighty God I speak it: I think your Reformation, if it be honest and thorough and just, it will be your best security ! [*Hear him ; Hear, hear !*]

First, 'however,' with regard to Security 'outwardly considered.' We will speak a little distinctly to that. [*"Be ye wise as serpents withal!"*] You see where your War is. It is with the Spaniard. You have Peace with all 'other' Nations, or the most of them; Swede, Dane, Dutch. At present, I say, it is well; it is at present so. And so likewise with the Portugal; with France,—the Mediterranean Sea. Both these States; both Christian and Profane; the Mahometan;—you have Peace with them all. Only with Spain you have a difference, you have a War. I pray consider it. Do I come to tell you that I would *tie* you to this War? No. 'According' as you shall find your spirits and reasons grounded in what hath been said, so let you and me join in the prosecution of that War,—'according' as we are satisfied, and as the cause shall appear to our consciences in the sight of the Lord. But if you *can* come to prosecute it, prosecute it vigorously, or don't do it at all!—

Truly I shall speak a very great word,—one may ask a very great question: "*Unde*; Whence shall the means of it come?" Our Nation is overwhelmed in debts! Nevertheless I think it my duty to deal plainly; I shall speak what even Nature teacheth us. If we engage in a business,—a recoiling man may *haply* recover of his enemy: but the wisdom of a man surely will be in the keeping of his ground! Therefore that is what I advise you, That we join together to prosecute it *vigorously*. In the second place, I would advise you to deal effectually,—even *because* there is such a "complication of interests," 'as some keep objecting.' If you believe that there is such a complication of interests,—why, then, in the name of God, that excites you the more to do it! Give me leave to tell you, I do not believe that in any war that ever was in former times, nor in any engagements that you have had with other 'enemies,' this Nation had more obligation upon it to look to itself,—to forbear waste of time, precious time! Needlessly to mind things that are not essential; to be quibbling about words, and comparatively about things of no moment; and in the mean time,—being in such a case as I suppose you know we are,—to suffer ourselves to be wanting to

a just defence against the common Enemies abroad, or not to be thoroughly sensible of the Distempers that are at home¹ —! — I know, perhaps there are many considerations which may teach you, which may incline you, to keep your own hands tender from men of one Religion ‘with ourselves,’² and of an Interest that is so spread in the Nation. However, if they seek the eradication of the Nation; if they be active as you have seen, and ‘as’ it hath been made manifest so as not to be denied, to the carrying-on of their Designs; if England must be eradicated by persons complicated with the Spaniard; if this must be brought upon us through distempers and falseness of men among themselves,—then the question is no more than this: Whether any consideration whatsoever shall lead us, for fear of eradicating distempers, to suffer all the honest Interests of this Nation to be eradicated? Therefore, speaking generally of any of their distempers, ‘which are’ of all sorts,—where a member cannot be cured, the rule is plain, *Ense rescindendum est immedicabile vulnus*. And I think it is of such an advantage that nothing ever could more properly be put in practice³ since this or any Nation ‘first’ was.

As to those lesser Distempers of people that pretend Religion, yet which from the whole consideration of Religion, would fall under one of the heads of Reformation,—I had rather put these under this head;⁴ and I shall the less speak to it, because you have been so well spoken-to already today ‘elsewhere.’ I will tell you the truth: Our practice since the last Parliament hath been, To let all this Nation see, that whatever pretensions to Religion would continue quiet, peaceable, they should enjoy conscience and liberty to themselves; —and *not* to make Religion a pretence for arms and blood. Truly we have suffered them, and that cheerfully, so to enjoy

¹ Original sentence incomplete; or tacked with radical incoherency to the foregoing: the sense, on either hypothesis, is very visible.

² Royalists, and other Discontented; Protestants, though Plotters.

³ ‘used’ in orig.

⁴ Of ‘doing all we can for Security;’ they will stand better under *this*, thinks his Highness. His Highness half-soliloquising, suddenly bethinking himself, again shows us a glimpse of his Speech in a state of genesis.

their own liberties. Whatsoever is contrary, 'and not peaceable,' let the pretence be never so specious,—if it tend to combination, to interests and factions, we shall not care, by the grace of God, *whom* we meet withal, though never so specious, 'if they be not quiet'! And truly I am against all "liberty of conscience" repugnant to *this*. If men will profess,—be they those under Baptism, be they those of the Independent judgment simply, or of the Presbyterian judgment,—in the name of God, encourage them, countenance them; so long as they do plainly continue to be thankful to God, and to make use of the liberty given them to enjoy their own consciences! For, as it was said today, undoubtedly "*this* is the peculiar Interest all this while contended for." [*An excellent "Interest;" very indispensable in a state of genuine Protestantism, which latter has itself for some time been indispensable enough.*]

Men who believe in Jesus Christ—that is the Form that gives being to true religion, 'namely,' to Faith in Christ and walking in a profession answerable to that Faith;—men who believe the remission of sins through the blood of Christ, and free justification by the blood of Christ; who live upon the grace of God: those men who are certain they are so [*Faith of assurance*],—'they' are members of Jesus Christ, and are to Him the apple of His eye. Whoever hath this Faith, let his Form be what it will; he walking peaceably, without prejudice to others under other Forms:—it is a debt due to God and Christ; and He will require it, if that Christian may not enjoy his liberty. [*True Tolerance; a noble thing: Patience, indifference as to the Unessential; liveliest impatience, inexorable INTOLERANCE for the Want of the Essential!*]

If a man of one form will be trampling upon the heels of another form; if an Independent, for example, will despise him 'who is' under Baptism, and will revile him, and reproach and provoke him,—I will not suffer it in him. If, on the other side, those of the Anabaptist 'judgment' shall be censuring the Godly Ministers of the Nation who profess under that of Independency; or if those that profess under Presbyterianism shall be reproaching or speaking evil of them, traducing and censuring of them,—as I would not be willing to see the

day when England shall be in the power of the Presbytery to impose upon the consciences of others that profess faith in Christ,—so I will not endure any reproach to them. But God give us hearts and spirits to keep things *equal*. Which, truly I must profess to you, hath been my temper. I have had some boxes ‘on the ear,’ and rebukes,—on the one hand and on the other; some censuring me for Presbytery; others as an inletter to all the Sects and Heresies of the Nation. I have borne my reproach: but I have, through God’s mercy, not been unhappy in hindering any one Religion to impose upon another. And truly I must needs say (I speak it experimentally): I have found it, I have, that those of the Presbyterian judgment—[“*Do themselves partly approve my plan,*” *he means to say; but starting off into broken sentences, as he is liable to do, never says it*]*—*I speak it knowingly, as having received from very many Counties—I have had Petitions, and acknowledgments and professions, from whole Counties; as from Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and other Counties. Acknowledgments that they, ‘the Presbyterians there,’ do but desire they may have liberty and protection in the worshiping of God according to their own judgments; for the purging of their congregations, and the labouring to attain more purity of faith and repentance;—and that, in their outward profession, they will not strain themselves beyond their own line. I have had those Petitions; I have them to show. And I confess I look at that as the blesseddest thing which hath been since the adventuring upon this Government, ‘or’ which these times produce. And I hope I gave them fair and honest answers. And if it shall be found to be the Civil Magistrate’s real endeavour to keep all professing Christians in this relation to one another; not suffering any to say or do what will justly provoke the others;—I think he that would have more liberty than this, is not worthy of any.

This therefore I think verily, if it may be under consideration for Reformation:—I say, if it please God to give you and me hearts to keep *this* straight, ‘it may be a great means’ in giving countenance to just Ministers,—[*In such semi-articulate uneasy way does his Highness hustle himself over into*

the discussion of a new Topic—in countenancing a just maintenance to them, by Tithes or otherwise. For my part I should think I were very treacherous if I took away Tithes, till I see the Legislative Power settle Maintenance to Ministers another way. But whoever they be that shall contend to destroy Tithes,—it doth as surely cut their ‘the Ministers’ throats as it is a drift to take Tithes away before another mode of maintenance, or way of preparation towards such, be had. Truly I think all such practices and proceedings should be discountenanced. I have heard it from as gracious a Minister as any is in England ; I have had it professed : That it would be a far greater satisfaction to them to have maintenance another way,—if the State will provide it. [*Sensation among the Voluntaries !— —His Highness proceeds no farther in that direction at present. The next sentence suddenly drawing itself up into a heap ; comprising both ideas, “TITHES” and “EQUALITY,” and in free-flowing half-articulate manner uttering them both at once, must be given precisely as it stands,—Grammar yielding place to something still needfuller, to TRANSPARENCY of Speech with or without grammar.*]

—Therefore I think, for the keeping of the Church and people of God and professors in their several forms in this liberty,—I think as it, ‘this of tithes, or some other maintenance,’ hath been a thing that is the root of visible Profession [*No public maintenance, no regular priest*], the upholding of this—I think you will find a blessing in it :—if God keep your hearts to keep things in this posture and balance, which is so honest and so necessary. [*Better keep-up Tithes, till we see !*]

Truly, there might be some other things offered to you, in point of Reformation : a Reformation of Manners, to wit— — But I had forgot one thing which I must remember ! It is the Church’s work, you know, in some measure : yet give me leave to ask, and I appeal unto your consciences, Whether or no there hath not been an honest care taken for the ejecting of Scandalous Ministers, and for the bringing-in of them that have passed an Approbation ? [*Our two Commissions of Triers and Expurgators.*] I dare say, such an Approbation as never passed in England before ! And give me leave to say, It hath

been with this difference 'from the old practice,' that neither Mr. Parson nor Doctor in the University hath been reckoned stamp enough by those that made these Approbations;—though, I can say too, they have a great esteem for Learning; and look at Grace as most useful when it falls unto men *with* rather than without 'that addition;' and wish, with all their hearts, the flourishing of all those Institutions of Learning, as much as any. I think there hath been a conscience exercised, both by myself and the Ministers, towards them that have been Approved. I may say, such an one, as I truly believe was never known in England, 'in regard to this matter.' And I do verily believe that God hath, for the Ministry, a very great seed in the youth 'now' in the Universities; who instead of studying Books, study their own hearts. I do believe, as God hath made a very great and flourishing seed to that purpose; so this Ministry of England—I think in my very conscience that God will bless and favour it; and hath blessed it, to the gaining of very many souls. It was never so upon the thriving hand since England was, as at this day. Therefore I say, in these things, 'in these arrangements made by us,' which tend to the profession of the Gospel and Public Ministry, 'I think' you will be so far from hindering, that you will further them. And I shall be willing to join with you.

I did hint to you my thoughts about the Reformation of Manners. And those abuses that are in this Nation through disorder, are a thing which should be much in your hearts. It is that which, I am confident, is a description and character of the Interest you have been engaged against, 'the Cavalier Interest:' the badge and character of countenancing Profaneness, Disorder and Wickedness in all places,—[*A horrible "character," your Highness; not undeserved hitherto: and under our new Defender of the Faith (if you could see into futurity) what a height of evidence will it rise to!*]*]*—and whatever is most of kin to these, and most agrees with what is Popery, and 'with' the profane Nobility and Gentry of this Nation! In my conscience, it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years, in this Nation! Whether

"in Cæsar's house," or elsewhere ! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man ; and the badge of " Puritan " was put upon it.—We would keep up [*He bethinks him of the above word "profane"*] Nobility and Gentry :—and the way to keep them up is, Not to suffer them to be patronisers or countenancers of debauchery and disorders ! And you will hereby be as labourers in that work 'of keeping them up.' And a man may tell as plainly as can be what becomes of us, if we grow indifferent and lukewarm 'in repressing evil,' under I know not what weak pretensions. [*Yes, your Highness ; even so,—were you and I in a minority of Two upon it ! "Merry Monarchs" of the Nell-Gwynn Defender kind, and the gallantest Sir Charles Sedleys in their tavern-balcony in Bow Street, are and remain a most mournful phenomenon to me ; mournfuller than Death ; equal to Death with a Grimaldi-mask clapt on it !*] If it lives in us, therefore ; I say, if it be in the general 'heart of the Nation,' it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon,—Reformation. Make it a shame to see men bold in sin and profaneness, and God will bless you. You will be a blessing to the Nation ; and by this, will be more repairers of breaches than by anything in the world. Truly these things do respect the souls of men, and the spirits, —which *are* the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat ; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief. [*A real "Head of the Church," this "King ;" not an imaginary one !*]

There are some things which respect the Estates of men ; and there is one general Grievance in the Nation. It is the Law. [*"Hear, hear !" from all quarters of the Nation.*] Not that the Laws are a grievance ; but there are Laws that are ; and the great grievance lies in the execution and administration. I think I may say it, I have as eminent Judges in this land as have been had, as the Nation has had, for these many years. [*Hale and others ; yea !*—Truly I could be particular, as to the executive part 'of it,' as to the administration 'of the Law ;' but that would trouble you. The truth of it is, There are wicked and abominable Laws, which 'it' will be in your

power to alter. To hang a man for Six-and-eightpence, and I know not what; to hang for a trifle, and acquit murder,—is in the ministration of the Law, through the ill-framing of it. I have known in my experience abominable murders acquitted. And to see men lose their lives for petty matters: this is a thing God will reckon for. [*Your Highness actually says so, believes so?*] And I wish it may not lie upon this Nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to give a remedy; and I hope I shall cheerfully join with you in it. This hath been a great grief to many honest hearts and conscientious people; and I hope it is in all your hearts to rectify it.

I have little more to say to you, being very weary; and I know you are so ‘too.’ Truly I did begin with what I thought was ‘the means’ to carry on this War (if you will carry it on), That we might join together in that vigorously. And I did promise an answer to an objection: “But what will you prosecute it with?” The State is hugely in debt; I believe it comes to — [Reporter cannot hear; on his Paper is mere Blank;—nay I think his Highness stutters, does not clearly articulate any sum.]—The Treasure of the State is run out. We shall not be an enemy to your inspection; but desire it,—that you should inspect the Treasury, and how moneys have been expended. And we are not afraid to look the Nation in the face upon this score. And therefore we will say negatively, *first*, No man can say we have misemployed the Treasures of this Nation, and embezzled it to particular and private uses.

It may be we have not been,—as the world terms it,—so fortunate in all our successes, ‘in the issues of all our attempts’? [*Hispaniola was a terrible affair, your Highness; and Jamaica is yet—a load to crush any but a Man of Hope!*] Truly if we are of mind that God may not decide for us in these things, I think we shall be quarrelling with what God ‘Himself’ will answer ‘for.’ And we hope we are able,—it may be weakly, I doubt not—to give an answer to God, and to give an answer to every man’s conscience in the sight of God, of the reason of things. But we shall tell you, it—[“*It*,” the principal “reason” we could give, was the Plotting of the

Cavaliers ; whereat his Highness bursts into sudden spontaneous combustion again !]—was part of that Arch-Fire, which hath been in this your time ; wherein there were flames good store, fire enough ;—and it will be your wisdom and skill, and God’s blessing upon you, to *quench* them both here and elsewhere ! I say it again, our endeavours—by those that have been appointed, by those that have been Major-Generals ; I can repeat it with comfort,—they have been effectual for the Preservation of your Peace ! [*What worlds of old terror, rage and endeavour, all dead now ; what continents of extinct fire, of life-volcanoes once blazing, now sunk in eternal darkness, do we discern, with emotion, through this chance crevice in his Highness.*] It hath been more effectual towards the discountenancing of Vice and settling Religion, than anything done these fifty years : I will abide by it, notwithstanding the envy and slander of foolish men ! [*Poor Oliver, noble Oliver !*] But I say there was a Design—I confess I speak that to you with a little vehemency—But you had not peace two months together, ‘nothing but plot after plot ;’ I profess I believe it as much as ever I did anything in the world : and how instrumental *they*, ‘these Major-Generals,’ have been to your peace and for your preservation, by such means,—which, we say, was Necessity ! More ‘instrumental’ than all instituted things in the world !—If you would make laws against whatever things God may please to send, ‘laws’ to meet everything that may *happen*,—you make a law in the face of God ; you tell God you will meet all His dispensations, and will stay things whether He will or no !¹ But if you make good laws of Government, that men may know how to obey and to act for Government, they may be laws that have frailty and weakness ; ay, and ‘yet’ good laws to be observed. But if nothing should ‘ever’ be done but what is “according to Law,” the throat of the Nation may be cut while we send for some to make a Law ! [*The Tyrant’s plea ?—Yes, and the true Governor’s, my friend ; for extremes meet*] Therefore cer-

¹ ‘Laws against events,’ insisted on before, p. 75. The ‘event’ there could be no law against beforehand, was the universal rising of the cutthroat Cavaliers ; a thing not believed-in by the thickskinned, but too well known to his Highness as a terrible verity,—which the thickest skin would have got acquainted with, moreover, had it not been for him ! Evidently a most provoking topic.

tainly it is a pitiful beastly notion to think, though it be for ordinary Government to live by law and rule, yet¹—‘if a Government in extraordinary circumstances go beyond the law even for self-preservation, it is’ to be clamoured-at, and blottered-at. [*His Highness still extremely animated ; wants as if more tongues than one to speak all he feels !*] When matters of Necessity come, then without guilt extraordinary remedies may not be applied? Who can be so pitiful a person !—

I confess, if Necessity be *pretended*, there is so much the more sin. A laying the irregularity of men’s actions upon God as if He had sent a Necessity ;—who doth indeed send Necessities ! But to *anticipate* these—For as to an appeal to God, I own it, ‘own this Necessity,’ conscientiously to God ; and the principles of Nature dictate the thing :—But if there be a *supposition*, I say, of a Necessity which is *not*, every act so done hath in it the more sin. This ‘whether in a given case, there is a Necessity or not,’ perhaps is rather to be disputed than otherwise : But I must say I do not know one action ‘of this Government,’ no not one, but it hath been in order to the peace and safety of the Nation. And the keeping of some in prison [*Lilburn, Wildman, Overton, Grey of Groby, Willoughby of Parham, occasionally Harrison and others : a fair stock of Prisoners up and down !*] hath been upon such clear and just grounds that no man can except against it. I know there are some imprisoned in the Isle of Wight, in Cornwall and elsewhere ; and the cause of their imprisonment was, They were all found acting things which tended to the disturbance of the Peace of the Nation. Now these principles made us say to them : “Pray live quietly in your own countries : you shall not be urged with bonds or engagements, or to subscribe to the Government.” But they would not so much as say, “We will promise to live peaceably.” If others are imprisoned, it is because they have done such things. And if other particulars strike,² we know what to say,—as having endeavoured to walk as those that would not only give an account to God of their actings in Authority,

¹ A small hiatus in the ms. (Burton, p. clxxii.), which imagination can easily fill.

² Means ‘give offence.’

but had 'withal' to give an account of them to men. [A very fine climax;—better than some climaxes; full of simplicity and diction.]

I confess I have digressed much. [Yes, your Highness; it has been a very loose-flowing Discourse;—like a big tide on shallow shores, with few banks or barriers;—] I would not have you be discouraged if you think the State is exceeding poor. Give me leave to tell you, we have managed the Treasury not unthriftily, nor to private uses; but for the use of the Nation and Government;—and shall give you this short account. When the Long Parliament sat,¹ this Nation owed 700,000*l*. We examined it; it was brought unto that,—in that short Meeting 'of the Little Parliament,' within half a year after the Government came into our hands. I believe there was more rather than less. They 'the Long-Parliament people,' had 120,000*l*. a-month; they had the King's, Queen's, Prince's, Bishops' Lands; all Delinquents' Estates, and the Dean-and-Chapter Lands;—which was a very rich Treasure. As soon as ever we came to the Government, we abated 30,000*l*. the first half-year, and 60,000*l*. after. We had no benefits of those Estates, at all considerable [Only the merest fractions of them remaining now unsold]; I do not think, the fiftieth part of what they had:—and give me leave to tell you, *You are not so much in debt as we found you.*² We know it hath been maliciously dispersed, as if we had set the Nation into 2,500,000*l*. of debt: but I tell you, you are not so much in debt, by some thousands,—I think I may say, by some hundreds of thousands! This is true that I tell you. We have honestly,—it may be not so wisely as some others would have done,—but with honest and plain hearts, laboured and endeavoured the disposal of Treasure to Public Uses; and laboured to pull off the common charge 60,000*l*. a-month, as you see. And if we had continued that charge that was left upon the Nation, perhaps we could have had as much money 'in hand,' as now we are in debt.—These things being thus, I did think it my duty to give you this account,—though it be wearisome even to yourselves and to me.

¹ Polite for 'ceased to sit.'

² Antea, p. 100.

Now if I had the tongue of an Angel ; if I was so certainly Inspired as the holy Men of God have been, I could rejoice, for your sakes, and for these Nations' sakes, and for the sake of God, and of His Cause which we have all been engaged in, if I could move affections in you to that which, if you do it, will save this Nation ! If *not*,—you plunge it, to all human appearance, 'it, and all Interests, yea and all Protestants in the world, into irrecoverable ruin !—

Therefore I pray and beseech you, in the name of Christ, Show yourselves to be men ; "quit yourselves like men !" It doth not infer any reproach if you do show yourselves men : *Christian men,—which alone will make you "quit yourselves."* I do not think that, to this work you have in hand, a neutral spirit will do. That is a Laodicean spirit ; and we know what God said of that Church : it was "lukewarm," and therefore He would "spew it out of His mouth !" It is not a neutral spirit that is incumbent upon you. And if not a neutral spirit, it is much less a stupefied spirit, inclining you, in the least disposition, the *wrong* way ! Men are, in their private consciences, every day making shipwreck ; and it's no wonder if these can shake hands with persons of reprobate Interests :—such, give me leave to think, are the Popish Interests. For the Apostle brands them so, "having seared consciences." Though I do not judge every man :—but the ringleaders¹ are such. The Scriptures foretold there should be such. It is not such a spirit that will carry this work on ! It is men in a Christian state ; who have *works with faith* ; who know how to lay hold on Christ for remission 'of sins,' till a man be brought to "glory in hope." Such an hope kindled in men's spirits will actuate them to such ends as you are tending to : and so many as are partakers of that, and do own your standings,² wherein the Providence of God hath set and called you to this work, 'so many' will carry it on.

If men, through scruple, be opposite, you cannot take them by the hand to *carry* them 'along with you,'—it were absurd :

¹ Of the Insurrectionary persons, and the general Miscellany who favour the Popish Interests ; it is on these more than on Papists proper that his Highness is now again coming to glance.

² Present official positions.

if a man be scrupling the plain truth before him, it is in vain to meddle with him. He hath placed another business in *his* mind ; he is saying, "Oh, if we could but exercise wisdom to gain Civil Liberty,—Religion would follow !" [*His Highness thinks Religion will PRECEDE,—as I hope thou also, in a sense, emphatically thinkest. His Highness does not much affect Constitution-builders, Oceana Harringtons, and Members of the Rota Club. Here, however, he has his eye principally upon the late Parliament, with its Constitution-pedantries and parchments.*] Certainly there are such men, who are not maliciously blind, whom God, for some cause, exercises. [*Yes, your Highness ; we poor Moderns have had whole shoals of them, and still have,—in the later sections of that same "work" you are engaged in.*] It cannot be expected that they should do anything ! [*Profound silence.*] These men,—they must demonstrate that they are in bonds.——Could we have carried it thus far, if we had sat disputing in that manner ? I must profess I reckon that difficulty more than all the wrestling with flesh and blood. [*What could so try one as that Pedant Parliament did ; disputing, doling-out pennyweights of distilled constitution ; and Penruddock, Charles Stuart and the Spaniards waiting momentarily to come in, with Ate and the Scarlet Woman in their rear ?*] Doubting, hesitating men, they are not fit for your work. You must not expect that men of hesitating spirits, under the bondage of scruples, will be able to carry-on this work, much less such as are merely carnal, natural ; such as having an "outward profession of Godliness," whom the Apostle speaks of so often, "are enemies to the cross of Christ ; whose god is their belly ; whose glory is in their shame ; who mind earthly things." [*A really frightful kind of character ;—and not yet obsolete, though its dialect is changed !*] Do you think these men will rise to such a spiritual heat for the Nation as shall carry you a Cause like this ; as will meet 'and defy' all the oppositions that the Devil and wicked men can make ? [*Not to BE expected, your Highness ; not at all. And yet we, two-hundred years later, how do we go on expecting it,—by the aid of Ballot-boxes, Reform-Club Attorneys, &c. &c. !*]

Give me leave to tell you,—those that are called to this work, it will not depend ‘for them’ upon formalities, nor notions, nor speeches! [*A certain truculency on his Highness’s visage.*] I do not look the work should be done by these. ‘No;’ but by men of honest hearts, engaged to God; strengthened by Providence; enlightened in His words, to know His Word,—to which He hath set His Seal, sealed with the blood of His Son, with the blood of His Servants: *that* is such a spirit as will carry on this work. [*Scant in the Pedant Parliament, scant in the Rota Club; not to be found in the Reform-Club Attorney, or his Ballot-box, at all.*]

Therefore I beseech you, do not dispute of unnecessary and unprofitable things which may divert you from carrying on so glorious a work as this is. I think *every* objection that ariseth is not to be answered; nor have I time for it. I say, Look up to God; have peace among yourselves. Know assuredly that if I have Interest,¹ I am by the voice of the People the Supreme Magistrate [*We will have no disputing about that,—you are aware!*]; and, it may be, do know somewhat that might satisfy my conscience, if I stood in doubt! But it is a union, really it is a union, ‘this’ between you and me: and both of us united in faith and love to Jesus Christ, and to His peculiar Interest in the world,—*that* must ground this work. And in *that*, if I have any peculiar Interest which is personal to myself, which is not subservient to the Public end,—it were not an extravagant thing for me to curse myself: because I know God will curse me, if I have! [*Look in that countenance of his Highness!*] I have learned too much of God, to dally with him, and to be bold with Him, in these things. And I hope I never shall be bold with Him;—though I can be bold with men, if Christ be pleased to assist!—

I say, if there be love between us, so that the Nations² may say, “These are knit together in one bond, to promote the glory of God against the Common Enemy; to suppress everything that is Evil, and encourage whatsoever is of Godliness,”—yea, the Nation will bless you! And really that and nothing else will work-off these Disaffections from the minds of

¹ Means ‘if you see me in power.’

² The Three Nations.

men ; which are great,—perhaps greater than all the ‘other’ oppositions you can meet with. I do know what I say. When I speak of these things, I speak my heart before God ;—and, as I said before, I dare not be bold with Him. I have a little faith : I have a little lived by faith, and therein I may be “bold.” If I spoke other than the affections and secrets of my heart, I know He would not bear it at my hands ! [*Deep silence ; his Highness’s voice, in sonorous bass, alone audible in the Painted Chamber*] Therefore in the fear and name of God : Go on, with love and integrity, against whatever arises of contrary to those ends which you know and have been told of ; and the blessing of God go with you,—and the blessing of God *will* go with you ! [*Amen !*]

I have but one thing more to say. I know it is troublesome :—But I did read a Psalm yesterday ; which truly may not unbecome both me to tell you of, and you to observe. It is the Eighty-fifth Psalm ;¹ it is very instructive and significant : and though I do but a little touch upon it, I desire your perusal at pleasure. [*We will many of us read it, this night ; almost all of us, with one view or the other ;—and some of us may sing a part of it at evening worship.*]

It begins : “Lord, Thou hast been very favourable to Thy Land ; Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy People ; Thou hast covered all their sin. Thou hast taken away all the fierceness of Thy wrath ; Thou hast turned Thyself from the fierceness of Thine anger. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause Thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt Thou be angry with us forever ; wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations ? Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy People may rejoice in Thee ?” Then he calls upon God as “the God of his salvation,”² and then saith he : “I will hear what God the Lord will speak : for He will speak peace unto His People, and to His Saints ; but let them not turn again to folly. Surely His Salvation is nigh them that fear Him ;” Oh—“that glory may

¹ Historical : Tuesday, 16th Sept. 1656 ; Oliver Protector reading the Eighty-fifth Psalm in Whitehall. We too might read it ; but as his Highness recites it all here except one short verse, it is not so necessary.

² Verse 7, ‘Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation.’

dwell in our Land! Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall look down from Heaven. Yea the Lord shall give that which is good, and our Land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps." [*What a vision of celestial hope is this! vista into Lands of Light; God's Will done on Earth; this poor English Earth an Emblem of Heaven; where God's Blessing reigns supreme; where ghastly Falsity and brutal Greed and Baseness, and Cruelty and Cowardice, and Sin and Fear, and all the Hell-dogs of Gehenna shall lie chained under our feet; and Man, august in divine manhood, shall step victorious over them, heavenward, like a god! O Oliver, I could weep,—and yet it steads not. Do not I too look into "Psalms," into a kind of Eternal Psalm, unalterable as adamant,—which the whole world yet will look into? Courage, my brave one!*]

Truly I wish that this Psalm, as it is written in the Book, might be better written in our hearts. That we might say as David, "*Thou hast done this,*" and "*Thou hast done that;*" "*Thou hast pardoned our sins; Thou hast taken away our iniquities*"! Whither can we go to a better God? For "*He hath done it.*" It is to Him any Nation may come in their extremity, for the taking away of His wrath. How did He do it? "*By pardoning their sins, by taking away their iniquities!*" If we can but cry unto Him, He will "*turn and take away our sins.*"—Then let us listen to Him. Then let us consult, and meet in Parliament; and ask Him counsel, and hear what He saith, "*for He will speak peace unto His People.*" If you be the People of God, He will speak *peace*;—and we will not turn again to folly.

"Folly:" a great deal of grudging in the Nation that we cannot have our horse-races, cock-fightings, and the like! [*Abolished, suspended, for good reasons!*] * I do not think these are lawful, except to make them recreations. That we will not endure '*for necessary ends*' [*For preventing Royalist Plots, and suchlike*] to be abridged of them:—Till God hath brought us to another spirit than this, He will not bear with us. Ay,

“but He bears with them in France;” “they in France are so and so!”—Have they *the Gospel* as we have? They have seen the sun but a little; we have great lights. — — If God give you a spirit of Reformation, you will preserve this Nation from “turning again” to those fooleries:—and what will the end be? Comfort and blessing. Then “Mercy and Truth shall meet together.” Here is a great deal of “truth” among professors, but very little “mercy”! They are ready to cut the throats of one another. But when we are brought into the right way, we shall be *merciful* as well as orthodox: and we know who it is that saith, “If a man could speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet want *that*, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!”—

Therefore I beseech you in the name of God, set your hearts to this ‘work.’ And if you set your hearts to it, then you will sing Luther’s Psalm.¹ That is a rare Psalm for a Christian!—and if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we *shall* hear him say, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.” If Pope and Spaniard, and Devil and all, set themselves against us,—though they should “compass us like bees,” as it is in the Hundred-and-eighteenth Psalm,—yet in the name of the Lord we should destroy them! And, as it is in this Psalm of Luther’s: “We will not fear, though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the middle of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” [A

¹ Psalm Forty-sixth; of which Luther’s Paraphrase, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, is still very celebrated. Here is the original Psalm:

‘God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore we will not fear,—though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof!’

‘There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God, the Holy Place of the Tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. The Heathen raged, the Kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the Earth melted. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.’

‘Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the Earth! He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the Earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire:—Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the Heathen, I will be exalted in the Earth! The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.’

terrible scene indeed :—but there is something in the Heart of Man, then, greater than any “scene ;” which, in the Name of the Highest, can defy any “scene” or terror whatsoever? “Yea,” answers the Hebrew David ; “Yea,” answers the German Luther ; “Yea,” the English Cromwell. The Ages responsive to one another ; soul hailing soul across the dead Abysses ; deep calling unto deep.] “There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God. God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved.” [No !] Then he repeats two or three times, “The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge.” [What are the King of Spain, Charles Stuart, Joseph Wagstaff, Chancellor Hyde, and your triple-hatted Chimera at Rome ? What is the Devil in General, for that matter,—the still very extensive Entity called “Devil,” with all the force he can raise ?]

I have done. All I have to say is, To pray God that He may bless you with His presence ; that He who hath your hearts and mine would show His presence in the midst of us.

I desire you will go together, and choose your Speaker.¹

The latest of the Commentators expresses himself in reference to this Speech in the following singular way :

‘No Royal Speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the world ! It is,—with all its prudence, and it is very prudent, sagacious, courteous, right royal in spirit,—perhaps the most artless transparent piece of Public Speaking this Editor has ever studied. Rude, massive, genuine ; like a block of unbeaten gold. A Speech not so fit for Drury Lane, as for Valhalla, and the Sanhedrim of the Gods. The man himself, and the England he presided over there and then, are to a singular degree visible in it ; open to our eyes, to our sympathies. He who would see Oliver, will find more of him here than in most of the history-books yet written about him.

‘On the whole, the cursory modern Englishman cannot be expected to read this Speech :—and yet it is pity ; the Speech might do him good, if he understood it. We shall not again hear a Supreme Governor talk in this strain : the dialect of it is very obsolete ; much more than the grammar and diction, forever obsolete,—not to my regret the dialect of it. But the spirit of it is a thing that should never have grown obsolete. The spirit of it will have to revive itself again ; and shine out in *new* dialect and

¹ Burton’s Diary, i. Introd. pp. clviii.—clxxix. (from Additional Ayscough mss. no. 6125).

vesture, in infinitely wider compass, wide as God's known Universe *now* is,—if it please Heaven! Since that spirit went obsolete, and men took to “dallying” with the Highest, to “being bold” with the Highest, and not “bold with men” (only Belial, and not “Christ” in any shape, assisting them), we have had but sorry times, in Parliament and out of it. There has not been a Supreme Governor worth the meal upon his periwig, in comparison,—since this spirit fell obsolete. How could there? Belial is a desperately-bad sleeping-partner in any concern whatever! Cant did not ever yet, that I know of, turn ultimately to a good account, for any man or thing. May the Devil swiftly be compelled to call-in large masses of our current stock of Cant, and withdraw it from circulation! Let the people “run for gold,” as the Chartists say; demand Veracity, Performance, instead of mealy-mouthed Speaking; and force him to recall his Cant. Thank Heaven, stern Destiny, merciful were it even to death, does now compel them verily to “run for gold:” Cant in all directions is swiftly ebbing into the Bank *it* was issued by.’—

Speech being ended, the Honourable Members ‘went to the House,’ says Bulstrode;¹ and in the Lobby, with considerable crowding I think, ‘received, from the Chancery Clerk, Certificates in this form,’—for instance:

‘COUNTY OF BUCKS. *These are to certify that*’ Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke ‘*is returned by Indenture one of the Knights to serve in this present Parliament for the said County, and approved by his Highness’s Council.* NATH. TAYLER, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery.’

Mr. Tayler has received Four-hundred ‘Indentures’ from Honourable Gentlemen; but he does not give out Four-hundred ‘Certificates,’ he only gives Three-hundred and odd. Near One-hundred Honourable Gentlemen can get no Certificate from Mr. Tayler,—none provided for *you*;—and without Certificate there is no admittance. Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without this Certificate! Astonishing to see. Haselrig, Scott and the stiff Republicans, Ashley Cooper and the turbulent persons, who might have leavened this Parliament into strange fermentation, cannot, it appears, get in! No admittance here: saw Honourable Gentlemen ever the like?—

The most flagrant violation of the Privileges of Parliament that was ever known! exclaim they. A sore blow to Privilege indeed. With which the Honourable House, shorn of certain limbs in this

¹ Whitlocke, p. 639.

rude way, knows not well what to do. The Clerk of the Commonwealth, being summoned, answers what he can; Nathaniel Fiennes, for the Council of State, answers what he can: the Honourable House, actually intent on Settling the Nation, has to reflect that in real truth this will be a great furtherance thereto; that matters do stand in an anomalous posture at present; that the Nation should and must be settled. The Honourable House, with an effort, swallows this injury; directs the petitioning Excluded Members 'to apply to the Council.'¹ The Excluded Members, or some one Excluded Member, redacts an indignant Protest, with all the names appended;² prints it, privately circulates it, 'in boxes sent by carriers, a thousand copies in a box:'—and there it rests; his Highness saying nothing to it; the Honourable House and the Nation saying nothing. In this Parliament, different from the last, we trace a real desire for Settlement.

As the power of the Major-Generals, 'in about two months hence,'³ or three months hence, was, on hint of his Highness himself, to the joy of Constitutional England, withdrawn, we may here close *Part Ninth*. Note first, however, as contemporary with this event, the glorious news we have from Blake and Montague at sea; who, in good hour, have at last got hold of a Spanish Fleet, and in a tragic manner burnt it, and taken endless silver therein.⁴ News of the fact comes in the beginning of October: in the beginning of November comes, as it were, the fact itself,—some Eight-and-thirty wagonloads of real silver: triumphantly jingling up from Portsmouth, across London pavements to the Tower, to be coined into current English money there. The Antichrist King of Spain has lost Lima by an earthquake, and infinite silver there also. Heaven's vengeance seems awakening. 'Never,' say the old Newspapers,⁵ 'never was there a more terrible visible Hand of God in judgment upon any People, since the time of Sodom and Gomorrah! Great is the Lord; marvellous are His doings, and to be had in reverence of all the Nations.' England holds universal Thanksgiving Day; sees Eight-and-thirty wagonloads of silver, sees hope of Settlement, sees Major-Generals abolished; and piously blesses Heaven.

¹ Commons Journals, vii. 424-6 (Sept. 18th-22d).

² Copy of it and them in Whitlocke, pp. 641-3; see also Thurloe, v. 456, 490.

³ Kimber, p. 211. The real date and circumstances may be seen in Burton's Diary, i. 510 (7th Jan. 1656-7), Commons Journals, vii. 483 (29th Jan.); compared with Ludlow, ii. 581-2. See Godwin, iv. 328.

⁴ Captain Stayner's Letter (9th Sept. 1656, Thurloe, v. 399); General Montague's Letter (ib. p. 433); Whitlocke, p. 643; &c.

⁵ 6th October (in Cromwelliana, p. 160).

PART TENTH.

SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT.

1657-1658.

LETTERS CCXV.—CCXVI.

Two Letters near each other in date, and now by accident brought contiguous in place ; which offer a rather singular contrast ; the one pointing as towards the Eternal Heights, the other as towards the Tartarean Deeps ! Between which two Extremes the Life of men and Lord Protectors has to pass itself in this world, as wisely as it can. Let us read them, and hasten over to the new Year Fifty-Seven, and last Department of our subject.

LETTER CCXV.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, or the Municipal Authorities there, as we may perceive, are rather of the Independent judgment ; and have a little dread of some encouragement his Highness has been giving to certain of the Presbyterian sect in those parts. This Letter ought to be sufficient reassurance.

To the Mayor of Newcastle : To be communicated to the Aldermen and others whom it doth concern.

Whitehall, 18th December 1656.

GENTLEMEN, AND MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS,

My Lord Strickland, who is one of our Council, did impart to us a Letter written from yourselves to him, according to your desire therein expressed ; which occasions this return from us to you.

As nothing that may reflect to the prejudice of your outward Good, either Personal or as you are a Civil Government, shall easily pass with us ; so, much less what shall tend to your discouragement, as you are Saints, to your Congregations, gathered in that way of fellowship commonly known by the name of Independents, whether of one judgment or other :—‘ this ’ shall be far from being actually discountenanced, or passively ‘ left to ’ suffer damage, by any applying themselves to me. I do, once for all, give you to understand, that I should thereby destroy and disappoint one of the main ends for which God hath planted me in the station I am in.

Wherefore I desire you in that matter to rest secure. True it is that two Ministers, one Mr. Cole and one Mr. Pye, did present to me a Letter in the name of divers Ministers of Newcastle, the Bishoprick of Durham and Northumberland ; of an honest and Christian purpose : the sum whereof I extracted, and returned an Answer thereunto ;—a true Copy whereof I send you here enclosed. By which I think it will easily appear, that the consideration of my kindness is well deserved by them ; provided they observe the condition ‘ there ’ expressed ; which in charity I am bound to believe they will ; and without which their own consciences and the world will know how to judge of them.

Having said this, I, or rather the Lord, require of you, That you walk in all peaceableness and gentleness, inoffensiveness, truth and love towards them, as becomes the Servants and Churches of Christ. Knowing well that Jesus Christ, of whose diocese both they and you are, expects it. Who, when He comes to gather His People, and to make Himself “ a name and praise amongst all the people of the earth,”—He “ will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out, and will get them praise and fame in every land, where they have been put to shame.”¹ And such “ lame ones ” and “ driven-out ones ” were not the Independents only, and Presbyterians, a few years since, by the Popish and Prelatical Party in these Nations ; but such are and have been the Prot-

¹ Zephaniah, iii. 19, 20.

estants in all lands,—persecuted, and faring alike with you, in all the Reformed Churches. And therefore, knowing your charity to be as large as all the Flock of Christ who are of the same Hope and Faith of the Gospel with you ; I thought fit to commend these few words to you ;—being well assured it is written in your heart, So to do with this that I shall stand-by you in the maintaining of all your just privileges to the uttermost.

And committing you to the blessing of the Lord, I rest,
your loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

LETTER CCXVI.

CARDINAL MAZARIN, the governing Minister of France in those days, is full of compliance for the Lord Protector ; whom, both for the sake of France and for the Cardinal's sake, it is very requisite to keep in good humour. On France's score, there is Treaty with France, and War with its enemy Spain ; on the Cardinal's are obscure Court-intrigues, Queen-mothers, and one knows what not ; in brief, the subtle Cardinal has found, after trial of the opposite course too, that friendship, or even at times obedient-servantship to Cromwell, will be essentially advantageous to him.

Some obscure quarrel has fallen-out between Charles Stuart and the Duke of York his Brother. Quarrel complicated with open politics, with Spanish War and Royalist Revolt, on Oliver's side ; with secret Queen-mothers, and back-stairs diplomacies, on the Cardinal's :—of which there flit, in the dreariest manner, this and the other enigmatic vestige in the night-realm of *Thurloe* ;² and which is partly the subject of this present Letter. A Letter unique in two respects. It is the only one we have of Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan King, to Giulio Mazarini, the Sicilian-French Cardinal, and King of Shreds and Patches ;³ who are a very singular pair of Correspondents brought together by the Destinies ! It is also the one glimpse we have from Oliver himself of the subterranean Spy-world, in which, by a hard necessity, so many of his thoughts had to dwell. Oliver, we find, cannot quite grant Toleration to the Catholics ; but he is well satisfied with this 'our weightiest affair,'—not without weight to *me* at least, who sit

¹ Thurloe, v. 714 : in Secretary Thurloe's hand.

² iv. 506 ; v. 753 ; &c. &c.

³ Three insignificant official Notes to him, in Appendix, Nos. 27, 28.

expecting Royalist Insurrections backed by Spanish Invasions, and have Assassins plotting for my life at present "on the word of a Christian King!"—

Concerning the 'affair' itself, and the personages engaged in it, let us be content that they should continue spectral for us, and dwell in the subterranean Night-realm which belongs to them. The 'Person' employed from England, if anybody should be curious about him, is one Colonel Bamfield, once a flaming Presbyterian Royalist, who smuggled the Duke of York out of this Country in woman's clothes; and now lives as an Oliverian Spy, very busy making mischief for the Duke of York. 'Berkley' is the Sir John Berkley who rode with Charles First to the Isle of Wight long since;¹ the Duke of York's Tutor at present. Of 'Lockhart,' Oliver's Ambassador in France, we shall perhaps hear again. The others,—let them continue spectral to us. Let us conceive, never so faintly, that their 'affair' is to maintain in the Duke of York some Anti-Spanish notion; notion of his having a separate English interest, independent of his Brother's, perhaps superior to it; wild notion, of one or the other sort, which will keep the quarrel wide:—as accordingly we find it did for many months,² whatever notion it was. We can then read with intelligence sufficient for us.

'To his Eminency Cardinal Mazarin.'

'Whitehall,' 26th December 1656.

The obligations, and many instances of affection, which I have received from your Eminency, do engage 'me' to make returns suitable to your merits. But although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you, I cannot?) at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration.³

I say, I cannot, as to a public Declaration of my sense in that point; although I believe that under my Government your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as to rigour upon men's consciences than under the Parliament. For I have of some, and those very many, had compassion; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who

¹ Antea, vol. i. p. 265.

² Thurloe, iv. v. vi. : — also Biog. Brit. (2d edition), ii. 154.

³ To the Catholics here.

is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference ; and, as Jude speaks, “plucked many out of the fire,”¹—the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannise over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a farther progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminency in relation to that.

And now I shall come to return your Eminency thanks for your judicious choice of that Person to whom you have intrusted our weightiest Affair : an Affair wherein your Eminency is concerned, though not in an equal degree and measure with myself. I must confess that I had some doubts of its success, till Providence cleared them to me by the effects. I was, truly, and to speak ingenuously, not without doubtings ; and shall not be ashamed to give your Eminency the grounds I had for much doubting. I did fear that Berkley would not have been able to go through and carry-on that work ; and that either the Duke would have cooled in his suit,² or condescended to his Brother. I doubted also that those Instructions which I sent over with 290³ were not clear enough as to expressions ; some affairs here denying me leisure at that time to be so particular as, ‘in regard’ to some circumstances, I would.—If I am not mistaken in his ‘the Duke’s’ character, as I received it from your Eminency, that fire which is kindled between them will not ask bellows to blow it, and keep it burning. But what I think farther necessary in this matter I will send ‘to’ your Eminency by Lockhart.

And now I shall boast to your Eminency my security upon a well-built confidence in the Lord : for I distrust not but if this breach ‘be’ widened a little more, and this difference fomented, with a little caution in respect of the persons to be added to it,—I distrust not but that Party, which is already forsaken of God as to an outward dispensation of mercies, and noisome to their countrymen, will grow lower in the opinion of all the world.

¹ Verses 22, 23 : a most remarkable Epistle, to which his Highness often enough solemnly refers, as we have seen.

² His suit, I understand, was for leave to continue in France ; an Anti-Spanish notion.

³ Cipher for some Man’s Name, now undecipherable ; to all appearance Bamfield.

If I have troubled your Eminency too long in this, you may impute it to the resentment of joy which I have for the issue of this Affair ; and 'I' will conclude with giving you assurance that I will never be backward in demonstrating, as becomes your brother and confederate, that I am, your servant,

OLIVER P.¹

SPEECH VI.

SINDERCOMB.

THE Spanish Invasion and Royalist Insurrection once more came to no effect : on mature judgment of the case, it seemed necessary to have Oliver Protector assassinated first ; and that, as usual, could not be got done. Colonel Sexby, the frantic Anabaptist, he and others have been very busy ; 'riding among his Highness's escort' in Hyde Park and elsewhere, with fleet horses, formidable weapons, with 'gate-hinges ready filed through,' if the deed could have been done ;—but it never could. Sexby went over to Flanders again, for fresh consultations ; left the assassination-affair in other hands, with 1,600*l.* of ready money, 'on the faith of a Christian King.' Quartermaster Sindercomb takes Sexby's place in this great enterprise ; finds, he too, that there is nothing but failure in it.

Miles Sindercomb, now a cashiered Quartermaster living about Town, was once a zealous Deptford lad, who enlisted to fight for Liberty, at the beginning of these Wars. He fought strongly on the side of Liberty, being an earnest fierce young fellow ;—then gradually got astray into Levelling courses, and wandered ever deeper there, till daylight forsook him, and it became quite dark. He was one of the desperate misguided Corporals, or Quartermasters, doomed to be shot at Burford, seven years ago : but he escaped overnight, and was not shot there ; took service in Scotland ; got again to be Quartermaster ; was in the Overton Plot, for seizing Monk and marching into England, lately : whereupon Monk cashiered him : and he came to Town ; lodged himself here, in a sulky threadbare manner,—in Alsatia or elsewhere. A

¹ Thurloe, v. 735. In the possession of a 'Mr. Theophilus Rowe of Hampstead in Middlesex,' says Birch. Where did Rowe get it ? Is it in the original hand, or only a copy ? Birch is silent even as to the latter point. The style sufficiently declares it to be a genuine Letter.

gloomy man and Ex-Quartermaster; has become one of Sexby's people, 'on the faith of a Christian King;' nothing now left of him but the fierceness, groping some path for itself in the utter *dark*. Henry Toope, one of his Highness's Lifeguard, gives us, or will give us, an inkling of Sindercomb; and we know something of his courses and inventions, which are many. He rode in Hyde Park, among his Highness's escort, with Sexby; but the deed could not then be done. Leave me the 1,600*l.*, said he; and I will find a way to do it. Sexby left it him, and went abroad.

Inventive Sindercomb then took a House in Hammersmith; Garden-House, I think, 'which had a banqueting-room looking into the road;' road very narrow at that part;—road from Whitehall to Hampton Court on Saturday afternoons. Inventive Sindercomb here set about providing blunderbusses of the due explosive force,—ancient 'infernal-machines,' in fact,—with these he will blow his Highness's Coach and Highness's self into small pieces, if it please Heaven. It did not please Heaven,—probably not Henry Toope of his Highness's Lifeguard. This first scheme proved a failure.

Inventive Sindercomb, to justify his 1,600*l.*, had to try something. He decided to fire Whitehall by night, and have a stroke at his Highness in the tumult. He has 'a hundred swift horses, two in a stable, up and down:'—set a hundred stout ruffians on the back of these, in the nocturnal fire; and try. Thursday 8th January 1656-7; that is to be the Night. On the dusk of Thursday January 8th, he with old-trooper Cecil, his second in the business, attends Public Worship in Whitehall Chapel; is seen loitering there afterwards, 'near the Lord Lambert's seat.' Nothing more is seen of him: but about half-past eleven at night, the sentinel on guard catches a smell of fire;—finds holed wainscots, picked locks; a basket of the most virulent wildfire, 'fit almost to burn through stones,'—with lit match slowly creeping towards it, computed to reach it in some half-hour hence, about the stroke of midnight!—His Highness is summoned, the Council is summoned;—alaś, Toope of the Lifeguard is examined, and Sindercomb's lodging is known. Just when the wildfire should have blazed, two Guardsmen wait upon Sindercomb; seize him, not without hard defence on his part, 'wherein his nose was nearly cut off;' bring him to his Highness. Toope testifies; Cecil peaches:—inventive Sindercomb has failed for the *last* time. To the Tower with him, to a jury of his country with him!—The emotion in the Parliament and in the Public, next morning, was great. It had been

proposed to ring an alarm at the moment of discovery, and summon the Trainbands; but his Highness would not hear of it.¹

This Parliament, really intent on settling the Nation, could not want for emotions in regard to such a matter! Parliament adjourns for a week, till the roots of the Plot are investigated somewhat. Parliament, on reassembling, appoints a day of Thanksgiving for the Nation; Friday come four weeks, which is February 20th, that shall be the general Thanksgiving Day: and in the mean time we decide to go over in a body, and congratulate his Highness. A mark of great respect to him.²

Parliament accordingly goes over in a body, with mellifluous Widdrington, whom they have chosen for Speaker, at their head, to congratulate his Highness. It is Friday 23d January 1656-7; about Eleven in the morning; scene, Banqueting-house, Whitehall. Mellifluous Widdrington's congratulation, not very prolix, exists in abstract;³ but we suppress it. Here is his Highness's Reply;—rather satisfactory to the reader. We have only to regret that in passing from the Court up to the Banqueting-house, 'part of an ancient wooden staircase,' or balustrade of a staircase, 'long exposed to the weather, gave way in the crowding;'⁴ and some honourable Gentlemen had falls, though happily nobody was seriously hurt. Mellifluous Widdrington having ended, his Highness answers:

MR. SPEAKER,

I confess with much respect, that you have put this trouble on yourselves upon this occasion:—but I perceive there be two things that fill me full of sense. One is, The mercy on a poor unworthy creature; the second is, This great and, as I said, unexpected kindness of Parliament, in manifesting such a sense thereof as this is which you have now expressed. I speak not this with compliment! That which detracts from the thing, in some sense, is the inconsiderableness and unworthiness of the person that hath been the object and subject of this deliverance, to wit, myself. I con-

¹ Burton, i. 322-2, 355; Official Narrative (in Cromwelliana, pp. 160, 161); State-Trials, v. § Sindercomb.

² Commons Journals, vii. 481, 484, 493; Burton's Diary, i. 369, 377.

³ Burton, ii. 488.

⁴ Cromwelliana, p. 162. See Thurloe (vi. 49), and correct poor Noble (i. 161), who, with a double or even triple blunder, says my Lord Richard Cromwell had his leg broken on this occasion, and dates it August 1657.

- fess ingenuously to you, I do lie under the daily sense of my unworthiness and unprofitableness, as I have expressed to you : and if there be, as I most readily acknowledge there is, a mercy in it to me, I wish I may never reckon it on any other account than this, That the life that is lengthened may be spent and improved to His honour who hath vouchsafed the mercy, and to the service of you, and those you represent.

I do not know, nor did I think it would be very seasonable for me, to say much to you upon this occasion ; being a thing that ariseth from yourselves. Yet, methinks, the kindness you bear should kindle a little desire in me ; even at this present, to make a short return. And, as you have been disposed hither by the Providence of God, to congratulate my mercy ; so give me leave, in a very word or two, to congratulate with you. [*Rusty, but sincere.*]

Congratulations are ever conversant about good, bestowed upon men, or possessed by them. Truly, I shall in a word or two congratulate you with good *you* are in possession of, and in some respect I also with you. God hath bestowed upon you, and you are in possession of it,—Three Nations, and all that appertains to them. Which in either a geographical, or topical consideration, are Nations. [*Indisputably !*] In which also there are places of honour and consideration, not inferior to any in the known world,—without vanity it may be spoken. Truly God hath not made so much soil, furnished with so many blessings, in vain ! [*Here is an idea of one's own.*] But it is a goodly sight, if a man behold it *uno intuitu*. And therefore this is a possession of yours, worthy of congratulation.

This is furnished,—give me leave to say, for I believe it is true,—with the best People in the world, possessing so much soil. A People in civil rights,—in respect of their rights and privileges,—very ancient and honourable. And *in* this People, in the midst of this People, ‘you have, what is still more precious,’ a *People* (I know every one will hear ‘and acknowledge’ it) that are to God “as the apple of His eye,”—and He says so of them, be they many, or be they few ! But they

are many. A People of the blessing of God ; a People under His safety and protection. A People calling upon the Name of the Lord ; which the Heathen do not. A People knowing God ; and a People (according to the ordinary expressions) fearing God. [*We hope so !*] And you have of this no parallel ; no, not in all the world ! You have in the midst of you glorious things.

Glorious things : for you have Laws and statutes, and ordinances, which, though not all of them so conformable as were to be wished to the Law of God, yet, on all hands, pretend not to be long rested-in farther than *as* they are conformable to the just and righteous Laws of God. Therefore, I am persuaded, there is a heart and spirit in every good man to wish they did all of them answer the Pattern. [*Yea !*] I cannot doubt but that which is in the heart will in due time break forth. [*And we shall actually have just Laws, your Highness thinks ?*] That endeavours will be ‘made’ that way, is another of your good things, with which in my heart ‘I think’ you are worthily to be congratulated. And you have a Magistracy ; which, in outward profession, in pretence, in endeavour, doth desire to put life into these Laws. And I am confident that among *you* will rest the true desire to promote every desire in others, and every endeavour, that hath tended or shall tend to the putting of these Laws in execution.

I do ‘also’ for this congratulate you : You have a Gospel Ministry among you. That have you ! Such an one as, — without vanity I shall speak it ; or without caring at all for any favour or respect from *them*, save what I have upon an account above flattery, or good words, — such an one as hath excelled itself ; and, I am persuaded, — to speak with confidence before the Lord, — is the most growing blessing (one of the most growing blessings) on the face of this Nation.

You have a good Eye ‘to watch over you,’ — and in that I will share with your good favours. A good God ; a God that hath watched over you and us. A God that hath visited these Nations with a stretched-out arm ; and borne His witness against the unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, against those that ‘would’ have abused such Nations, — such mercies

throughout, as I have reckoned up unto you! A God that hath not only withstood such to the face; but a God that hath abundantly blessed you with the evidence of His goodness and presence. And He "hath done things wonderful amongst us," "by terrible things in righteousness."³ He hath visited us by "wonderful things"! [*A Time of Miracle; as indeed all "Times" are, your Highness, when there are MEN alive in them!*] In mercy and compassion hath He given us this day of freedom, and liberty to speak this, one to another; and to speak of His mercies, as He hath been pleased to put into our hearts. [*Where now are the Star-Chambers, High Commissions, Council-Chambers; pitiless oppressors of God's Gospel in this land? The Hangmen with their whips and red-hot branding-irons, with their Three blood-sprinkled Pillories in Old Palaceyard, and Four clean Surplices at Allhallowtide,—where are they? Vanished. Much has vanished; fled from us like the Phantasms of a Nightmare Dream!*]

Truly, this word in conclusion. If these things be so, give me leave to remember you but one word; which I offered to you with great love and affection the first day of meeting with you, this Parliament. It pleased God to put into my heart then to mention a Scripture to you, which would be a good conclusion of my Speech now at this time to you. It was, That we being met to seek the good of so great an Interest, as I have mentioned, and the glory of that God who is both yours and mine, how could we better do it than by thinking of such words as these, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," "that glory may dwell in our land"! I would not comment upon it. I hope I fear Him;—and let us more fear Him! If this 'present' mercy at all doth concern you, as I see it doth,—let me, and I hope you will with me, labour more to fear Him! [*Amen!*] Then we have done, 'that includes all;' seeing such a blessing as His salvation "is nigh them that fear Him,"—seeing we are all of us representatives of all the good of all these lands, 'to endeavour with our whole strength' "that glory may dwell in our land."

'Yes,' if it be so, "Mercy and Truth shall meet together,

³ Isaiah, xxv. 1; Psalm lxxv. 5.

Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other." We shall know, you, and I as the father of this family, how to dispose our mercies to God's glory; and how to dispose our severity. How to distinguish between obedient and rebellious children;—and not to do as Eli did, who told his sons "he did not hear well of them," when perhaps he saw ill by them. And we know the severity of that. And therefore let me say,—though I will not descant upon the words,—that Mercy must be joined with Truth: Truth, in that respect, that we think it our duty to exercise a just severity, as well as to apply kindness and mercy. And truly, Righteousness and Mercy must kiss each other. If we will have Peace without a worm in it, lay we foundations of Justice and Righteousness. [*Hear this Lord Protector!*] And if it shall please God so to move you, as that you marry this redoubtable Couple together, Mercy and Truth, Righteousness and Peace,—you will, if I may be free to say so, be blessed whether you will or no! And that you and I may, for the time the Lord shall continue us together, set our hearts upon this, shall be my daily prayer. And I heartily and humbly acknowledge my thankfulness to you.¹

On Monday 9th February, Sindercomb was tried by a jury in the Upper Bench; and doomed to suffer as a traitor and assassin, on the Saturday following. The night before Saturday, his poor Sister, though narrowly watched, smuggled him some poison: he went to bed, saying, "Well, this is the last time I shall go to bed;" the attendants heard him snore heavily, and then cease; they looked, and he lay dead. 'He was of that wretched sect called *Soul-Sleepers*, who believe that the soul falls *asleep* at death:'² a gloomy, far-misguided man. They buried him on Tower-hill, with due ignominy; and there he rests; with none but Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, or Deceptive-Presbyterian Titus, to sing his praise. "

Next Friday, Friday the 20th, which was Thanksgiving Day,

¹ Burton's Diary (from Lansdown mss. 755, no. 244), ii. 490-3.

² Cromwelliana, p. 162.

³ 'Equal to a Roman in virtue,' says the noisy Pamphlet *Killing no Murder*, which seems to have been written by Sexby; though Titus, as adroit King's-Flunky, at an after-period saw good to claim it. A Pamphlet much noised of in those months and afterwards; recommending all persons to *assassinate* Cromwell;—has this merit, considerable or not, and no other worth speaking of.

'the Honourable House, after hearing two Sermons at Margaret's Westminster, partook of a most princely Entertainment,' by invitation from his Highness, at Whitehall. 'After dinner his Highness withdrew to the Cockpit; and there entertained them with rare music, both of voices and instruments, till the evening;' ¹ his Highness being very fond of music. In this manner end, once more, the grand Assassination projects, Spanish-Invasion projects; unachievable even the Preface of them. And now we will speak of something else.

LETTER CCXVII.

KINGSHIP.

THIS Second Protectorate Parliament, at least while the fermenting elements or 'hundred Excluded Members' are held aloof from it, unfolds itself to us as altogether reconciled to the rule of Oliver, or even right thankful for it; and really striving towards Settlement of the Nation on that basis. Since the First constitutioning Parliament went its ways, here is a great change among us: three years of successful experiment have thrown some light on Oliver, and his mode of ruling, to all Englishmen. What can a wise Puritan Englishman do but decide on complying with Oliver, on strengthening the hands of Oliver? Is he not verily doing the thing we all wanted to see done? The old Parchments of the case may have been a little hustled, as indeed in a Ten-years Civil War, ending in the Execution of a King, they could hardly fail to be;—but the divine Fact of the case, meseems, is well cared for! Here is a Governing Man, undeniably the most English of Englishmen, the most Puritan of Puritans,—the Pattern Man, I must say, according to the model of that Seventeenth Century in England; and a Great Man, denizen of all the Centuries, or he could never have been the Pattern one in that. Truly, my friends, I think, you may go farther and fare worse!—To the darkest head in England, even to the assassinative truculent-flunky head in steeple-hat worn brown, some light has shone out of these three years of Government by Oliver. An uncommon Oliver, even to the truculent-flunky. If not the noblest and worshipfulest of all Englishmen, at least the strongest and terriblest; with whom really it might be as well to comply; with whom, in fact, there is small hope in not complying!—

For its wise temper and good practical tendency, let us praise

¹ Newspapers (in Burton, i. 377); Commons Journals, vii. 493.

this Second Parliament ;—admit nevertheless that its History, like that of most Parliaments, amounts to little. This Parliament did what they could : forbore to pester his Highness with quibblings and cavillings and constitution-pedantries ; accomplished respectably the Parliamentary routine ; voted, what perhaps was all that could be expected of them, some needful modicum of supplies ; ‘ debated whether it should be debated,’ ‘ put the question whether this question should be put ;’—and in a mild way neutralised one another, and as it were handsomely *did nothing*, and left Oliver to do. A Record of their proceedings has been jotted-down by one of their Members there present, who is guessed rather vaguely by Editorial sagacity to have been ‘ one Mr. Burton.’ It was saved from the fire in late years, that Record ; has been printed under the title of *Burton’s Diary* ; and this Editor has faithfully read it,—not without wonder, once more, at the inadequacy of the human pen to convey almost any glimmering of insight to the distant human mind ! Alas, the human pen, oppressed by incubus of Parliamentary or other Pedantry, is a most poor matter. At bottom, if we will consider it, this poor Burton,—let us continue to call him ‘ Burton,’ though that was not his name,—cared nothing about these matters himself ; merely jotted them down *pedantically*, by impulse from without,—that he might seem, in his own eyes and those of others, a knowing person, enviable for insight into facts ‘ of an high nature.’ And now, by what possibility of chance, can he interest thee or me about them ; now when they have turned out to be facts of no nature at all,—mere wearisome *ephemera*, and cast-clothes of facts, gone all to dust and ashes now ; which the healthy human mind resolutely, not without impatience, tramples under its feet ! A Book filled, as so many are, with mere dim inanity and moaning wind. Will nobody condense it into sixteen pages ; instead of four thick octavo volumes ? For there are, if you look long, some streaks of dull light shining even through it ; perhaps, in judicious hands, one readable sheet of sixteen pages might be made of it ;—and even the rubbish of the rest, with a proper Index, might be useful ; might at least be left to rot quietly, once it was known to be rubbish. But enough now of poor Mr. Burton and his *Diary*,—who, as we say, is not ‘ Mr. Burton’ at all, if anybody cared to know who or what he was !

¹ Compare the *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 404. line 2, and vol. ii. p. 347, line 7, with *Commons Journals*, vii. 588 ; and again *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 346, line 13, with *Commons Journals*, vii. 450, 580 : Two Parliament-Committee-, on both of which ‘ I ’ the writer of the *Diary* sat ; in neither of which is there such a name as Burton. Guess rather, if it were worth while to guess, one of the two Suffolk Bacons ; most probably Nathaniel Bacon, Master of the ‘ Court of Requests,’—a dim old Law-Court fallen obsolete now,

Undoubtedly some very dull man. Under chimerical circumstances he gives us, being fated to do it, an inane History of a Parliament now itself grown very inane and chimerical!—

This Parliament, as we transiently saw, suppressed the Major-Generals; refused to authorise their continued ‘Decimation’ or *Ten-per-centing* of the Royalists;¹ whereupon they were suppressed. Its next grand feat was that of James Nayler and his Procession which we saw at Bristol lately. Interminable Debates about James Nayler,—excelling in stupor all the Human Speech, even in English Parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to. Nayler, in fact, is almost all that survives with one, from *Burton*, as the sum of what this Parliament did. If they did aught else, the human mind, eager enough to carry off news of them, has mostly dropped it on the way hither. To Posterity they sit there as the James-Nayler Parliament. Four-hundred Gentlemen of England, and I think a sprinkling of Lords among them, assembled from all Counties and Boroughs of the Three Nations, to sit in solemn debate on this terrific Phenomenon; a Mad Quaker fancying or seeming to fancy himself, what is not uncommon since, a new Incarnation of Christ. Shall we hang him, shall we whip him, bore the tongue of him with hot iron; shall we imprison him, set him to oakum; shall we roast, or boil, or stew him;—shall we put the question whether this question shall be put; debate whether this shall be debated;—in Heaven’s name, what shall we do with him, the terrific Phenomenon of Nayler? This is the history of Oliver’s Second Parliament for three long months and odd. Nowhere does the unfathomable Deep of Dulness which our English character has in it, more stupendously disclose itself. Something almost grand in it; nay, something really grand, though in our impatience we call it “dull.” They hold by Use and Wont, these honourable Gentlemen, almost as by Laws of Nature,—by Second Nature almost as by First Nature. Pious too; and would fain know rightly the way to new objects by the old roads, without trespass. Not insignificant this English character, which can placidly debate such matters, and even feel a certain smack of delight in them! A massiveness of eupeptic vigour speaks itself there, which perhaps the liveliest wit might envy. Who is there that has the strength of ten oxen, that is able to support these things? Couldst thou debate on Nayler, day after day, for a whole Winter? Thou, if the sky were threatening to fall on account of it, wouldst sink under such labour, appointed only for the oxen of the gods!—The honourable Gentlemen set

¹ Commons Journals, 7th to 29th Jan. 1656-7.

Nayler to ride with his face to the tail, through various streets and cities; to be whipt (poor Nayler), to be branded, to be bored through the tongue, and then to do oakum *ad libitum* upon bread-and-water; after which he repented, confessed himself mad, and this world-great Phenomenon, visible to Posterity and the West of England, was got winded up.¹

LETTER CCXVII.

CONCERNING which, however, and by what power of jurisdiction the honourable Gentlemen did it, his Highness has still some inquiry to make;—for the limits of jurisdiction between Parliament and Law-Courts, Parliament and Single Person, are never yet very clear; and Parliaments uncontrolled by a Single Person have been known to be very tyrannous before now! On Friday 26th December, Speaker Widdrington intimates that he is honoured with a Letter from his Highness; and reads the same in these words:

To our Right Trusty and Right Well-beloved Sir Thomas Widdrington, Speaker of the Parliament: To be communicated to the Parliament.

O. P.

Right Trusty and Well-beloved, We greet you well. Having taken notice of a Judgment lately given by Yourselves against one James Nayler: Although We detest and abhor the giving or occasioning the least countenance to persons of such opinions and practices, or who are under the guilt of the crimes commonly imputed to the said Person: Yet We, being intrusted in the present Government, on behalf of the People of these Nations; and not knowing how far such Proceeding, entered into wholly without Us, may extend in the consequence of it,—Do desire that the House will let Us know the grounds and reasons whereupon they have proceeded.

Given at Whitehall, the 25th of December 1656.²

¹ Sentence pronounced, Commons Journals, vii. 486-7 (16th Dec. 1656); executed in part, Thursday 18th Dec. (ib. 470);—petitions, negotiations on it do not end till May 26th, 1657. James Nayler's Recantation is in Somers Tracts, vi. 23-29.

² Burton, i. 370; see Commons Journals, vii. 475.

A pertinent inquiry ; which will lead us into new wildernesses of Debate, into ever deeper wildernesses ; and, in fact, into our far notablist achievement, what may be called our little oasis, or island of refuge : That of reconstructing the Instrument of Government upon a more liberal footing, explaining better the boundaries of Parliament's and Single Person's jurisdiction ; and offering his Highness the Title of King.—

Readers know what choking dust-whirlwind in certain portions of ' the Page of History ' this last business has given rise to ! Dust-History, true to its nature, has treated this as one of the most important businesses in Oliver's Protectorate ; though intrinsically it was to Oliver, and is to us, a mere ' feather in a man's cap,' throwing no new light on Oliver ; and ought to be treated with great brevity indeed, had it not to many thrown much new darkness on him. It is now our painful duty to deal with this matter also ; to extricate Oliver's real words and procedure on it from the detestable confusions and lumber-mountains of Human Stupidity, old and recent, under which, as usual, they lie buried. Some Seven, or even Eight, Speeches of Oliver, and innumerable Speeches of other persons on this subject have unluckily come down to us ; and cannot yet be consumed by fire ;—not yet, till one has painfully extricated the real speakings and proceedings of Oliver, instead of the supposititious jargonings and imaginary dark pettifoggings of Oliver ; and asked candid Mankind, Whether there is anything particular in them ? Mankind answering No, fire can be applied ; and mountains of rubbish, yielding or not some fractions of Corinthian brass, may once more be burnt out of men's way.

The Speeches and Colloquies, reported by one knows not whom, upon this matter of the Kingship, which extend from March to May of the year 1657, and were very private at the time, came out two years afterwards as a printed Pamphlet, when Kingship was once more the question, Charles Stuart's Kingship, and men needed incitements thereto. Of course it is with the learned Law-arguments in favour of Kingship that the Pamphleteer is chiefly concerned ; the words of Oliver, which again are our sole concern, have been left by him in a very accidental condition ! Most accidental, often enough quite meaningless, distracted condition ;—growing ever more distracted, as each new Imaginary-Editor and unchecked Printer, in succession, did his part to them. Till now in *Somers Tracts*,¹ which is our latest form of the business, they strike description silent ! Chaos itself is Cosmos in comparison with that Pamphlet in *Somers*. In or out of Bedlam, we can know

¹ vi. 349-403.

well, gods or men never spake to one another in that manner! Oliver Cromwell's meaning is there; and that is *not* it. O Sluggardship, Imaginary-Editorship, Flunkyism, Falsehood, Human Platitude in general — 1 — But we will complain of nothing. Know well, by experience of him, that Oliver Cromwell always had a meaning, and an honest manful meaning; search well for that, after ten or twenty reperusals you will find it even there. Those frightful jungles, trampled down for two centuries now by mere bisons and hoofed cattle, you will begin to see, *were* once a kind of regularly planted wood!—Let the Editor with all brevity struggle to indicate so much, candid readers doing their part along with him; and so leave it. A happier next generation will then be permitted to seek the aid of *fire*; and this immense business of the Kingship, throwing little new light, but also no new darkness, upon Oliver Protector, will then reduce itself to very small compass for his Biographers.

Monday 23d February 1656-7. Amid the Miscellaneous business of this day, Alderman Sir Christopher Pack, one of the Members for London, a zealous man, craves leave to introduce 'Somewhat tending to the Settlement of the Nation,'—leave, namely, to read this Paper 'which has come to his hand,' which is written in the form of a 'Remonstrance from the Parliament' to his Highness; which if the Parliament please to adopt, they can modify it as they see good, and present the same to his Highness. Will not the Honourable House consent at least to hear it read? The Honourable House has great doubts on that subject; debates at much length, earnestly puts the question whether the question shall be put; at length however, after two divisions, and towards nightfall, decides that it will; and even resolves by overwhelming majority 'that a candle be brought in.' Pack reads his Paper: A new Instrument of Government, or improved Constitution for these Nations; increased powers to the Single Person, intimation of a *Second* House of Parliament, the Protector something like a King; very great changes indeed! Debate this matter farther tomorrow.

Debate it, manipulate it, day after day,—let us have a Day of Fasting and Prayer on Friday next; for the matter is really important.¹ On farther manipulation, this 'Remonstrance' of Pack's takes improved form, increased development; and, under the name 'Petition and Advice presented to his Highness,' became famous to the world in those spring months. We can see, the Honourable House has 'a very good resentment of it.' The Lawyer-party is

¹ Commons Journals, vii. 496-7.

all zealous for it ; certain of the Soldier-party have their jealousies. Already, notwithstanding the official reticence, it is plain to every clear-sighted man they mean to make his Highness King !

Friday 27th February. 'The Parliament keep a Fast within their own House ; Mr. Caryl, Mr. Nye, Mr. Manton, carrying on the work of the day ; it being preparatory to the great work now on hand of Settling the Nation.'¹ In the course of which same day, with an eye also to the same great work, though to the opposite side of it, there waits upon his Highness, Deputation of a Hundred Officers, Ex-Major-Generals and considerable persons some of them : To signify that they have heard with real dismay of some project now on foot to make his Highness King ; the evil effects of which, as 'a scandal to the People of God,' 'hazardous to his Highness's person, and making way for the return of Charles Stuart,' are terribly apparent to them !—

Whereto his Highness presently makes answer, with dignity, not without sharpness : "That he now specifically hears of this project for the first time,—*he*" (with emphasis on the word, and a look at some individuals there) "has not been caballing about it, for it or against it. That the Title 'King' need not startle *them* so dreadfully ; inasmuch as some of them well know" (what the Historical Public never knew before) "it was already offered to him, and pressed upon him, by themselves when this Government was undertaken. That the Title King, a feather in a hat, is as little valuable to him as to them. But that the fact is, they and he have not succeeded in settling the Nation hitherto, by the schemes *they* clamoured for. Their Little Parliament, their First Protectorate Parliament, and now their Major-Generalcies, have all proved failures ;—nay this Parliament itself, which they clamoured for, had almost proved a failure. That the Nation is tired of Major-Generalcies, of uncertain arbitrary ways ; and really wishes to come to a Settlement. That actually the original Instrument of Government does need mending in some points. That a House of Lords, or other check upon the arbitrary tendencies of a Single House of Parliament, may be of real use : see what they, by their own mere vote and will, I having no power to check them, have done with James Nayler : may it not be any one's case, some other day ?" That, in short, the Deputation of a Hundred Officers had better go its ways, and consider itself again.—So answered his Highness, with dignity, with cogency, not without sharpness. The Deputation did as bidden. 'Three Major-Generals,' we find

¹ Newspapers (in Burton, i. 380).

next week, 'have already come round. The House hath gone on with much unity.'¹

The House, in fact, is busy, day and night, modelling, manipulating its Petition and Advice. Amid the rumour of England, all through this month of March 1657. 'Chief Magistrate for the time being is to name his successor;' so much we hear they have voted. What Title he shall have, is still secret; that is to be the last thing. All men may speculate and guess!—Before March ends, the Petition and Advice is got ready; in Eighteen well-debated Articles;² fairly engrossed on vellum: the Title, as we guessed, is to be *King*. His Highness shall adopt the whole Document, or no part of it is to be binding.

SPEECHES VII.—X.

On Tuesday 31st March 1657, 'the House rose at eleven o'clock, and Speaker Widdrington, attended by the whole House, repaired to his Highness at Whitehall,'³ to present this same Petition and Advice, 'engrossed on vellum,' and with the Title of "*King*" recommended to him in it. Banqueting House, Whitehall; that is the scene. Widdrington's long flowery Speech⁴ is omissible. As the interview began about eleven o'clock, it may now be past twelve; Oliver *loquitur*.

MR. SPEAKER,

This Frame of Government which it hath pleased the Parliament through your hand to offer to me,—truly I should have a very brazen forehead if it did not beget in me a great deal of consternation of spirit; it being of so high and great importance as, by your opening of it,⁵ and by the mere reading of it, is manifest to all men; the welfare, the peace and settlement of Three Nations, and all that rich treasure of the best people in the world⁶ being involved therein! I say, this consideration alone ought to beget in me the greatest reverence and fear of God that ever possessed a man in the world.

¹ Passages between the Protector and the Hundred Officers (in additional Ayscough MSS. no. 6125; printed in Burton. i. 382-4), ■ Fragment of ■ Letter, bearing date 7th March 1656-7;—to the effect abridged as above.

² Copy of it in Whitlocke, p. 648 et seqq.

■ Burton, i. 397-413.

³ Commons Journals, vii. 516.

■ In this long florid speech,

⁶ Us and all the Gospel Protestants in the world.

Truly I rather study to say no more at this time than is necessary for giving some brief general answer, suitable to the nature of the thing. The thing is of weight ; the greatest weight of anything that ever was laid upon a man. And therefore, it being of that weight, and consisting of so many parts as it doth,—in each of which much more than my life is concerned,—truly I think I have no more to desire of you at present, but that you would give me time to deliberate and consider *what* particular answer I may return to so great a business as this.—

I have lived the latter part of my age in,—if I may say so,—the fire ; in the midst of troubles. But all the things that have befallen me since I was first engaged in the affairs of this Commonwealth, if they could be supposed to be all brought into such a compass that I could take a view of them at once, truly I do not think they would ‘so move,’ nor do I think they ought so to move, my heart and spirit with that fear and reverence of God that becomes a Christian, as this thing that hath now been offered by you to me !—And truly my comfort in all my life hath been that the burdens which have lain heavy on me, they were laid upon me by the hand of God. And I have not known, I have been many times at a loss which way to *stand* under the weight of what hath lain upon me :—except by looking at the conduct and pleasure of God in it. Which hitherto I have found to be a good pleasure to me.

And should I give any resolution in this ‘matter’ suddenly, without seeking to have an answer put into my heart, and so into my mouth, by Him that hath been my God and my Guide hitherto,—it would give you very little cause of comfort in such a choice as you have made [*Of me to be King*] in such a business as this. It would savour more to be of the flesh, to proceed from lust, to arise from arguments of self. And if,—whatsoever the issue of this ‘great matter’ be,—‘my decision in’ it have *such* motives in me, have *such* a rise in me, it may prove even a curse to you and to these Three Nations. Who, I verily believe, have intended well in this busi-

ness ; and have had those honest and sincere aims¹ towards the glory of God, the good of His People, the rights of the Nation. I verily believe these have been your aims : and God forbid that so good aims should suffer by any dishonesty and indirectness on my part. For although, in the affairs that are in the world, things may be intended well,—as they are always, or for the most, by such as love God, and fear God and make Him their aim (and such honest ends and purposes I do believe yours now are);—yet if these considerations² fall upon a person or persons whom God takes no pleasure in ; who perhaps may be at the end of his work [*Growing old and weak? Say not that, your Highness !—A kind of pathos, and much dignity and delicacy in these tones*] ; who, to please any of those humours or considerations which are of this world, shall run upon such a rock as this is,³—without due consideration, without integrity, without approving the heart to God, and seeking an answer from Him ; and putting things to Him as if for life and death, that such an answer may be received ‘from Him’ as may be a blessing to the person [*Me*] who is to be used for these noble and worthy and honest intentions of the persons [*You*] that have prepared and perfected this work :—‘why then,’ it would be like a match where a good and worthy and virtuous man *mistakes* in the person he makes love to ; and, as often turns out, it proves a curse to the man and to the family, through mistake ! And if this should be so to you, and to these Nations, whose good I cannot but be persuaded you have in your thoughts aimed at,—why then, it had been better, I am sure of it, that I had never been born !—

I have therefore but this one word to say to you : That seeing you have made progress in this Business, and completed the work on your part, I ‘on my side’ may have some short time to ask counsel of God and of my own heart. And I hope that neither the humour of any weak unwise people, nor yet the desires of any who may be lusting after things that are not good, shall steer me to give other than such an answer

¹ *Su'audi*, but do not insert, ‘which you profess.’

² Means ‘your choice in regard to such purpose ;’ speaks delicately, in an oblique way.

³ ‘is,’—or may be : this of the Kingship.

as may be ingenuous and thankful,—thankfully acknowledging your care and integrity ;—and such an answer as shall be for the good of those whom I presume you and I serve, and are made for serving.

And truly I may say this also : That as the thing will deserve deliberation, the utmost deliberation and consideration on my part, so I shall think myself bound to give as speedy an answer to these things as I can.¹

SPEECH VIII.

Friday 3d April 1657. Three days after the foregoing Speech, there comes a Letter from his Highness to Mr. Speaker, the purport of which we gather to have been, that now if a Committee will attend his Highness, they shall have answer to the Petition and Advice. Committee is nominated, extensive Committee of persons already engaged in this affair, among whom are Lord Broghil, General Montague, Earl of Tweedale, Whalley, Desborow, Whitlocke, and others known to us ; they attend his Highness at three o'clock that afternoon ; and receive what answer there is,—a negative, but none of the most decided.²

MY LORDS,

I am heartily sorry that I did not make this desire of mine known to the Parliament sooner ; ‘the desire’ which I acquainted them with, by Letter, this day. The reason was, Because some infirmity of body hath seized upon me these last two days, Yesterday and Wednesday. [*It is yet but three days, your Highness.*]

I have, as well as I could, taken consideration of the things contained in the Paper, which was presented to me by the Parliament, in the Banqueting-House, on Tuesday last ; and sought of God that I might return such an answer as might become me, and be worthy of the Parliament. I must needs bear this testimony to them, That they have been zealous of the two greatest Concernments that God hath in the world. The *one* is that of Religion, and of the just preservation of the

¹ Burton's Diary, i. 413-16.

² Commons Journals, vii. 519-20 ; Burton, i. 417.

professors of it ; to give them all due and just Liberty ; and to assert the Truth of God ;—which you have done, in part, in this Paper ; and do refer it more fully to be done by yourselves and me. And as to the Liberty of men professing Godliness, you have done that which was never done before ! And I pray it may not fall upon the People of God as a fault in them, in any sort of them, if they do not put such a value upon this that is now done as never was put on anything since Christ's time, for such a Catholic interest of the People of God ! [*Liberty in non-essentials ; Freedom to all peaceable Believers in Christ to worship in such outward form as they will ; a very "Catholic interest" indeed.*] The other thing cared for is, the Civil Liberty and Interest of the Nation. Which though it is, and indeed I think ought to be, subordinate to the more peculiar Interest of God,—yet it is the *next best* God hath given Men in this world ; and if well-cared for, it is better than any rock to fence men in their other interests. Besides, if any whosoever think the Interest of Christians and the Interest of the Nation inconsistent, 'or two different things,' I wish my soul may never enter into *their* secrets ! [*We will take another course than theirs, your Highness !*]

These are things I must acknowledge Christian and honourable ; and they are provided for by you like Christian men and also men of honour,—like yourselves, English men. And to this I must and shall bear my testimony, while I live, against all gainsayers whatsoever. And upon these Two Interests, if God shall account me worthy, I shall live and die. And I must say, If I were to give an account before a greater Tribunal than any earthly one ; if I were asked, Why I have engaged all along in the late War, I could give no answer that were not a wicked one if it did not comprehend these Two ends !—Meanwhile only give me leave to say, and to say it seriously (the issue will prove it serious), that you have one or two considerations which do stick with me. The one is, You have named me by another Title than I now bear. [*What SHALL I answer to that ?*]

You do necessitate my answer to be categorical ; and you have left me without a liberty of choice save as to all. [*Must*

accept the whole Petition and Advice, or reject the whole of it.] I question not your wisdom in doing so; I think myself obliged to acquiesce in your determination; knowing you are men of wisdom, and considering the trust you are under. It is a duty not to question the reason of anything you have done. [*Not even of the Kingship: say Yes, then!*]

I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honour and respect you have had for me in this Paper. Truly, according to what the world calls good, it hath nothing but good in it,—according to worldly approbation of ¹ sovereign power. You have testified your value and affection as to my person, as high as you could; for more you could not do! I hope I shall always keep a grateful memory of this in my heart;—and by you I return the Parliament this my grateful acknowledgment. Whatever other men's thoughts may be, I shall not own ingratitude.—But I must needs say, That that may be fit for you to offer, which may not be fit for me to undertake. [*Profound silence.*] And as I should reckon it a very great presumption, were I to ask the reason of your doing any one thing in this Paper,—(except 'in' some very few things, the 'new' Instrument, 'this Paper,' bears testimony to itself),—so you will not take it unkindly if I beg of you this addition to the Parliament's favour, love and indulgence unto me, That it be taken in tender part if I give such an answer as I find in my heart to give in this business, *without* urging many reasons for it, save such as are most obvious, and most to my advantage in answering: Namely, that I am not able for such a trust and charge. [*Won't have it, then!*]

And if the "answer of the tongue," as well as the preparation of the heart, be "from God," I must say my heart and thoughts ever since I heard the Parliament were upon this business—[*Sentence breaks down*]'—'For' though I could not take notice of your proceedings therein without breach of your privileges, yet as a common person I confess I heard of it in common with others.— — I must say I have been able to attain no farther than this, That, seeing the way is hedged-up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless

¹ Means 'value for.'

I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under that Title. [*Refuses, yet not so very peremptorily !*]

The most I said in commendation of the 'new' Instrument may be retorted on me ;—as thus : “Are there such good things provided for ‘in this Instrument ;’ will you refuse to accept them because of such an ingredient ?” Nothing must make a man’s conscience a servant. And really and sincerely it is my conscience that guides me to this answer. And if the Parliament be so resolved, ‘for the whole Paper or none of it,’ it will not be fit for me to use any inducement to you to alter their resolution.

This is all I have to say. I desire it may, and do not doubt but it will, be with candour and ingenuity represented unto them by you.¹

His Highness will not in all circumstances be inexorable, one would think !—No ; he is groping his way through a very intricate business, which grows as he gropes ; the final shape of which is not yet disclosed to any soul. The actual shape of it on this Friday afternoon, 3d April 1657, I suppose he has, in his own manner, pretty faithfully, and not without sufficient skill and dignity, contrived to express. Many considerations weigh upon his Highness ; and in itself it is a most unexampled matter, this of negotiating about being made a King ! Need of wise speech ; of wise reticence no less. Nay it is of the nature of a Courtship withal : the young lady cannot answer on the first blush of the business ; if you insist on her answering, why then she must even answer, No !—

SPEECH IX.

Wednesday 8th April 1657. The Parliament, justly interpreting this *No* of his Highness, has decided that it will adhere to its Petition and Advice, and that it will ‘present reasons to his Highness ;’ has got, thanks to our learned Bulstrode and others, its reasons ready ;—and, this day, ‘at three in the afternoon,’ walks over in a body to the Banqueting-House, Speaker Widdrington

¹ Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 6125 : printed in Burton, i. 417 ; and Parliamentary History, xxiii. 161.

carrying in his hand the Engrossed Vellum, and a Written Paper of 'Reasons,' to present the same.¹ What Speaker Widdrington spoke on the occasion is happily lost; but his 'Reasons,' which are very brief, remain on the Record;² and will require to be transcribed. They are in the form of a Vote or Resolution, of date yesterday, 7th April 1657:

'Resolved, That the Parliament having lately presented their Humble Petition and Advice to your Highness, whereunto they have not as yet received satisfaction; and the matters contained in that Petition and Advice being agreed-upon by the Great Council and Representative of the Three Nations; which matters, in their judgment, are most conducing to the good of the People thereof both in Spiritual and Civil concernments: They have therefore thought fit

'To adhere to this Advice; and to put your Highness in mind of the great obligation which rests upon you in respect of this Advice; and again to desire you to give your Assent thereunto.'

Which brief Paper of Reasons, Speaker Widdrington having read, and then delivered to his Highness, with some brief touches of mellifluous eloquence now happily lost,—his Highness, with a look I think of more than usual seriousness, thus answers the Assembled Parliament and him:

MR. SPEAKER,

No man can put a greater value than I hope I do, and shall do, upon the desires and advices of the Parliament. I could in my own heart aggravate, both concerning the Persons advising and concerning the Advice;—readily acknowledging that it is the Advice of the Parliament of these Three Nations. And if a man could suppose it were not a Parliament to some [*Malignants there are who have such notions*];—yet doubtless it should be to me, and to us all that are engaged in this common Cause wherein we have been engaged. I say, surely it ought to be a Parliament to us! Because it arises as a result of those issues, and determinations of Settlement, that *we* have laboured to arrive at! And therefore I do most readily acknowledge the weight of authority 'you have' in advising these things.

I can aggravate also to myself the general notion of the

¹ Commons Journals, ii. 520-1 (6th, 8th April); Burton, i. 421.

² Ibid.

Things Advised-to ; as being things which tend to the settlement of the chiefest Interests¹ that can fall into the hearts of men to devise or endeavour-after. And at such a time, 'too ;' when truly, I may think, the nation is big with expectation of something that may add to their 'security of' Being.—I therefore must needs put a very high esteem 'upon,' and have a very reverent opinion of anything that comes from you.

And so I have had of this Instrument :—and, I hope, so I have expressed. And what I have expressed, hath been,—if I flatter not myself,—from a very honest heart towards the Parliament and the Public. I say not these things to compliment you. For we are all past complimenting, and all considerations of that kind ! [*Serious enough his Highness is, and we all are ; the Nations and the Ages, and indeed the MAKER of the Nations and the Ages, looking on us here !*] We must all be very real now, if ever we will be so !—

Now, howbeit your title and name you give to this Paper [*Looking on the Vellum*] makes me think you intended "Advice ;" and I should transgress against all reason, should I make any other construction than that you did intend Advice : 'yet'—!—[*Still hesitates, then ?*]—I would not lay a burden on my beast but I would consider his strength to bear it ! And if you lay a burden upon a man that is conscious of his own infirmity and disabilities, and doth make some measure of counsels which may seem to come from Heaven, counsels from the Word of God (who leaves room for charity, and for men to consider their own strength),—I hope it will be no evil in me to measure your "Advice" with my own Infirmities. And truly these will have some influence upon conscience ! Conscience in him that receives talents² to know how he may answer the trust of them. And such a conscience have I had 'in this matter ;' and still have ; and therefore, when I thought I had an opportunity to make an Answer, I made that Answer [*The unemphatic Negative ; truest "Answer" your Highness then had :—can it not grow an Affirmative ?*]—and am a person that have been, before and then and since,

¹ 'things' again, in orig.

² Meaning 'charges,' 'offices.'

lifting up my heart to God, To know *what* might be my duty at such a time as this, and upon such an occasion and trial as this was to me! [*Deep silence: Old Parliament casts down its eyes.*]—

Truly, Mr. Speaker, it hath been heretofore, I think, a matter of philosophical discourse, That great places, great authority, are a great burden. I know it so. And I know a man that is convinced in his conscience, Nothing less will enable *him* to the discharge of it than Assistance from Above. And it may very well require in such a one, so convinced and so persuaded, That he be right with the Lord in such an undertaking!—And therefore, to speak very clearly and plainly to you: I had, and I have, my hesitations as to that individual thing. [*Still Negative, your Highness?*] If I undertake anything *not* in Faith, I shall serve you in my own Unbelief;—and I shall then be the most unprofitable Servant that People or Nation ever had!

Give me leave, therefore, *to ask counsel*. I am ready to render a reason of my apprehensions; which haply may be overswayed by better apprehensions. I think, so far I have deserved no blame; nor do I take it you will lay any upon me. Only you mind me of the duty that is incumbent upon me. And truly the same answer I have as to the point of duty one way, the same consideration have I as to duty another way.¹—I would not urge to you the point of “Liberty.” Surely you have provided for Liberty,—I have borne my witness to it,—Civil and Spiritual! The greatest provision that ever was made have you made, ‘for Liberty’ to all,—and I know that you do not intend to exclude *me*. The “Liberty” I ask is, To vent my own doubts, and my own fears, and my scruples. And though haply, in such cases as these are, the world hath judged that a man’s conscience ought to know no scruples; yet surely mine doth, and I dare not dissemble. And therefore!—

They that are knowing in the ground of their own Action will be best able to measure advice to others. [*Will have us reason, in Free Conference, with him?*] There are many things

¹ Bound to regard your “Advice;” and yet, in doing so, not to disregard a Higher.

in this 'Instrument of' Government besides that one of the Name and Title, that deserve much to be 'elucidated' as to my judgment. It is you that can capacitate me to receive satisfaction in them! Otherwise, I say truly,—I must say, I am not persuaded to the performance of 'this' as my trust and duty, nor 'sufficiently' informed. 'Not persuaded or informed;' and so not actuated 'by a call of *duty*,' as I know you intend I should be,—and as every man in the Nation should be. You have provided for 'every one of' them as a Free Man, as a man that is to act possibly,² rationally and conscientiously!—And therefore I cannot tell what other return to make to you than this:

I am ready to give a reason, if you will, I say, capacitate me to do it; and 'capacitate' yourselves to receive it;—and to do what other things may inform me a little more particularly than this Vote which you have passed Yesterday, and which has now been read by you to me.

Truly I hope when 'once' I understand the ground of these things,—the whole being 'meant' neither for your good nor mine, but for the good of the Nation,—there will be do doubt but we may, even in these particulars, find out what³ may answer our duty. Mine, and all our duties, to those whom we serve. And this is that that I do, with a great deal of affection and honour and respect, offer now to you.⁴

Thus has the Honourable House gone a second time in a body, and not yet prevailed. We gather that his Highness has doubts, has scruples; on which, however, he is willing to be dealt with, 'to receive satisfaction,'—has intimated, in fact, that though the answer is still No, the Courtship may continue.

Committee to give satisfaction is straightway nominated: Whitlocke, Lord Chief-Justice Glynn, Lord Broghil, Fiennes, Old-Speaker Lenthall, Ninety-nine of them in all;⁵ and is ready to confer with his Highness. At this point, however, there occurs an extraneous Phenomenon, which unexpectedly delays us for a

¹ 'deserve much information' in orig.

² Means 'in a way possible for him;' 'does possibly' is the phrase in orig.

³ 'those things' in orig.

⁴ Old Pamphlet (in Parliamentary History. xxiii., Appendix, pp. 164-6).

⁵ List in Commons Journals, vii. 521; in Somers Tracts, vi. 351.

day or two : a rising of the Fifth-Monarchy, namely. The Fifth-Monarchy, while men are meditating earthly Kingship, and Official Persons are about appointing an earthly tyrannous and traitorous King, thinks it ought to bestir itself, now or never ;—explodes accordingly, though in a small way ; testifying to us how electric this element of England now is.

Thursday 9th April. The Fifth-Monarchy, headed mainly by one Venner a Wine-Cooper, and other civic individuals of the old Feak-and-Powel species whom we have transiently seen emitting soot and fire before now, has for a long while been concocting underground ; and Thurloe and his Highness have had eye on it. The Fifth-Monarchy has decided that it will rise this Thursday, expel carnal sovereignties ; and call on the Christian population to introduce a Reign of Christ,—which it is thought, if a beginning were once made, they will be very forward to do. Let us rendezvous on Mile-End Green this day, with sword and musket, and assured heart : perhaps General Harrison, Colonel Okey, one knows not who, will join us,—perhaps a miracle will be wrought, such as Heaven might work in such a case, and the Reign of Christ actually take effect.

Alas, Heaven wrought no miracle : Heaven and his Highness sent a Troop of Horse into the Mile-End region, early in the morning ; seized Venner, and some Twenty Ringleaders, just coming for the rendezvous ; seized chests of arms, many copies of a flaming Pamphlet or War-manifesto with title *A Standard set up* ; seized also a War-flag with Lion Couchant painted on it, Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and this motto, “ Who shall rouse him up ? ” O Reader, these are not fictions, these were once altogether solid facts in this brick London of ours ; ancient resolute individuals, busy with wine-cooperage and otherwise, had entertained them as very practicable things !—But in two days time, these ancient individuals and they are all lodged in the Tower ; Harrison, hardly connected with the thing, except as a wellwisher, he and others are likewise made secure : and the Fifth-Monarchy is put under lock and key.¹ Nobody was tried for it : Cooper Venner died on the scaffold, for a similar attempt under Charles Second, some two years hence. The Committee of Ninety-nine can now proceed with its ‘ satisfaction to his Highness ; ’ his Highness is now at leisure for them again.

This Committee did proceed with its satisfactions ; had various Conferences with his Highness,—which unfortunately are not

¹ Narrative in Thurloe, vi. 184-8.

lost; which survive for us, in *Somers Tracts* and the old Pamphlets, under the Title of *Monarchy Asserted*; in a condition, especially his Highness's part of them, enough to drive any Editor to despair! The old Pamphleteer, as we remarked, was intent only on the learned law-arguments in favour of Kingship; and as to what his Highness said, seems to have taken it very easy; printing what vocables he found on his Note-paper, with or without meaning, as it might chance. Whom new unchecked Printers and Imaginary-Editors following, and making the matter ever worse, have produced at last in our late time such a Coagulum of Jargon as was never seen before in the world! Let us not speak of it; let us endeavour to get through it,—through this also, now since we have arrived at it, and are not yet permitted to burn it! Out of this sad monument of Human Stupor too the imprisoned Soul of a Hero must be extricated. Souls of Heroes,—they have been imprisoned, enchanted into growing Trees, into glass Phials, into leaden Caskets sealed with Solomon's signet, and sunk in the deep sea;—but to this of *Somers Tracts* there wants yet a parallel! Have not we English a talent of musical utterance? Here are men consummating the most *epic* of acts, Choosing their King; and it is with such melodious elegancies that they do it; it is in such soft-flowing hexameters as the following that the Muse gives record of it!—

My reader must be patient; thankful for mere Dulness, thankful that it is not Madness over and above. Let us all be patient; walk gently, swiftly, lest we awaken the sleeping Nightmares! We suppress, we abridge, we elucidate; struggle to make legible his Highness's words,—dull but not insane. Notes where not indispensable are not given. The curious reader can, in all questionable places, refer to the Printed Coagulum of Jargon itself, and see whether we have read aright.

SPEECH X.

PROPERLY an aggregate of many short Speeches, and passages of talk: his Highness's part in this First Conference with the Committee of Ninety-nine. His Highness's part in it; the rest, covering many pages, is, so far as possible, strictly suppressed. One of the dullest Conferences ever held, on an epic subject, in this world. Occupied, great part of it, on mere preliminaries, and beatings about the bush; throws light, even in its most eluci-

dated state, upon almost nothing. Oliver is here—simply what we have known him elsewhere. Which so soon as Mankind once understand to be the fact, but unhappily not till then,—the aid of *fire* can be called in, as we suggested.

Fancy, however, that the large Committee of Ninety-nine has got itself introduced into some Council-room, or other fit locality in Whitehall, on Saturday 11th April 1657, 'about nine in the morning;' has made its salutations to his Highness, and we hope been invited to take seats;—and all men are very uncertain how to act. Who shall begin? His Highness wishes much *they* would begin; and in a delicate way urges and again urges them to do so; and, not till after great labour and repeated failures, succeeds. Fancy that old scene; the ancient honourable Gentlemen waiting there to do their epic feat: the ponderous respectable Talent for Silence, obliged to break-up and become a kind of Utterance in this thickskinned manner:—really rather strange to witness, as dull as it is!—

The Dialogue has gone on for a passage or two, but the Reporter considers it mere preliminary flourishing, and has not taken it down. Here is his first Note,—in the abridged lucidified state:¹

LORD WHITLOCKE. "Understands that the Committee is here only to receive what his Highness has to *offer*; such the letter and purport of our Instructions; which I now read. [*Reads it.*] Your Highness mentions 'the Government that now is;' seems to hint thereby: The Government being well now, why change it? If that be your Highness's general objection, the Committee will give you satisfaction."

THE LORD PROTECTOR. Sir, I think both parties of us meet here with a very good heart to come to some issue in this great business; and truly that is what I have all the reason in the world to move me to. And I am exceeding ready to be ordered by you as to the manner of proceeding. Only I confess, according to the thoughts I have,—in preparing my thoughts for so great a work, I formed this notion to myself: That the Parliament having already done me the honour of Two Conferences;² and now sent you again, their kind intention to me evidently is no other than this, That I should

¹ Somers Tracts, vi. 352.

² Two Conferences with the whole Parliament; and one Conference with a Committee: Speeches VII. (31st March), IX. (8th April), and VIII. (3d April).

receive satisfaction. They might have been positive in the thing ; might have declared their Address itself to be enough, and insisted upon Yes or No to that. But I perceive that it is really and sincerely the satisfaction of my doubts that they aim at ; and there is one clause in the Paper itself, ‘ quoted by my Lord Whitlocke,’ which doth a little warrant that : “ To offer such reasons for his satisfaction,” &c.—Now, Sir, it’s certain the occasion of all this ‘ Conference ’ is the Answer I already made ; that’s the occasion of your having to come hither again. And truly, Sir, I doubt whether by your plan — —If you will *draw out my reasons from me*, I will offer them to you : but on my own part, I doubt, if you should proceed that other way, it would a little put me out of the method of my own thoughts. And it being mutual satisfaction that is endeavoured, if you will do me the favour—[“ *To go by my method,*” his Highness means ; to “ *offer me YOUR reasons, and DRAW me out, rather than oblige me to COME out*”]—I shall take it as a favour, if it please you ! I will leave you together to consider your own thoughts of it. [*Motioning to go.*]

LORD WHITLOCKE. “ This Committee, being sent to wait upon your Highness, I do suppose cannot undertake to give the *Parliament’s* reasons for what the Parliament hath done. But any gentleman here may give for your Highness’s satisfaction his own particular apprehension of them. And if you will be pleased to go in the way you have propounded, and on any point *require* a satisfaction from the Committee, I suppose we shall be ready to do the best we can to give you satisfaction.” [*Bar Practice ! Is not yet what his Highness wants.*]

THE LORD PROTECTOR. If this be so, then I suppose nothing can be said by you but what the Parliament hath dictated to you?—However, I think it is clearly expressed that the Parliament intends satisfaction. Then it is as clear that there must be reasons and arguments which have light and conviction in them, in order to satisfaction ! I speak for myself in this ; I hope you will not take it otherwise.¹ I say it doth appear to me you have the liberty of giving your own reasons. If I should write down any of *them*, I could not call that “ the

¹ As if I meant to dictate to you, or tutor you in your duties.

reason of Parliament." [*Whitlocke, in a heavy manner, smiles respectful assent.*] But in Parliamentary and other such conclusions the efficient "reason" is diffused over the general body, and every man hath his particular share of it; yet when they have determined such and such a thing, certainly it was reason that led them up into it. And if you shall be pleased to make me partaker of some of that "reason"—!—I do very respectfully represent to you that I have a general dissatisfaction at the thing [*Glancing at the Engrossed Vellum; but meaning the Kingship*]; and do desire to be informed of the grounds that lead you, whom I presume to be all satisfied with it and with every part of it. And if you will be pleased, if you so think fit,—I will not urge it farther upon you,—to proceed in that way, it will be a favour to me. Otherwise, I deal plainly with you, it doth put me out of the method of my own conceptions: and in that case I shall beg that we may have an hour's deliberation, and meet again in the afternoon.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE GLYNN,—one of the old expelled Eleven, whom we saw in great straits in 1647; a busy man from the beginning, and now again busy; begs to say in brief: "The Parliament has sent us to give all the satisfaction which it is in our understandings to give. Certainly we will try to proceed according to what method your Highness finds best for that end. The Paper or Vellum Instrument, however, is general, consisting of many heads; and we can give but general satisfaction."

THE LORD PROTECTOR. If you will please to give me leave. [*Clearing his throat to get under way.*] I do agree, truly, the thing is a general; for it either falls under the notion of Settlement, which is a general consisting of many particulars; or if you call it by the name it bears in the Paper, "Petition and Advice,"—that again is a general; it is advice, desires and advice. What in it I have objected to is as yet, to say truth, but one thing. Only, the last time I had the honour to meet the Parliament,¹ I did offer to them that they might put me in the way of getting satisfaction as to particulars, 'any or all particulars.' Now, no question I might easily offer something particular for debate, if I thought that would

¹ Wednesday last, 8th April; Speech IX.

answer the end. [*What curious pickeering, flourishing, and fencing backwards and forwards, before the parties will come to close action! As in other affairs of courtship*] For truly I know my end and yours is the same: To bring things to an issue one way or the other, that we may know where we are,—that we may attain the general end, which is Settlement. [*Safe ground here, your Highness!*] The end is in us both! And I durst contend with any one person in the world that it is not more in his heart than in mine!——I would go into some particulars [*Especially one particular, the Kingship*], to ask a question, to ask a reason of the alteration ‘made;’ which might well enough let you into the business,—that it might.¹ Yet, I say, it doth not answer me. [*I had counted on being drawn out, not on COMING out: I understood I was the young lady and you the wooer!*] I confess I did not so strictly examine the terms of your Order from the Parliament, ‘which my Lord Whitlocke cites;’ whether I even read it or no I cannot tell.—[*Pause.*]—If you will have it that way, I shall, as well as I can, make such an objection as may occasion some answer, ‘and so let us into the business;’—though perhaps I shall object weakly enough! I shall very freely submit to you.

GLYNN (with official solemnity). “The Parliament hath sent us for that end, to give your Highness satisfaction.”

LORD COMMISSIONER FIENNES,—Nathaniel Fiennes, alias Fines alias Fenys, as he was once called when condemned to be shot for surrendering Bristol; second son of ‘Old Subtlety’ Say and Sele; and now again a busy man, and Lord Keeper,—opens his broad jaw, and short snub face full of hard sagacity,² to say: “Looking upon the Order, I find that *we* may offer your Highness *our* reasons, if your Highness’s dissatisfaction be to the alteration of the Government whether in general or in particular.”—So that his Highness may have it his own way, after all? Let us hope the preliminary flourishing is now near complete! His Highness would like well to have it his own way.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. I am very ready to say, I have no dissatisfaction that it hath pleased the Parliament to find out

¹ A favourite reduplication with his Highness; that it is!

² Good Portrait of him in Lord Nugent’s Memorials of Hampden.

a way, though it be of alteration, for bringing these Nations into a good Settlement. Perhaps you may have judged the Settlement we hitherto had was not so favourable to the great end of Government, the Liberty and Good of the Nations, and the preservation of all honest Interests that have been engaged in this Cause. I say I have no objection to the general 'fact,' That the Parliament hath thought fit to take consideration of a new Settlement or Government. But you having done it in such way, and rendered me so far an interested party in it by making such an Overture to me [*As this of the Kingship, which modesty forbids me to mention*],—I shall be very glad 'to learn,' if you please to let me know it, besides the *pleasure* of the Parliament, somewhat of the *reason* they had for interesting me in this thing, by such an Overture.

Truly I think I shall, as to the other particulars, have less to object.¹ I shall be very ready to specify objections, in order to clear for you whatsoever it may be better to clear; 'in order' at least to help myself towards a clearer understanding of these things;—for better advantage 'to us all;' for that, I know, is in your hearts as well as mine. Though I cannot presume that I have anything to offer calculated to convince you; yet, if you will take it in good part, I shall offer somewhat to every particular.

'And now,' if you please,—As to the *first* of the things [*Kingship*], I am clear as to the ground of the thing, being so put to me as it hath been put. And I think that some of the reasons which moved the Parliament to do it, would, 'if they were now stated to me,' lead us into such objections or doubts as I may have to offer; and would be a very great help to me in that. And if you will have me offer this or that or the other doubt which may arise methodically, I shall do it.

Whereupon LORD WHITLOCKE, summoning into his glassy coal-black eyes and ponderous countenance what animation is possible, lifts up his learned voice, and speaks several pages;²—which we abridge almost to nothing. In fact, the learned pleadings of

¹ 'shall, as to the other particulars, swallow this,' in orig.

² Somers Tracts, vi. 355.

these illustrious Official Persons, which once were of boundless importance, are now literally shrunk to zero for us; it is only his Highness's reply to them that is still something, and that not very much. Whitlocke intimates,

"That perhaps the former Instrument of Government having originated in the way it did, the Parliament considered it would be no worse for sanctioning by the Supreme Authority; such was their reason for taking it up. 'Their intentions I suppose were' this and that, at some length. As for the new Title, that of *Protector* was not known to the Law; that of *King* is, and has been for many hundreds of years. If we keep the title of Protector, as I heard some argue, our Instrument has only its own footing to rest upon; but with that of *King*, 'it will ground itself in all the ancient foundations of the Laws of England,' " &c. &c.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS,—old Sly-face Lenthall, once Speaker of the Long Parliament; the same whom Harrison helped out of his Chair,—him also the reader shall conceive speaking for the space of half an hour:

" 'May it please your Highness,' Hum-m-m! Drum-m-m! 'Upon due consideration, you shall find that the whole body of the Law is carried upon this wheel' of the Chief Magistrate being called King. Hum—m—m! [*Monotonous humming for ten minutes.*] 'The title of Protector is not limited by any rule of Law that I understand;' the title of King is. Hum—m—m! King James wanted to change his Title, and that only from *King of England* to *King of Great Britain*; and the Parliament could not consent, so jealous were they of new titles bringing new unknown powers. Much depends upon a title! The Long Parliament once thought of changing its title to *Representative of the People*; but durst not. Hum—m—m! '*Nolumus Leges Anglice mutari.*' Drum—m—m! '*Vox populi*: it is the voice of the Three Nations that offers your Highness this Title.' Drum—m—m!" —Such, in abbreviated shape, is the substance of Lenthall's Speech for us.¹ At the ending of it, a pause.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. I cannot deny but the things that have been spoken have been spoken with a great deal of weight. And it is not fit for me to ask any of you if you have a mind to speak farther of this. But if such had been your pleasure, truly then I think it would have put me into a way of more preparedness, according to the method and way I had

¹ Somers, vi. 356-7.

conceived for myself, to return some answer. And if it had not been to you a trouble—Surely the business requires, from any man in the world in any case, and much more from me, that there be given to it serious and true answers! I mean such answers as are not feigned in my own thoughts; but such wherein I express the truth and honesty of my heart. [*Seems a tautology, and almost an impertinence, and ground of suspicion, your Highness;—but has perhaps a kind of meaning struggling half-developed in it. Many answers which call and even THINK themselves “true” are but “feigned in one’s own thoughts,” after all; from that to “the truth and honesty of heart” is still a great way;—witness many men in most times; witness almost all men in such times as ours.*] That is what I mean by true answers.

I did hope that when I had heard you, so far as it might be your pleasure to speak on this head, I should then, having taken some short note of it as I do [*Glancing at his Note-paper*], have been in a condition, this afternoon [*Would still fain be off!*—if it had not been a trouble to you,—to return my answer, upon a little advisement with myself. But seeing you have not thought it convenient to proceed that way,—truly I think I may very well say, I shall need to have a little thought about the thing before returning answer to it: lest our Debate should end on my part with a very vain discourse, and with lightness; as it is very like to do. [*A Drama composing itself as it gets ACTED, this; very different from the blank-verse Dramas.*]

I say therefore, if you had found good to proceed farther in speaking of these things, I should have made my own short animadversions on the whole, this afternoon, and have made some short reply. And this would have ushered me in not only to give the best answer I could, but to make my own objections ‘too.’ [*An interrogative look; evidently some of us must speak! Glynn steps forward.*]

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE GLYNN steps forward, speaks largely; then SIR CHARLES WOLSELEY steps forward; and NATHANIEL FIENNES steps forward; and LORD BROGHIL (Earl of Orrery that is to be) steps forward; and all speak largely: whom, not to treat with the

indignity poor Lenthall got from us, we shall abridge down to *absolute* nothing. Good speaking too ; but without interest for us. In fact it is but repetition, under new forms, of the old considerations offered by heavy Bulstrode and the Master of the Rolls. The only idea of the slightest novelty is this brought forward by Lord Broghil in the rear of all :¹

LORD BROGHIL. "By an Act already existing (the 11th of Henry VII.), all persons that obey a 'King *de facto*' are to be held guiltless ; not so if they serve a Protector *de facto*. Think of this.—And then 'in the 7th and last place,' I observe : The Imperial Crown of this country and the Pretended King are indeed divorced ; nevertheless persons divorced may come together again ; but if the person divorced be married to another, there is no chance left of that !"—

Having listened attentively to perhaps some three hours of this, his Highness, giving up the present afternoon as now hopeless, makes brief answer.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. I have very little to say to you at this time. I confess I shall never be willing to deny or defer those things² that come from the Parliament to the Supreme Magistrate [*He accepts, then ?*], if they come in the bare and naked authority of such an Assembly as is known by that name, and is the Representative of so many people as a Parliament of England, Scotland and Ireland is. I say, this ought to have its weight ; and it hath so, and ever will have with me.

In all things a man is free to grant desires coming from Parliament. I may say, inasmuch as the Parliament hath condescended so far as to do me this honour (a very great one added to the rest) of giving me the privilege of counsel from so many members of theirs, so able, so intelligent of the grounds of things—[*Sentence breaks down*].—This is, I say, a very singular honour and favour to me ; and I wish I may do, and I hope I shall do, what becomes an honest man in giving an answer to these things,—according to such insight³ either as I have, or as God shall give me, or as I may be helped into by reasoning with you. But indeed I did not in vain allege

¹ Somers, p. 263.

² Means 'anything,—the Kingship for one thing.'

³ 'desire' in orig. : but there is no sense in that.

conscience in the first answer I gave you. [*Well!*] For I must say, I should be a person very unworthy of such favour if I should prevaricate in saying things did stick upon my conscience. Which I must still say they do! Only, I must 'also' say, I am in the best way I could be 'in' for information; and I shall gladly receive it.

Here have been divers things spoken by you today, with a great deal of judgment and ability and knowledge. I think the arguments and reasonings that have been used were upon these three heads: ¹ *First*, Speaking to the thing simply, to the abstract notion of the Title, and to the positive reasons upon which it stands. Then '*secondly*, Speaking' comparatively of it, and of the foundation of it; in order to show the goodness of it comparatively, 'in comparison with our present title and foundation.' It is alleged to be so much better than what we now have; and that *it* will do the work which this other fails in. And *thirdly*, Some things have been said by way of precaution; which are not arguments from the thing itself, but are considerations drawn from the temper of the English People, what will gratify them, 'and so on;'—which is surely considerable. As also 'some things were said' by way of anticipation of me in my answer; speaking to some objections which others have made against this proposal. These are things, in themselves, each of them considerable. [*The "objections?" or the "Three heads" in general? Uncertain; nay it is perhaps uncertain to Oliver himself! He mainly means the objections, but the other also is hovering in his head,—as is sometimes the way with him.*]

To answer objections, I know, is a very weighty business; and to make objections is very easy; and that will fall to my part. And I am sure I shall make them to men who know somewhat how to answer them,—'to whom they are not strange,' having already in part been suggested to them by the Debates already had.

But upon the whole matter, I having as well as I could taken those things [*Looking at his Notes*] that have been spoken,—which truly are to be acknowledged as very learnedly

spoken,—I hope you will give me a little time to consider of them. As to when it may be the best time for me to return hither and meet you again, I shall leave that to your consideration.

LORD WHITLOCKE. “Your Highness will be pleased to appoint your own time.”

THE LORD PROTECTOR. On Monday at nine of the clock I will be ready to wait upon you.¹

And so, with many bows, *exceunt*.—Thus they, doing their epic feat, not in the hexameter measure, on that old Saturday forenoon, 11th April 1657; old London, old England, sounding manifoldly round them;—the Fifth-Monarchy just locked in the Tower.

Our learned friend Bulstrode says: ‘The Protector often advised about this’ of the Kingship ‘and other great businesses with the Lord Broghil, Pierpoint’ (Earl of Kingston’s Brother, an old Long-Parliament man, of whom we have heard before), with ‘Whitlocke, Sir Charles Wolseley, and Thurloe; and would be shut up three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him. He would sometimes be very cheerful with them; and laying aside his greatness, he would be exceedingly familiar; and by way of diversion would make verses with them,’ play at crambo with them, ‘and every one must try his fancy. He commonly called for tobacco, pipes and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself;’ which was a very high attempt. ‘Then he would fall again to his serious and great business’ of the Kingship; ‘and advise with them in those affairs. And this he did often with them; and their counsel was accepted, and’ in part ‘followed’ by him in most of his greatest affairs,’—as well as it deserved to be.²

SPEECHES XI.—XIV.

ON Monday April 13th, at Whitehall, at nine in the morning,³ according to agreement on Saturday last, the Committee of Ninety-nine attend his Highness, and his Highness there speaks:—addressing Whitlocke as reporter of the said Committee.

¹ Somers Tracts, vi. 351-365.

² Whitlocke, p. 647.

³ at ‘eight,’ say the Journals, vii. 522.

SPEECH XI.

MY LORD,

I think I have a very hard task on my hand. Though it be but to give an account of *myself*, yet I see I am beset on all hands here. I say, but to give an account of "myself:" yet that is a business very comprehensive of others;—'comprehending' us all in some sense, and, as the Parliament have been pleased to shape it, comprehending all the interests of these Three Nations!

I confess I have two things in view. The *first* is, To return some answer to what was so well and ably said the other day on behalf of the Parliament's putting that Title in the Instrument of Settlement. [*This is the First thing; what the Second is, does not yet for a long while appear.*] I hope it will not be expected I should answer everything that was then said: because I suppose the main things that were spoken were arguments from ancient Constitutions and Settlements by the Laws; in which I am sure I could never be well skilled,—and therefore must the more ask pardon for what I have already transgressed 'in speaking of such matters,' or shall now transgress, through my ignorance of them, in my 'present' answer to you.

Your arguments, which I say were chiefly upon the Law, seem to carry with them a great deal of necessary conclusiveness, to inforce that one thing of Kingship. And if your arguments come upon me to inforce upon me the ground of Necessity,—why, then, I have no room to answer: for what must be must be! And therefore I did reckon it much of my business to consider whether there *were* such a necessity, or would arise such a necessity, from those arguments.—It was said: "Kingship is not a Title, but an Office, so interwoven with the fundamental Laws of this Nation, that they cannot, or cannot well, be executed and exercised without 'it,'—partly, if I may say so, upon a supposed ignorance which the Law hath of any other Title. It knows no other; neither doth any know another. And, by reciprocation,—this said Title, or Name, or Office, you were farther pleased to say, is

understood ; in the dimensions of it, in the power and prerogatives of it ; which are by the Law made cêrtain ; and the Law can tell when it [*Kingship*] keeps within compass, and when it exceeds its limits. And the Law knowing this, the People can know it also. And the People do love what they know. And it will neither be *pro salute populi*, nor for our safety, to obtrude upon the People what they do not nor cannot understand."

It was said also, "That the People have always, by their representatives in Parliament, been unwilling to vary Names,—seeing they love settlement and known names, as was said before." And there were two good instances given of that: the one, in King James's time, about his desire to alter somewhat of the Title: and the other in the Long Parliament, where they being otherwise rationally moved to adopt the word "Representative" instead of "Parliament," refused it for the same reason. [*Lenthall tries to blush.*—It was said also, "That the holding to this word doth strengthen the 'new' Settlement; for hereby there is not anything *de novo* done, but merely things are revolved into their old current." It was said, "That it is the security of the Chief Magistrate, and that it secures all who act under him."—Truly these are the principal of those grounds that were offered the other day, so far as I do recollect.

I cannot take upon me to refel those grounds; they are so strong and rational. But if I am to be able to make *any* answer to them, I must not grant that they are necessarily conclusive; I must take them only as arguments which perhaps have in them much conveniency, much probability towards conclusiveness. For if a remedy or expedient may be found, they are not *of necessity*, they are not inevitable grounds: and if not necessary or concluding grounds, why then they will hang upon the reason of expediency or conveniency. And if so, I shall have a little liberty 'to speak;' otherwise I am concluded before I speak.—Therefore it will behove me to say what I can, Why these are not *necessary* reasons; why they are not—why *it*¹ is not (I *should* say) so interwoven in

¹ The Kingship: his Highness finds that the grammar will require to be attended to.

the Laws but that the Laws may still be executed as justly, and as much to the satisfaction of the people, and answering all objections equally well, without such a Title as with it. And then, when I have done that, I shall only take the liberty to say a word or two for my own grounds.' And when I have said what I can say as to that 'latter point,'—I hope you will think a great deal more than I say. [*Not convenient to SPEAK everything in so ticklish a predicament; with Deputations of a Hundred Officers, and so many "scrupulous fellows, considerable in their own conceit," glaring into the business, with eyes much sharper than they are deep!*]

Truly though Kingship be not a 'mere' Title, but the Name of an Office which runs through the 'whole of the' Law; yet is it not so *ratione nominis*, by reason of the name, but by reason of what the name signifies. It is a Name of Office plainly implying a Supreme Authority: is it more; or can it be stretched to more? I say, it is a Name of Office, plainly implying the Supreme Authority: and if so, why then I should suppose,—I am not peremptory in anything that is matter of deduction or inference of my own,—but I should suppose that whatsoever name hath been or shall be the Name under which the Supreme Authority acts—[*Sentence abruptly stops; the conclusion being visible without speech!*] Why, I say, if it had been those Four or Five Letters, or whatever else it had been—! That signification goes to the *thing*, certainly it does; and not to the name. [*Certainly!*] Why, then, there can no more be said but this: As such a Title hath been fixed, so it may be unfixed. And certainly in the right of the Authority, I mean the Legislative Power,—in the right of the Legislative Power, I think the Authority that could christen it with such a name could have called it by another name. Therefore the name is only derived from that 'Authority.' And certainly they, 'the primary Legislative Authority,' had the disposal of it, and might have detracted 'from it,' changed 'it;'—and I hope it will be no offence to say to you, as the

¹ 'Grounds' originating with myself independently of yours. Is this the 'second' thing, which his Highness had in view, but did not specify after the 'first,' when he started? The issue proves it to be so.

case now stands, "So may you." And if it be so that you may, why then I say, there is nothing of *necessity* in your argument; and all turns on consideration of the expedience of it. [*Is the Kingship expedient?*]

Truly I had rather, if I were to choose, if it were the original question,—which I hope is altogether out of the question [*His Highness means, afar off, in a polite manner, "You don't pretend that I still need to be made Protector by you or by any creature" /*],—I had rather have any Name from this Parliament than any other Name without it: so much do I value the authority of the Parliament. And I believe all men are of my mind in that; I believe the Nation is very much of my mind,—though it be an uncertain way of arguing, *what mind they are of.*¹ I think we may say it without offence; for I would give none! [*No offence to you, Honourable Gentlemen; who are here, by function, to interpret and signify the Mind of the Nation. It is very difficult to do!*].—Though the Parliament be the truest way to know what the mind of the Nation is, yet if the Parliament will be pleased to give me a liberty to reason for myself; and if that be one of your arguments—[*"That:" what, your Highness? That the mind of the Nation, well interpreted by this Parliament, is really for a King? That our Laws cannot go on without a King? His Highness means the former mainly, but means the latter too; means several things together, as his manner sometimes is, in abstruse cases!*].—I hope I may urge against it, that the reason of my own mind is not quite to that effect. But I do say undoubtedly (let us think about other things, 'about the mind of the Nation and suchlike,' what we will), What the Parliament settles is what will run, 'and have currency,' through the Law; and will lead the thread of Government through this Land equally well as what hath been. For I consider that what hath been was upon the same account, 'by the same authority.' Save that there hath been some long continuance of the thing [*This thing of Kingship*], it is but upon the same account! It had its original somewhere! And it was with consent of the whole,—there is the original of it. And consent of the whole

¹ Naturally a delicate subject: some assert the Nation has never recognised his Highness,—his Highness himself being of a very different opinion indeed!

will 'still,' I say, be the needle that will lead the thread through all [*The same tailor-metaphor a second time*];—and I think no man will pretend right against it, or wrong!

And if so, then, under favour to me, I think these arguments from the Law are all *not* as of *necessity*, but are to be understood as of *conveniency*. It is in your power to dispose and settle; and beforehand we can have confidence that what you do settle will be as authentic as the things that were of old,—especially as this individual thing, the Name or Title,—according to the Parliament's appointment. 'Is not this so? It is question not of necessity; we have power to settle it as *conveniency* directs.' Why then, there will (with leave) be way made for me to offer a reason or two to the other considerations you adduced: otherwise, I say my mouth is stopped! [*His Highness is plunging in deep brakes and imbrogljos; hopes, however, that he now sees daylight athwart them.*]

There are very many inforcements to carry on this thing. [*Thing of the Kingship.*] But I suppose it will 'have to' stand on its expediency—Truly I should have urged one consideration more which I forgot [*Looks over his shoulder in the jungle, and bethinks him.*],—namely, the argument not of reason only, but of *experience*. It is a short one, but it is a true one (under favour), and is known to you all in the fact of it (under favour) [*A damnable iteration; but too characteristic to be omitted*]: That the Supreme Authority going by *another* Name and under another Title than that of King hath been, why it hath been already twice complied-with! [*Long Parliament, called "Keepers of the Liberties of England," found compliance; and now the "Protectorate" finds.*] 'Twice:' under the *Custodes Libertatis Angliæ*, and also since I exercised the place, it hath been complied-with. And truly I may say that almost universal obedience hath been given by all ranks and sorts of men to both. Now this, 'on the part of both these Authorities,' was a beginning with the highest degree of Magistracy at the first alteration; and 'at a time' when that 'Kingship' was the Name 'established:' and the new Name, though it was the name of an invisible thing, the very Name,

I say, was obeyed, did pass current, was received and did carry-on the 'Public' Justice of the Nation. I remember very well, my Lords the Judges were somewhat startled: yet upon consideration,—if I mistake not,—I believe so,—they, there being among them (without reflection) as able and as learned as have sat there,—though they did, I confess, at first, demur a little,—*they* did receive satisfaction, and did act, as I said before. [*Untwist this extraordinary WITHE of a sentence; you will find it not inextricable, and very characteristic of Oliver!*] And as for my own part [*My own Protectorate*], I profess I think I may say: Since the beginning of *that* change,—though I should be loath to speak anything vainly,—but since the beginning of that change to this day, I do not think there hath been a freer procedure of the Laws, not even in those years called, and not unworthily, the "Halcyon Days of Peace,"—from the Twentieth of Elizabeth to King James's and King Charles's time. I do not think but the Laws have proceeded with as much freedom and justice, and with less of private solicitation, since I came to the Government, as they did in those years so named,—'Halcyon.' I do not think, under favour,—[*His Highness gets more emphatic*]—that the Laws had a freer exercise, more uninterrupted by any hand of Power, in those years than now; or that the Judge has been less solicited by letters or private interpositions either of my own or other men's, in *double* so many years in all those times 'named' "of Peace"! [*Sentence involving an incurable Irish-bull; the head of it eating the tail of it, like a Serpent-of-Eternity; but the meaning shining very clear through its contortions nevertheless!*] And if more of my Lords the Judges were here than now are, they could tell us perhaps somewhat farther.¹——And therefore I say, under favour: These two Experiences do manifestly show that it is not a *Title*, though never so interwoven with our Laws, that makes the Law to have its free passage, and to do its office without interruption (as we venture to think it is now doing): 'not a Title, no;' and if a Parliament shall determine that another Name run through the Laws, I believe it will run with as free

¹ Reform of Chancery; improvements made in Law.

a passage as this 'of King ever did.' Which is all I have to say upon that head.

And if this be so, then truly other things may fall under a more indifferent consideration :¹ and so I shall arrive 'at the Second thing I had in view,' at some issue of answering for *myself* in this great matter. And all this while, nothing that I say doth any way determine as to my final resolution, or 'intimate any' thought against the Parliament's wisdom in this matter; but 'endeavoureth' really and honestly and plainly towards such an answer as may be fit for me to give. The Parliament desires to have this Title. It hath stuck with me, and doth yet stick. As truly, and I hinted the other day,² it seemed as if your arguments to me did partly give positive grounds for what was to be done, and partly comparative grounds; stating the matter as you were then pleased to do, —for which I gave no cause that I know of, that is, for comparing the effects of Kingship with those of such a Name as I at present bear, with 'those of' the Protectorship 'to wit.' I say, I hope it will not be understood that I contend for the Name; or for any name, or anything 'of a merely extraneous nature;' but truly and plainly 'for the substance of the business,'—if I speak as in the Lord's presence; ay, in all right things, as a person under the disposal of the Providence of God,—neither "naming" one thing nor other; but only endeavouring to give fit answer as to this proposed Name or Title.³ For I hope I do not desire to give a rule to anybody —'much less to the Parliament.' I professed I had not been able,—and I truly profess I have not yet been able,—to give a rule to myself 'in regard to your Proposal.' I would be understood in this. [*Yes, your Highness. "That it is not doubt of the Parliament's wisdom; that it is not vain preference or postponence of one 'name' to another; but doubt as to the substantial expediency of the thing proposed, uncertainty as to God's will and monition in regard to it,—that has made and still*

¹ 'Other things,' your other arguments, may lose ■ great deal of their formidable air of cogency, as if Necessity herself were backing them.

² Saturday last, day before Yesterday.

■ The original (Somers, vi. 368) unintelligible, illegible except with the powerfulst lenses, yields at last,—with some slight changes of the points and so forth,—this sense as struggling at the bottom of it.

makes me speak in this uncomfortable, haggling, struggling and wriggling manner. It is no easy thing forcing one's way through a jungle of such depth! An affair of Courtship moreover, which grows and has to grow by the very handling of it! I would not be misunderstood in this."]

I am a man standing in the Place I am in [*Clearly, your Highness*]; which Place I undertook not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil [*Note this*],—which I did see was imminent on the Nation. I say, we were running headlong into confusion and disorder, and would necessarily 'have' run into blood; and I was passive to those that desired me to undertake the Place which I now have. [*With tones, with a look of sorrow, solemnity and nobleness; the brave Oliver!*] A Place, I say, not so much of doing good,—which a man lawfully may, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience—a man may (I say) lawfully, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience; a man may lawfully, as the case may be (though it is a very tickle case), desire a Place to do good in! [*Window once more into his Highness! "Tickle" is the old form of TICKLISH: "a tickle case indeed," his Highness candidly allows; yet a case which does occur,—shame and woe to him, the poor cowardly Pedant, tied up in cobwebs and tape-thrums, that neglects it when it does!*] I profess I had not that apprehension, when I undertook the Place, that I could so much do good; but I did think I might prevent imminent evil.—And therefore I am not contending for one "name" compared with another;—and therefore have nothing to answer to any arguments that were used for preferring 'the name' Kingship to Protectorship. For I should almost think any "name" were better than my Name; and I should altogether think any person fitter than I am for such business [*Your Highness?—But St. Paul too professed himself "the chief of sinners,"—and has not been altogether thought to "cant" in doing so!*];—and I compliment not, God knows it! But this I should say, That I do think, you, in the settling of the peace and liberties of this Nation, which cries as loud upon you as ever Nation did for somewhat that may beget a consistence, 'ought to attend to that;' otherwise the

Nation will fall in pieces ! And in that, so far as I can, I am ready to serve not as a King, but as a Constable 'if you like' ! For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. [*Hear his Highness !*] And truly this hath been my content and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone, That you yet have peace.

Why, now, truly,—if I may advise,—I wish to God you may but be so happy as to keep the peace still ?¹ If you cannot attain to such perfection as to accomplish this 'that we are now upon,' I wish to God we may still have peace,—that I do ! But the "fruits of righteousness" are shown in "meekness ;" a better thing than we are aware of !— —I say therefore, I do judge for myself there is no such necessity of this Name of King ; for the other Names may do as well. I judge for myself. I must say a little (I think I have somewhat of conscience to answer as to the matter), why I cannot undertake this Name. [*We are now fairly entered upon the Second head of method.*] And truly I must needs go a little out of the way, to come to my reasons. And you will be able to judge of them when I have told you them. And I shall deal seriously, as before God.

If you do not all of you, I am sure some of you do, and it behoves me to say that I do, "know my calling from the first to this day." I was a person who, from my first employment, was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater : from my first being a Captain of a Troop of Horse ; and did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust ; and God blessed me 'therein' as it pleased Him. And I did truly and plainly,—and in a way of foolish simplicity, as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too,—desire to make my instruments help me in that work. And I will deal plainly with you : I had a very worthy Friend then ; and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all,—Mr. John Hampden. [*Hear, hear ;—a notable piece of History !*] At my first going out into this

¹ If I may advise, I should say the purport and soul of our whole inquiry at present ought to be that of keeping the peace.

engagement,¹ I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did indeed ; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's Army, of some new regiments ; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you ; God knows I lie not.² "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows ; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality : do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour and courage and resolution in them?" Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously ; and truly I did tell him : "You must get men of a spirit : and take it not ill what I say,—I know you will not,—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go :—or else you will be beaten still." I told him so ; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person ; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. [*Very natural in Mr. Hampden, if I recollect him well, your Highness! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes ; with his clear official understanding ; lively sensibilities to "unspotted character," "safe courses," &c. &c. A very brave man ; but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant.—Alas, there is no possibility for poor Columbus at any of the Public Offices, till once he become an Actuality, and say, "Here is the America I was telling you of!"*] Truly I told him I could do somewhat in it. I did so,—'did this somewhat : ' and truly I must needs say this to you, 'The result was,'—impute it to what you please,—I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did [*The Ironsides ; yea !*] ; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat

¹ enterprise.

² A notable clause of a sentence, this latter too ; physiognomic enough ;—and perhaps very liable to be misunderstood by a modern reader. The old phrase, still current in remote quarters, "It's no lie," which signifies an emphatic and even courteous assent and affirmation, must be borne in mind.

continually. [*Yea!*] And truly this is matter of praise to God:—and it hath some instruction in it, To own men who are religious and godly. And so many of them as are peaceably and honestly and quietly disposed to live within ‘rules of’ Government, and will be subject to those Gospel rules of obeying Magistrates and living under Authority—[*Sentence catches fire abruptly, and explodes here*].—I reckon no Godliness without that circle! Without that spirit, let it pretend what it will, it is diabolical, it is devilish, it is from diabolical spirits, from the depth of Satan’s wickedness¹—[*Checks himself*].—Why truly I need not say more than to apply all this² ‘to the business we have in hand.’

I will be bold to apply this to our present purpose, because it is my all! I could say as all the world says, and run headily upon anything; but I must tender this, ‘my present answer’ to you as a thing that sways upon my conscience; or else I were a knave and a deceiver. ‘Well;’ I tell you there are such men in this Nation; godly men of the same spirit, men that will not be beaten down by a worldly or carnal spirit while they keep their integrity. And I deal plainly and faithfully with you, ‘when I say:’ I cannot think that God would bless an undertaking of anything, ‘Kingship or whatever else,’ which would, justly and with cause, grieve them. True, they may be troubled *without* cause;—and I must be a slave if I should comply with any such humour as that. [*Leaves the matter open still!*] But I say there are honest men and faithful men, true to the great things of the Government, namely the Liberty of the People, giving them what is due to them, and protecting this Interest (and I think verily God will bless you for what you have done in that)—[*Sentence broken; try it another way*].—But if I know, as indeed I do, that very generally good men do not swallow this Title,—though really it is no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them, yet I

¹ Not ‘height of Jotham’s wickedness,’ as the lazy Reporter has it. Jotham was not ‘wicked’ at all (Judges, c. 9). Nay the lazy Reporter corrects himself elsewhere,—if he had not been asleep! Compare p. 369 line 16 of Somers with p. 385 line 2.

² ‘this’ of my old proposal to Mr. Hampden; and how good it is to ‘own men who are religious and godly.’

must say, it is my duty and my conscience to beg of you that there may be no hard things put upon me ; things, I mean, hard to *them*, which they cannot swallow. [*The Young Lady will and she will not !*] If the nation may be as well provided-for without these things we have been speaking of [*Kingships, &c.*], as, according to my apprehension, it may,—‘then’ truly I think it will be no sin in you, it will be to you as it was to David in another case,¹ “no grief of heart in time coming,” that you have a tenderness even possibly (if it be their weakness) to the weakness of those who have integrity and honesty and uprightness, and who are not carried away with the hurries I see some taken with—[“*A Standard lifted up,*” *the other day !—We have had to turn the key upon them, in Chepstow, in the Tower and elsewhere*],—that think their virtue lies in despising Authority, in opposing it ! I think you will be the better able to root-out of this Nation that ‘disobedient’ spirit and principle,—and to do so is as desirable as anything in this world,—by complying, indulging, and being patient to the weakness and infirmities of men who have been faithful, and have bled all along in this Cause ;—and who *are* faithful, and will oppose all oppositions (I am confident of it) to the things that are Fundamentals in your Government, in your Settlement for Civil and Gospel Liberties. [*Not ill said, your Highness ; and really could not well be better thought !—The moral is : “As my old Ironsides, men fearing God, proved the successful soldiers ; so in all things it is men fearing God that we must get to enlist with us. Without these we are lost : with these, if they will be soldiers with us (not noisy mutineers like Wildman, Harrison and Company, but true soldiers, rational persons that will learn discipline),—we shall, as heretofore, hope to prevail against the whole world and the Devil to boot, and ‘never be beaten at all,’ no more than the Ironsides were. See, therefore, that you do not disaffect THEM. Mount no foolish cockade or Kingship which can convert THEM, rational obedient men, true in all essential points, into mutineers.”*]

I confess, for it behoves me to deal plainly with you—*[Young Lady now flings a little weight into the other scale,—*

¹ Nabal's and Abigail's case (1 Samuel, xxv. 31).

and the sentence trips itself once or twice before it can get started]—I must confess I would say—I hope I may not be misunderstood in this, for indeed I must be tender in what I say to such an audience:—I say I would have it understood, That in this argument I do not make a parallel between men of a different mind, ‘mere dissentient individuals,’ and a Parliament, ‘as to,’ Which shall have their desires. I know there is no comparison. Nor can it be urged upon me that my words have the least colour that way. For the Parliament seems to have given me liberty to say whatever is on my mind to you ; as that ‘indeed’ is a tender of my humble reasons and judgment and opinion to *them* : and now if I think these objectors to the Kingship¹ are such ‘as I describe,’ and ‘that they’ will be such ; ‘if I think’ that they are faithful servants and will be so to the Supreme Authority, and the Legislative wheresoever it is,—if, I say, I should *not* tell you, knowing their minds to be so, then I should not be faithful. I am bound to tell it you, to the end you may report it to the Parliament. [*Parliament very jealous lest the Army be thought of greater weight than it. We try to carry the scales even.*]

I will now say something for *myself*. As for my own mind, I do profess it, I am not a man scrupulous about words, or names, or such things. I have not ‘hitherto clear direction’²—but as I have the word of God, and I hope shall ever have, for the rule of my conscience, for my information and direction ; so, truly, if men have been led into dark paths [*As this matter of the Kingship is to me even now ; very “dark” and undecidable !*] through the providence and dispensations of God,—why surely it is not to be objected to a man ! For who can *love* to walk in the dark ? But Providence doth often so dispose. And though a man may impute his own folly and blindness to Providence *sinfully*,—yet this must be at a man’s own peril. The case may be that it is the Providence of God that doth lead man in darkness ! I must needs say, I have had a great deal of experience of Providence ; and though such experience is no rule without or against the

¹ ‘they’ in orig.

² Coagulated Jargon (Somers, p. 370) is almost worth looking at here:—never was such ■ Reporter since the Tower of Babel fell.

Word, yet it is a very good expositor of the Word in many cases. [*Yes, my brave one !*]

Truly the Providence of God hath laid aside this Title of King providentially *de facto* : and that not by sudden humour or passion ; but it hath been by issue of as great deliberation as ever was in a Nation. It hath been by issue of Ten or Twelve Years Civil War, wherein much blood hath been shed. I will not dispute the justice of it when it was done ; nor need I tell you what my opinion is in the case were it *de novo* to be done. [*Somewhat grim expression of face, your Highness !*] But if it be at all disputable ; and a man comes and finds that God in His severity hath not only eradicated a whole Family, and thrust them out of the land, for reasons best known to Himself, but also hath made the issue and close of that to be the very eradication of a Name or Title—! Which *de facto* is ‘the case.’ It was not done by me, nor by them that tendered me the Government I now act in : it was done by the Long Parliament,—that was it.¹ And God hath seemed Providential, ‘seemed to appear as a Providence,’ not only in striking at the Family but at the Name. And, as I said before, it is blotted out : it is a thing cast out by an Act of Parliament ; it hath been kept out to this day. And as Jude saith, in another case, speaking of abominable sins that should be in the Latter Times,²—he doth farther say, when he comes to exhort the Saints, he tells them,—they should “hate even the *garments* spotted with the flesh.”³

I beseech you think not that I bring this as an argument to prove anything. God hath seemed so to deal with the Persons and the Family that He blasted the very Title. And you know when a man comes, *a parte post*, to reflect, and see this done, this Title laid in the dust,—I confess I can come to no other conclusion. [*“But that God seems to have blasted the very Title ;”—this, however, is felt to need some qualifying.*] The like of this may make a strong impression upon such

¹ Oliverian reduplication of the phrase ; accent on *was*.

² Very familiar with this passage of Jude ; see Speech II. vol. ii. p. 400.

³ Grammar a little imperfect. Really one begins to find Oliver would, as it were, have needed a *new* Grammar. Had all men been *Olivers*, what a different set of *rules* would Lindley Murray and the Governesses now have gone upon !

weak men as I am ;—and perhaps upon weaker men (if there be any such) it will make a stronger. I will not seek to set up that which Providence hath destroyed, and laid in the dust ; I would not build Jericho again ! And this is somewhat to me, and to my judgment and my conscience. This, in truth, it is this that hath an awe upon my spirit. [*Hear !*] And I must confess, as the times are,—they are very fickle, very uncertain, nay God knows you had need have a great deal of faith to strengthen you in your work, you had need look at Settlement !—I would rather I were in my grave than hinder you in anything that may be for Settlement of the Nation. For the Nation needs it, never needed it more ! And therefore, out of the love and honour I bear you, I am forever bound, whatever becomes of me, to do ‘what is best for that ;’—‘and’ I am forever bound to acknowledge you have dealt most honourably and worthily with me, and lovingly, and have had respect for one who deserves nothing.

Indeed, out of the love and faithfulness I bear you, and out of the sense I have of the difficulty of your work, I would not have you lose any help [*Help of the Name “King ;” help of the scrupulous Anti-King people :—it is a dark case !*] that may serve you, that may stand in stead to you. I would willingly be a sacrifice [*King, Protector, Constable, or what you like*], that there might be, so long as God shall please to let this Parliament sit, a harmony, and better and good understanding between all of you. And,—whatever any man may think,—it equally concerns one of us as another to go on to Settlement : and where I meet with any that is of another mind, indeed I could almost curse him in my heart. And therefore, to deal heartily and freely, I would have you lose nothing [*Not even the Scrupulous*] that may stand you in stead in this way. I would advise, if there be ‘found’ any of a froward, unmannerly or womanish spirit,—I would not that you should lose them ! I would not that you should lose any servant or friend who might help in this Work ; that any such should be offended by a thing that signifies no more to me than I have told you it does. That is to say : I do not think the thing necessary ; I do not. I would not that you should lose a

friend for it. If I could help you to many 'friends,' and multiply myself into many, that would be to serve you in regard to Settlement! And therefore I would not that any, especially any of these who indeed perhaps are men that do think themselves engaged to continue with you, and to serve you, should be anywise disobliged from you.

'I have now no more to say.' The truth is, I did indicate this as my conclusion to you at the first, when I told you what method I would speak to you in.¹ I may say that I cannot, with conveniency to myself, nor good to this service which I wish so well to, speak out all my arguments as to the safety of your Proposal, as to its tendency to the effectual carrying-on of this Work. [*There are many angry suspicious persons listening to me, and every word is liable to different misunderstandings in every different narrow head!*] I say, I do not think it fit to use all the thoughts I have in my mind as to that point of safety. But I shall pray to God Almighty that He would direct you to do what is according to His will. And this is that poor account I am able to give of myself in this thing.²

And so enough for Monday, which is now far spent: 'till to-morrow at three o'clock³ let us adjourn; and diligently consider in the interim.

His Highness is evidently very far yet from having made-up his mind as to this thing; the undeveloped Yes still balancing itself against the undeveloped No, in a huge dark intricate manner, with him. Unable to 'declare' himself; there being in fact nothing to declare hitherto, nothing but what he does here declare,—namely, darkness visible. An abstruse time his Highness has had of it, since the end of February, six or seven weeks now; all England sounding round him, waiting for his Answer. And he is yet a good way off the Answer. For it is a considerable question this of the Kingship: important to the Nation and the Cause he presides over; to himself not unimportant,—and yet to himself of

¹ "This was my *second* head of method; all this about myself and my own feelings in regard to the Kingship,—after I had proved to you in my first head that it was not *necessary*, that it was only *expedient* or *not expedient*. I am now therefore got to the end of my second head, to my conclusion."

² Somers Tracts, vi. 365-371.

³ Burton, ii. 2.

very minor importance, my erudite friend ! A Soul of a Man in right earnest about its own awful Life and Work in this world ; much superior to ' feathers in the hat,' of one sort or the other, my erudite friend !—Of all which he gives here a candid and honest account ; and indeed his attitude towards this matter is throughout, what towards other matters it has been, very manful and natural.

However, on the morrow, which is Tuesday, at three o'clock, the Committee cannot see his Highness ; attending at Whitehall, as stipulated, they find his Highness indisposed in health ;—are to come again tomorrow, Wednesday, at the same hour. Wednesday they come again ; ' wait for above an hour in the Council-Chamber ;'—Highness still indisposed, " has got a cold : " Come again tomorrow, Thursday ! ' Which,' says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who was there, ' did strongly build-up the faith of the Contrarians,'—He will not dare to accept, think the Contrarians. The Honourable House in the mean while has little to do but denounce that Shoreditch Fifth-Monarchy Pamphlet, the *Standard set up*, which seems to be a most incendiary piece ;—and painfully adjourn and readjourn, till its Committee do get answer. A most slow business ; and the hopes of the Contrarians are rising.

Thursday 16th April 1657, Committee attending for the third time, the Interview does take effect ; Six of the Grandees, Glynn, Lenthall, Colonel Jones, Sir Richard Onslow, Fiennes, Broghil, Whitlocke, take up in their order the various objections of his Highness's former Speech, of Monday last, and learnedly rebut the same, in a learned and to us insupportably wearisome manner ; fit only to be entirely omitted. Whitlocke urges on his Highness, That, in refusing this Kingship, he will do what never any that were actual Kings of England did, reject the advice of his Parliament.¹ Another says, It is his duty ; let him by no means shrink from his duty !—Their discoursings, if any creature is curious on the subject, can be read at great length in the distressing pages of *Somers*,² and shall be matter of imagination here. His Highness said, These were weighty arguments ; give him till tomorrow to think of them.³ ' Tomorrow at three : *spero* ! ' says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who is not one of the Contrarians.

¹ Somers, p. 386.

² Somers, vi. 371-387.

³ Burton, ii. 5.

SPEECH XII.

ALAS, tomorrow at three his Highness proves again indisposed; which doth a little damp our hopes, I fancy! Let us appoint Monday morning: Monday ten o'clock, 'at the old place,' Chamber of the Council-of-State in Whitehall. Accordingly, on Monday 20th April 1657, at the set place and hour, the Committee of Ninety-nine is once more in attendance, and his Highness speaks,—answering our arguments of Thursday last, and indicating still much darkness.

'MY LORDS,'

I have, as well as I could, considered the arguments used by you, the other day, to enforce your conclusion as to that Name and Title, which has been the subject of various Debates and Conferences between us. I shall not now spend your time nor my own much, in recapitulating those arguments, or giving answers to them. Indeed I think they were 'mainly' but the same we formerly had, only with some additional inforcements by new instances: and truly, at this rate of debate, I might spend your time, which I know is very precious; and unless I were 'to end in being' a satisfied person, the time would spin out, and be very unprofitably spent,—so it would. I will say a word or two to that only which I think was new.

'You were pleased to say some things as to the power of Parliament, as to the force of a Parliamentary sanction in this matter.'¹ What comes from the Parliament in the exercise of their Legislative power, as this Proposal does,—I understand this to be an exercise of the *Legislative* power, and the Laws formerly were always passed in this way 'of Proposal or Conference,' and the way of Bills is of a newer date,—I understand that, I say; but— —[*In short, the Sentence falls prostrate, and we must start again.*] You said, "that what was done by the Parliament now, and simply made to hang upon this Legislative power, 'as any Title but that of King will do,' might seem partly as if it were a thing *ex dono*, not *de jure*; a thing that had not the same weight, nor the same

¹ Glynn, Lenthall, Broghil, Whitlocke (Somers, pp. 371-2, 384-6).

strength, as if it bore a reference to ‘the general Body of’ the Law that is already in being.” I confess there is some argument in that,—that is there! But if the degree of strength will be as good without Parliamentary sanction, ‘then’—*[Sentence pauses, never gets started again.]*—“Though it too, ‘this Title of Kingship,’ comes as a gift from you! I mean as a thing which you either provide for the people or else it will never come to them; so in a sense it comes from *you*, it is what *they* cannot otherwise arrive at; therefore in a sense it is *ex dono*; for whoever helps a man to what he cannot otherwise attain, doth an act that is very near a gift; and you helping *them* to this Title, it were a kind of gift to them, since otherwise they could not get it ‘though theirs’—*[This Sentence also finds that it will come to nothing, and so calls halt.]*—But if you do it simply by your Legislative power—*[Halt again.—In what bottomless imbroglios of Constitutional philosophy and crabbed Law-logic, with the Fifth-Monarchy and splenetic Contrariants looking on, is his poor Highness plunging! A ray of natural sagacity now rises on him with guidance.]*—The question, “What makes such a thing as this more firm?” is not the manner of the settling of it, or the manner of your ‘or another’s’ doing of it; there remains always the grand question after that; the grand question lies, “In the *acceptance* of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it and accept it! *[Certainly, your Highness; that is worth all the Law-logic in the world!]* And therefore if a thing *[Like this Protectorate, according to your argument,—not altogether to mine]* hath but, for its root, your Legislative sanction—If I may put a “But” to it, ‘to that most valid sanction!’ I will not do so: for I say, It is as good a foundation as that other, ‘which you ascribe to the Kingship, howsoever “grounded in the body of Law.”’ And if that thing, ‘that Protectorate,’ be as well accepted, and the other be less well—? Why, then truly *it*, I shall think, is the better;—and then all that I say is founded upon Law too!—

Your arguments founded upon the Law do all make for the Kingship. Because, say you, it doth agree with the Law; the Law knows,—the People know it, and are likelier

to receive satisfaction that way. Those were arguments that have [*"had" is truer, but less polite*] been used already ; and truly I know nothing that I have to add to them. And therefore, I say, those arguments also may stand as we found them and left them already ;—except, truly, this ‘one point.’ It hath been said to me [*Saluting my Lord Whitlocke slightly with the eye, whose heavy face endeavours to smile in response*] that I am a person who meditate to do what never any that were actually Kings of England did : “Refuse the Advice of Parliament.” I confess, that runs deep enough, ‘that runs’ to all ; that may be accounted a very great fault in me ; and may rise up in judgment against me another time,—if my case be not different from any man’s that ever was in the Chief Command and Government of these Nations before. But truly I think, all they that have been in this Office before, and owned in right of Law, were inheritors coming to it by birthright,—or if owned by the authority of Parliament, they yet had some previous pretence of title or claim to it. And so, under favour, I think I deserve less blame than any of them would have done, if I cannot so well comply with this Title, and ‘with’ the desire of Parliament in regard to it, as these others might do. For they when they were *in*, would have taken it for an injury *not* to be *in*. Truly such an argument, to *them*, might be very strong, Why they should not refuse what the Parliament offered ! But ‘as for me,’ I have dealt plainly with you : and I have not complimented with you ‘in saying’ I have not desired, I have no title to, the Government of these Nations. ‘No title,’ but what was taken up in a case of necessity, and as a temporary means to meet the actual emergency ; without which we must needs—[*Have gone you know whither !*]—I say we had been all ‘topsyturvy-ing now’ at the rate of the Printed Book ‘you have just got hold of’ [*Shoreditch STANDARD SET UP, and Painted Lion there*], and at the rate of those men that have been seized going into arms,—if that expedient had not been taken ! That was visible to me as the day, unless I undertook it. And so, it being put upon me, I being then General, as I was General by Act of Parliament,—it being ‘put’ upon me to take the power

into my hand after the Assembly of Men that was called together had been dissolved— —[“*I took it, as you all know:”* but his Highness blazing off here, as his wont is when that subject rises, the Sentence explodes]—!—

Really the thing would have issued itself in this Book:—for the Book, I am told, knows an Author [*Harrison, they say, is Author*]; he was a Leading Person in that Assembly! And now when I say (I speak in the plainness and simplicity of my heart, as before Almighty God), I did out of necessity undertake that ‘Business,’ which I think no man but myself would have undertaken,—it hath pleased God that I have been instrumental in keeping the Peace of the Nation to this day. And have kept it under a Title [*Protector*] which, some say, signifies but a keeping of it to another’s use,—to a better use; ‘a Title’ which may improve it to a better use! And this I may say: I have not desired the continuance of my power or place either under one Title or another,—that have I not! I say it: If the wisdom of the Parliament could find where to place things so as they might save this Nation and the Interests of it,—the Interest of the People of God in the first place; of those Godly honest men,—for such a character I reckon them by, who live in the fear of God, and desire to hold forth the excellency ‘of Christ’ and a Christian course in their life and conversation—[*Sentence may be said to burst asunder here for the present, but will gather itself together again perhaps!*] I reckon that proceeds from Faith, and ‘from’ looking to our duties towards Christians, and our humanity to men as men; and to such Liberties and Interests as the People of this Nation are of:—and ‘I’ do look upon that as a standing truth of the Gospel; and whoso lives up to that is a Godly Man in my apprehension! [*Looks somewhat animated.*]— —And therefore I say, If the wisdom of this Parliament,—I speak not this vainly or as a fool, but as to God,—if the wisdom of this Parliament should have found a way to settle the Interests of this Nation, upon the foundations of justice and truth and liberty, to the people of God, and concernments of men as Englishmen [*Voice risen into a kind of recitative*],—I would have lain at their feet, or at anybody

else's feet, that things might have run in such a current !
[Your Highness can't get out ; no place for you now but here or in the grave !—His Highness fetches a deep breath.]—I say I have no pretensions to things for myself ; to ask this or that, or to avoid this or that. I know the censures of the world may quickly pass upon me, 'and are already passing : ' but I thank God I know where to lay the weight that is laid upon me,—I mean the weight of reproach and contempt and scorn that hath been cast upon me ! *[Ends, I think, in a kind of snort,—and the look partly as of an injured dove, partly as of a couchant lion.]*—

I have not offered you any Name in competition with Kingship. I know the evil spirits of men may easily obtrude upon a man, That he would have a Name which the Laws know not, and which is boundless, and is one under which he may exercise more arbitrariness : but I know there is nothing in that argument ; and if it were in your thoughts to offer any Name of that kind, I think, whatsoever it was, you would bound it and limit it sufficiently. I wish it were come to that, That no favour should be showed to me ; but that the good of these Nations should be consulted ;—as 'indeed' I am confident it will be by you in whatsoever you do.—But I may say a word to another thing which doth a little pinch upon me : That it is my duty 'to accept this Title.' I think it can be no man's duty but between God and himself, if he be conscious of his own infirmities, disabilities and weakness ; 'conscious' that he perhaps is not able to encounter with it,—although he may have a little faith too, for a little exercise. I say I do not know what way it can be imputed to me for a fault, or laid upon me as a duty. Except I meant to gripe at the Government of the Nations without a legal consent,—as I say I have done in time past upon principles of Necessity, 'but have no call now to do again.' And I promise I shall think whatever is done towards Settlement, without authority of Parliament, will neither be very honest, nor 'so me very comprehensible at this stage of the business. I think we have fought for the Liberties of the Nation and for other Interests !—*[Checks himself.]*—

You will pardon me that I speak these things in such a

‘desultory’ way as this. I may be borne withal, because I have not truly well stood the exercise that hath been upon me these three or four days,—I have not, I say. [*Besides, your Highness is suffering from the dregs of a cold, and I doubt still somewhat feverish !*].—I have told you my thoughts, and have laid them before you. You have been pleased to give me your grounds, and I have given you mine. And truly I do purposely refuse to mention those arguments that were used when ye were last here ; but rather tell you what since (as I say) lies upon my heart,—‘speaking to you’ out of the abundance of difficulty and trouble that lies upon me. [*His Highness, sick of body, feverish, unequal to such a jungle of a subject and its adjuncts, is really weltering and staggering like a wearied man, in the thickets and puddles.*] And therefore you having urged me, I mean offered reasons to me, and urged them in such way as did occur to you ; and I having told you, the last time we met, that the satisfaction from them did not reach to me so as wholly to convince me of my duty,—I have thought rather to answer today by telling you my grief, and the trouble I am under. [*Poor Sovereign Man !*].—

And truly my intentions and purposes, they are honest to the Nation,—and shall be, by the Grace of God. And I have it not in view, upon collateral pretences, ‘either by asking this Kingship or by refusing it’—to act towards things that may be destructive to the liberties of this Nation ! [*“I am worn and weary ; let me be as clay in the hands of the potter !”*].— — Any man may give me leave to die ; every one may give me leave to be as a dead man,—when God takes away the spirit and life and activity that are necessary for the carrying-on of such a work ! [*Poor Highness, still somewhat feverish, suffering from the dregs of a cold !*]

And therefore I do leave the former Debates as they were, and as we had them ; and will let you know that I have looked a little upon the Paper [*Petition and Advice*], the Instrument, I would say, in the other parts of it, ‘unconnected with this of the Kingship.’ And considering that there are very many particulars in this Instrument [*Holding it in his hand*], some

of a general reference and others specific, and all of weight (let this business of the Title be decided as it may) to the concernment of the Nations,—I think I may desire that those ‘particulars’ may be really such as will serve their object,—let the “Title” we *fix* upon be one or the other. They might be such as the People have no cause—[*Sentence checking itself*]—But I am confident your care and faithfulness need neither a spur nor an admonition to that!—I say, reading in your Order, the Order of the Parliament to this Committee, I find mention there of “divers particulars,” concerning which, if I do make any scruple of them, I am to have the freedom with this Committee to cast¹ my doubts.

The truth of it is, I have a Paper here in my hands² that doth contain divers things with relation to the Instrument; which, I hope, have a Public aspect in them; therefore I cannot presume but they will be very welcome to you. Therefore I shall desire that you will read them. [*Hands Whitlocke the Paper.*] I should desire, if it please you, the liberty,—which I submit to your judgment whether you think I have or no,—that I might tender these few things; and some others which I have in preparation. And truly I shall reduce them to as much brevity as I can:—they are too large here, ‘these in the Paper are diffuse.’³ And if it please you, Tomorrow in the afternoon at three o’clock I may meet you again. And I hope we shall come to know one another’s minds; and shall agree to that that may be for the glory of God, and for the good of these Nations.⁴

So much for Monday the 20th;—noontide and the hour of dinner being now nigh. Herewith *exceunt* till tomorrow at three.

We returned ‘much unsatisfied with the Lord Protector’s Speech,’ says the Writer of *Burton*; it is ‘as dark and promiscuous as before;’ nobody can know whether he will have the Kingship or not. Sometimes the ‘Contrarians’ are up in hope, and

¹ canvass, shake out.

² A Paper of Objections by his Highness; repeatedly alluded to in the Journals; ‘unhappily altogether lost now,’ say the Parliamentary History and the Editor of *Burton*,—not very unhappily, say my readers and I.

³ He gave them the complete Paper on the morrow (*Burton*, ii. 7).

⁴ Somers, vi. 387–389.

sometimes again we,¹—and the bets, if betting were permitted under Gospel Ordinances, would fluctuate not a little.

Courage, my Lord Protector! Blake even now, though as yet you know it not, is giving the Spaniards a terrible scorching for you, in the Port of Santa Cruz!—Worth noting: In those very minutes while the Lord Protector is speaking as above, there goes on far off, on the Atlantic brine, under shadow of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the fieriest actions ever fought by land or water; this action of the Sea-king Blake, at the Port of Santa Cruz. The case was this. Blake cruising on the coast of Spain, watching as usual for Plate Fleets, heard for certain that there was a Fleet actually coming, actually come as far as the Canary Isles, and now lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz in Teneriffe there. Blake makes instant sail thither; arrives there still in time this Monday morning early; finds the Fleet fast moored in Santa Cruz Bay; rich silver-ships, strong war-ships, Sixteen as we count them; stronger almost than himself,—and moored here under defences unassailable apparently by any mortal. Santa Cruz Bay is shaped as a horse-shoe: at the entrance are Castles, in the inner circuit are other Castles, Eight of them in all, bristling with great guns; war-ships moored at the entrance, war-frigates moored all round the beach, and men and gunners at command: one great magazine of sleeping thunder and destruction: to appearance, if you wish for sure suicide to run into, this must be it. Blake, taking measure of the business, runs into it, defying its loud thunder; much out-thunders it,—mere whirlwinds of fire and iron hail, the old Peak never heard the like;—silences the Castles, sinks or burns every sail in the Harbour; annihilates the Spanish Fleet; and then, the wind veering round in his favour, sails out again, leaving Santa Cruz Bay much astonished at him.² It is the last action of the brave Blake; who, worn out with toil and sickness and a cruise of three years, makes homewards shortly after; dies within sight of Plymouth.³

On the whole, the Spanish Antichrist finds his Highness a rough enemy. In these same April days, Six-thousand men are getting mustered here, ‘furnished with new red coats’ and other equipments, to join French Turenne in the Low Countries, and fight the Spaniard by land too. For our French Treaty has become a French League Offensive and Defensive,⁴ to last for one

¹ See Burton, ii. 7 et seqq.

² Heath's Chronicle, pp. 720-1.

³ 7th August 1657, in his Fifty-ninth year (Biog. Brit. in voce).

⁴ Signed 23d March 1656-7 (Godwin, iv. 540).

year; and Reynolds is to be Land-General, and Montague to help him as Sea-General: of whom by and by there may be tidings.— But meanwhile this matter of the Kingship must be settled. All men wish it settled; and the present Editor as much as any! They have to meet tomorrow again, Tuesday 21st, at three o'clock: they for their uncertain airy talking, while so much hard fighting and solid work has to be managed withal.

SPEECH XIII.

His Highness this Tuesday, we find, has deserted the question of the Kingship; occupies himself with the other points of the New Instrument, what he calls the 'essentials' of it; leaving that comparatively empty unessential one to hang undecided, for the present. The Writer of *Burton's Diary*, Nathaniel Bacon or another, is much disappointed. The question of the Kingship not advanced a whit by this long Discourse, one of the most tedious we have yet listened to from his Highness. 'Nothing but a dark speech,' says he,¹ 'more promiscuous than before!'—A sensible Speech too, in some respects, Mr. Bacon. His Highness once more elucidates as he best can his past conduct, and the course of Providence in bringing us all hither to the very respectable pass we now stand in;—explains next what are the *essential* elements of keeping us safe here, and carrying us farther, as checking of Public Immorality, attention wiser and wiser to the Preaching Clergy, and for one indispensable thing, additional Provision of Cash;—and terminates by intimating with soft diffuseness, That when he has heard their answer as to these essential things (not that he makes them "conditions," that were terribly ill-judged!), he will then be prepared, in regard to unessential things, to King's Cloaks, Titles, and suchlike frippery and feathers in the cap, which are not without use say the Lawyers, but which irritate weak brethren,—to give such answer as may reasonably be expected from him, as God may set him free to do.—Let us listen, us and Whitlocke who also has to report, the best we can.

MY LORDS,

I think you may well remember what the issue was of the last Conference I had with you 'yesterday,' and what the stick² then was. I confess I took liberty 'at that

¹ Burton, ii. 7.

² stop.

time,' from the Order of Parliament ; whereby they gave me power to speak with you about those things that were in the body of that Instrument and Desire which you have been pleased to speak with me 'upon ;' that I might confer with you about those particulars, and might receive satisfaction from you as to them. Whether there will a good issue be to all these affairs or no, is only in the hands of God. That is a great secret ;—and secrets belong to God. To us belong things revealed ;—and such things are the subject-matter of this Instrument of yours : and 'the course is,' so far as they may have relation to me, That you and I shall consider what may be for the public good 'therein,' that so they may receive such an impression¹ as can humanly be given them.

I would be well understood in that I say, The former Debates and Conferences have been upon the Title ; and that rests as it did. But seeing, as I said before, your Order of Commitment, 'your Order to Committee,' doth as well reach to the particulars contained in the Instrument 'generally' as to that of the Title,—I did offer to you that I should desire to speak with you about *them* also. That so we may come to an understanding one with another, not What the things in their parts are, but What is in the whole conducive to that end we ought all to aim at,—which is a general Settlement upon good foundations.

Truly, as I have often said to the Parliament itself when they did me the honour to meet me in the Banqueting-House, so I may now say to you who are a Committee, a very considerable representation of the Parliament : I am hugely taken with the word *Settlement* ; with the thing, and with the notion of it. 'And indeed' I think he is not worthy to live in England who is not ! No ; I will do my part, so far as I am able, to expel that man out of the Nation who desireth not that in the general we come to a Settlement. Because indeed it is the great misery and unhappiness of a Nation to be without such : it is like a house (and so much worse than a "house") divided against itself ; it "cannot stand" without Settlement !—And therefore I hope, so far, we are all at a good point ;

¹ impulse and decision.

and the spirit of the Nation, I hope, in the generality of it, is so far at a good point: we are all contending for a Settlement. That is sure. But the question is, *De modo*, and Of those things 'and conditions' that will make it a good Settlement if possible. It's no fault to aim at perfection in Settlement! And truly I have said, and I say it again: That I think this 'present proposed Form of Settlement' doth tend to the making of the Nation enjoy the things we have 'all along' declared for; and I would come upon that issue with all men, or with any man. The things we have declared for, which have been the ground of our quarrelling and fighting all along,—the securing of these is what will accomplish the general work. Settlement is the general work. That which will give to the Nation to enjoy their civil and religious liberties; that which will conserve the liberties of every man, and not rob any man of what is justly his! I think these two things make up Settlement. I am sure they acquit us before God and man; having endeavoured, as we have done, through some streamings of blood, to attain that end.

I may tell you my 'own' experience in this business, and offend no good man who loves the Public before what is personal. Truly I shall, a little, shortly recapitulate to you what my observations and endeavours and interest have been to this end. And I hope no man that hath been interested in transactions all along¹ will blame me. And he shall have no cause to blame me: because I will take myself into the number of the Culpable Persons (if there be any such),—though perhaps apt enough, from the self-love I have, to be willing to be 'reckoned' innocent where I am so! And yet as willing withal to take my reproach, if anybody will lay it upon me, where I am culpable! And truly I have, through the Providence of God, endeavoured to discharge a poor duty; having had, as I conceive, a clear call to the stations I have acted in through all these affairs;—and I believe very many are sufficiently satisfied in that. I shall not go about saying anything to clear it to you [*No, your Highness; let it stand on its own feet*];—but must exercise myself in a little short Chronology. To come

¹ Not polite to add, "as I have been."

to that 'issue' [*Not the "Chronology," but what the Chronology will help to teach us!*] I say, is really all our business at present; and the business of this Nation: To come upon clear grounds; To consider the Providence of God, how He hath led us hitherunto.

After it pleased God to put an end to the War of this Nation; a final end; which was done at Worcester, in the determination and decision that was there by the hand of God,—for other War, we have had none that deserves the name of War, since that time, which is now six years gone September 'last;'—I came up to the Parliament that then was. And truly I found the Parliament, as I thought, very 'well' disposed to put a good issue to all those Transactions which had been in the Nation; and I rejoiced at it. And though I had not been well skilled in Parliamentary affairs, having been near ten years in the Field; yet, in my poor measure, my desires did tend to the same issue; believing verily that all the blood which had been shed, and all the distemper which God had suffered to be among us, which in some sense God had raised among us,—'believing, I say,' that surely Fighting was not the *end*, but the *means*, which had an end, and was in order to somewhat! Truly the end, then, was, I thought, Settlement; that is, that men might come to some consistencies. And to that end I did endeavour to add my mite,—which was no more than the interest any one member there might have,—after I was returned again to that capacity. And I did,—I shall tell you no fable, but things 'of' which divers persons here can tell whether they be true or no [*Threatening to blaze up again?*],—I did endeavour it. I would make the best interpretation of all that: but yet it is a truth, and nothing of a discovery on my part, but a fact which everybody knows to be true, That the Parliament, having done these memorable things—[*Sentence explodes; and even launches off into a panegyric of the Long Parliament,—preparatory to EXECUTION*].—They had done things of honour, and things of necessity; things which, if at this day you have any judgment that there lieth a possibility upon you to do any

good, and to bring this Nation to any foot of Settlement, I may say you are all along, in a good manner, beholden to that Parliament 'for.' But yet truly as men who contend for the Public Interest are not like to have the applause of all men, nor justification from all hands, so it was with them. And truly, when they had made preparations which might have led to the issuing in some good for the Settlement of these Nations, in point of liberty, in point of freedom from tyranny and oppression and from hazard of our religion,—To throw it all away upon men who designed by innovations to introduce Popery, and by complying with some notions introduce Arbitrariness upon a Civil account—[*"Royalist Malignants, in 1647, 1648, and Crypto-Royalists; with their 'notions' that of all things indispensable, a Stuart King was indispensable? That would never have done! The Long Parliament did need a Pride's Purge; could not"*—But the Sentence here, in its hasty impatience, as is usual, bursts]—Why, they had more enemies than friends, 'that Long Parliament had;' they had so all along! And this made them careful [*In 1648, trying to bargain with Charles, they were "full of care;" and even afterwards they could not decide all at once on granting a new Free Parliament and General Election; no!*],—upon principles of Nature, which do sometimes suggest the best. And upon the most undeniable grounds, they did think that it was not fit for them presently to go and throw themselves, and all this Cause, into hands that perhaps had no heart nor principle 'in common' with them to accomplish the end they had aimed at. [*In short, they, very properly, decided on sitting still for a while.*]

I grant, perhaps through infirmity they did desire to have continued themselves; to have perpetuated themselves upon that Act.¹ An Act which was justly enough obtained, and necessarily enough obtained, when they did get it from the King. But though, truly, it was good in the first obtaining of it; yet it was, by most men who had ventured their lives in this Cause, judged not fit to be perpetuated, but rather a

¹ Act, 10th May 1641, That we are not to be dissolved without our own consent. Necessary in all ways: the City would not lend money otherwise,—not even money could be had otherwise (*antea*, vol. i. p. 108).

thing that was to have an end when it had finished its course ! Which was certainly the true way of doing,—in subserviency to the bringing-in of what might be a good and honest Settlement to the Nation.—I must say to you that I found them very willing to perpetuate themselves ! And truly this is not a thing of reflection upon *all*, for perhaps some were not so ; —I can say it of some. The sober men whom I had converse with, were not for continuing ; but the major part, I think, did overrule in—that they would have continued. This is true that I say to you : I was entreated to comply with the plan, and advised to it ; and it was to have been accomplished by this medium, ‘They were’ to have sent into the country to have got their number reinforced, and the Parliament filled up by new elections. And it had this excuse, That it would not be against the Liberty of the People, nor against a *succession* of men coming into rule and government ; because as men died out of the House, so they should be supplied again. [*Like Sir John Cockle’s silk hose ; which always, after infinite darnings, could remain the same hose, though not a thread of the original silk was now left in them : a perennial pair of stockings. Such was the plan of the Rump.*] And this was the best answer they could give to all objections, ‘this,’ “That the proper way to govern is to have *successive* men in such great bodies as Parliaments ; to have men learning to know how to obey as well as how to govern.”¹ And truly the expedient they then offered was what I tell you.

The truth of it is, this did not satisfy a company of poor men [*Certain insignificant individuals,—mentioned elsewhere by the same name !*], who thought they had ventured their lives, and had some interest to inquire after these things ! And the rather, because really they had been invited out, ‘first of all, into this War,’ upon principles of honesty, conscience and religion ; “for Spiritual Liberties ;” as many as would come. ‘Yes :’ when the Cause was a little doubtful, there had issued forth a Declaration ‘of that purport,’ which was very inviting ; and men did come in ‘and enlist’ upon

¹ The ‘*Rota Club*’ (see Wood, iv. 1119, 1120, § Harrington) had not started in 1653 ; but this doctrine, it would seem, was already afloat ;—not much patronised by his Highness at any time.

that invitation ;—and did thereby think themselves not to be mercenary men, but men who had wives and children in the Nation, and ‘who’ therefore might a little look after satisfaction in what would be the Issue of the Business ! [*They told us always, We were soldiers, sworn as our first duty to obey ; but we answered (and it was intrinsically a fact), We were the most peculiar Soldiers that had ever handled steel in England ; whereby our first, and also our second and third, duties had become modified a good deal !*]

And when this thing was thus pressed, and perhaps overpressed ‘by us,’ That a period might be put, and some ascertainment made, and a time fixed,—why then truly the extreme ran another way. ‘*Parliament would not go at all, that had been the one extreme ; Parliament shall go straightway, that was now the other.*’ This is very true that I tell you ; although it shame me. ‘Extremes give rise to their opposite extremes ; and are honourable to nobody !’ I do not say it shames all that were of the House, for I know all were not of that mind ; but truly when this was urged, they on their side did fall into another extreme. And what was that ? Why, truly, then it was : Seeing this Parliament could not be perpetual, yet a Parliament might always be sitting. And to that end there was a Bill framed, That Parliaments might always be sitting ; that as soon as one Parliament went out of place, another might leap in.’ When we saw this, truly we thought it did but make a change in pretence ; and did not remedy the thing ! —However, it was pursued with such heat ‘in the House,’ I dare say there was more progress in it in a month than had ever been with the like business in four ; ‘so eager were they’ to hasten it to an issue, to get such a Parliament brought in : —to bring the state of the Nation into this, *A continual sitting of Parliament.*

¶ This arrangement, of a Parliament constantly sitting, his Highness and the company of poor men did by no means consider a good ‘Issue of the Business.’ It leads almost infallibly to ‘arbitrariness,’ argues his Highness (Speech III., vol. ii. p. 423), leads to &c. &c.—in fact, as in these days of ours is everywhere becoming too apparent, leads to ‘Nothing,’ to Self-cancelment (like that of the Kilkenny Cats) and peaceable Zero. Which in very few epochs of the world’s history is the desirable thing ! His Highness’s logic-arguments, here and in his other Speech, are none of the best ; but instincts and inarticulate insights much deeper than logic taught him well that ‘a Parliament always sitting was not the Balm of Gilead we had all been fighting for.

We did think, who were plain men, and I do think it still, That that had been, according to the old foolish proverb, "out of the frying-pan into the fire!" For, looking at the Government you would then have had, it was 'still' a "Commonwealth's" Government. [*Not entirely the Ideal of a Government, your Highness thinks?*] Why, we should have had fine work then! We should have had a Council of State, and a Parliament of Four-hundred men, executing arbitrary government [*As the Long Parliament did*] without intermission, except some change of a part of them; one Parliament stepping into the seat of another, just left warm for them; the same day that the one left, the other was to leap in!—Truly I did think, and I do think, however much some are enamoured with that kind of Government—[*Style getting hasty, hot; the Sentence breaks*]——Why it was no more but this, That Committees of Parliament should take 'all' upon them, and be instead of the Courts at Westminster! Perhaps some will think there had been no hurt in that arbitrariness of Committees? Where a man can neither come to prove nor to defend,—nor to know his judges; because there are one set of men who judge him today, and another set of men tomorrow! Thus was to have been the Law of England; and thus was to have been the way of judging this Nation. And truly I thought that it was an ill way of "judging." For I may say to you, with truth in regard to that, After it pleased God, your poor Army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither,—it did prove so. An outcry here in this place, 'then an outcry there in that,' to get some cause determined and judged. [*The way of Parliaments, your Highness, with their caballings and committeeings, and futile jargonings, and Babel outbabbled!*] And Committees erected to fetch men from the extremest parts of the Nation to London, to attend Committees 'set' to determine all things. And without any manner of satisfaction. Whether a man travel with never such right or never such wrong, he must come,—and he must go back again, as wise as he came. This truly was the case [*Fancy an old Ironside who had stood Dunbar and Worcester, and Marston and Naseby, dancing attendance here!*], and our condition. And

truly I must needs say, Take all that was in the practices there—[*Better not, your Highness!*],—I am sorry to tell the story of it!—Though there was indeed some necessity for such a thing. A Necessity for some Committees to look to Indemnity, ‘and suchlike;’ but no necessity for Committees instead of Courts of Justice! However, so it was; and this was the case of the People of England at that time; the Parliament assuming to itself the authority of the *Three Estates* that were before. It had so assumed that authority: and if any man had come and said, “What rules do you judge by?”—“Why, we have none! We are supreme, ‘we,’ in Legislature and in Judicature!”—

Such was the state of the case. And I thought, and we thought, and I think so still, That this was a pitiful remedy, ‘this that they proposed.’ [*This of a Perpetual Parliament, NEW-DARNED, like Sir John’s Perpetual Pair of Stockings:—a bad article in itself, whether new or new-darned, if you make it the exclusive one!*] And it will always be so when and whensoever a Perpetual Legislative is exercised; where the Legislative and Executive Powers are always the same.—Truly I think the Legislature might almost as well be in the Four Courts of Westminster Hall! If they could make Laws and Judges too, you would have excellent Laws; and the Lawyers would be able to give excellent counsel! And so it was then. This was our condition, without scruple or doubt; and I shall say no more to it. But the offer was made by us with a true and honest spirit; the desire, the entreaty that we might have a Settlement. And there is our “Settlement;” that is what they propose for a Settlement!—

It was desired then, it was offered and desired, that the Parliament would be pleased, either of their own body or of any else, to choose a certain number of men [*The Puritan Notables; ah yes!*] to settle the Nation: “This,” said we, “is unsettlement, this is confusion!” For, give me leave, if any body now have the face to say,—and I would die upon this—[*Sentence catching fire*!—if any man in England have the impudence [*Ah!*] or face to say, That the reluctance of the Parliament to dissolve themselves was their fear of hasty throw-

ing of the Liberties of the People of God, and of the Nation, into the hands of a bare Representative of the People,—which was then the business *we* opposed : if any man have the face to say this *now*, who did *then* judge it, ‘that last measure of theirs,’ and I will say more, ought then to have judged it, to be a confounding of the whole Cause we had fought for,—which it was,—I would look upon that man’s face! I would be glad to see such a man!¹ I do not say there is any such here : but if any such should come to me, see if I would not look upon him, and tell him he is an hypocrite! I dare say it, and I dare die for it, ‘he is an hypocrite;’—knowing the spirit that hath been in some men to me. They come and tell me, They do not like my being Protector. Why do you not?—“Why, because you will exercise arbitrary government.”—Why, what is it you want me to do?—“Pray, turn those Gentlemen ‘of the Long Parliament’ all in again; then we will like you exceedingly well!”—[*Inarticulate interjection; snort or “Humph!”*]²—I was a child in swaddling clouts!² I cannot go beyond the Instrument of Government. I cannot do anything but in coördination with the Council. They fear, ‘these objectors,’ “arbitrary government” by *me* in that way; but if arbitrary government were restored to be general ‘by reinstatement of the Long Parliament,’ then they are not afraid of it! Such things as these are, such hypocrisies as these are, should they enter into the heart of any man that hath truth or honesty in him?—

Truly that was our case :—and finding our case to be thus, we did press the Parliament, as I told you, That they would be pleased to select some Worthy Persons who had loved this Cause, and the liberties of England, and the interest of Eng-

¹ A dangerous spectator, your Highness, with that thundery countenance of yours!—His Highness’s anger is exceedingly clear; but the cause of it, in this intricate sentence, much more in the distracted coagulum of jargon which the original here offers, is by no means so clear. On intense inspection, he discovers himself to be (as above) reproaching certain parties who now affect to regret the Long Parliament, which while it existed they had been sufficiently loud in condemning. You say: “They were afraid to fling the whole Cause into the lottery of a general Parliament:”—*They?* while *we* opposed that; and while that was the very thing they at last were recklessly doing! I should like to see the face of a man brazen enough for a story like this!

² So tied-up with restrictions in that first Instrument; had not the smallest power to do ‘arbitrary government.’

land : and we told them we would acquiesce, and lie at *their* 'the Worthy Persons's' feet ; but that to be thrown into Parliaments which should sit perpetually, though but for three years 'each,' we had experience of that ! An experience which may remain to this day, to give satisfaction to honest and sober men !—Why, truly this might have satisfied, this proposal of ours ; but it did not. And therefore we did think that it was the greatest of dangers, 'thus' to be overwhelmed, and brought under a slavery by our own consent, and "Iniquity to become a Law."¹ And there was our ground we acted upon at that time. And truly they had perfected their Bill for perpetuating of Parliaments to the last Clause [*Hear !*] ; and we resolved to pass it as a Bill in Paper, 'not even engrossed on Parchment as the wont was,' rather than comply with any expedient. [*We then entered upon them ; bade them with emphasis, Go about their business ! That's no lie !*]—If your own experience add anything to you in this, 'if you ever individually had to do with a Long-Parliament Committee, and know its ways,'—in this point, "Whether or no, in cases civil and criminal, if a Parliament assume an absolute power, without any control, to determine the interests of men in property and liberty ; whether or no *this* be desirable in a Nation ?"—if you have any sense [*"General openness of perception ;" not exactly our modern word ; but a questionable expression, as his Highness immediately sees : "any sense"*],—as I believe you have,—you have more than I,— —'then' I think you will take it for a mercy that *that* did not befall England at that time ! And that is all I will say of it.

Truly I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly. [*The Little Parliament.*] And yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it was : and though some of my companions—["*May dislike my mentioning the story ?*"]

¹ 'The Throne of Iniquity, which frameth mischief by a Law' (Psalm xciv. 20). A fearful state of matters ; shadowed forth by old Prophets as the fearfulest of all ; but entirely got rid of in these modern days,—if Dryasdust and the general course of *new* Prophecy may be credited, to whom Law *is* Equity, and the mere want of 'Law,' with its three readings, and tanned pieces of sheepskin written-over in bad English, is Iniquity.—O Dryasdust, thy works in this world are wonderful. Thy notions of this world, thy ideas, what thou namest ideas, perhaps defy all ages, even ages when Witchcraft was believed in,—or when human creatures worshipped Leeks, and considered that the Founder of this Universe was one Apis, ■ sacred Prize-Ox ! I begin to be weary of thee.

—*The Sentence, in its haste, has no time to END.*]—And truly this is a story that should not be recorded, that should not be told, except when good use may be made of it. I say, It was thought then that men of our own judgment, who had fought in the Wars, and were all of a piece upon that account ; —‘it was thought,’ “Why surely these men will hit it, and these men will do it to the purpose, whatever can be desired !” And truly we did think, and I did think so,—the more blame to me. And such a Company of Men were chosen [*The Little Parliament ;—Convention of the Puritan Notables*] ; and did proceed to action. And truly this was the naked truth, That the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design. [*Poor Puritan Notables !*]

What the issue of that Meeting would have been ‘seemed questionable,’ and was feared : upon which the sober men of that Meeting did withdraw ; and came and returned my power as far as they could,—they did actually the greater part of them,—into my hands ; professing and believing that the issue of that Meeting would have been The subversion of your Laws and of all the Liberties of this Nation, the destruction of the Ministers of this Nation ; in a word, the confusion of all things. ‘Confusion of all things !’ To set up, instead of Order, the Judicial Law of Moses, in abrogation of all our administrations ; to have had administered the Judicial Law of Moses *pro hic et nunc*, according to the wisdom of any man that would have interpreted the Text this way or that—!—And if you do not believe that these Persons, ‘thereupon sent home,’ were sent home by the major part ‘of themselves,’ who were judicious and sober and learned (the minority being the worser part upon this account), and with my consent *a parte post*,—you will believe nothing ! [*Somewhat tart.*] For the persons that led in that Meeting were Mr. Feak and his Assemblage in Blackfriars. [*We know “Feak,” and other foul chimneys on fire, from of old !—As for “Mr. Squib,” he sits now with Venner and the Fifth-Monarchy, safe locked in the Tower.*] ‘Mr. Feak,’ Major-General Harrison, and the rest that associated with him at one Mr. Squib’s house. There were all the resolutions taken that were acted in that House ‘of Par-

liament' day by day. And this was so *de facto* ; I know it to be true. And that such must naturally be the product of it, I do but appeal to that Book I told you of the other day [“*Standard set up*”], That all Magistracy and Ministry is Antichristian, wherefore all these things ought to be abolished. Which we are certain must have been the issue of that Meeting. [*A failure, that poor Convention of the Puritan Notables!*]

So that you have been delivered, if I think aright, from two evils. The *one*, a secular evil, which would have swallowed up all religious and civil interest, and brought us under the horriddest arbitrariness that ever was exercised in the world: To have had Five or Six hundred “Friends,”¹ with *their* friends, ‘the Feaks &c.,’ intrusted with the judgment of all causes, and to judge of them without rule ; thinking that “the Power which swallowed up all other Lawful Powers in the Nation” hath all the power *they* ever had, both Legislative and Judiciary ! In short, a thing which would have swallowed both the Civil and Religious Interest. And the *other* evil— [*His Highness has already inextricably caudled the two together, and here merely gives them another stir*]—merely under a Spiritual Interest, would have swallowed up all again in another extreme,—‘no stated Ministry being allowed.’ All our Civil and Religious Interest ; and had made our Ministry, and all the things we were beholding to God for, ‘of no account’ ! Truly we think we ought to value *this* Interest above all the interests in the world : but if this latter had not as surely been destroyed as the former, I understand nothing.—

And having told you these two things, ‘two Failures in getting Settlement’—truly it makes me in love with this Paper ; and with all the things in it ; and with the additions I have now to tender you thereto ; and with *Settlement* above all things in the world !—Except ‘only’ that, where I left you last time [“*The Kingship!*” *Committee of Ninety-nine look alert*] ;—for that, I think, we have debated. [*Look dumpish again.*] I have heard your mind, and you have heard mine ‘as to that ;’ I have told you my heart and judgment ; and

¹ The name of Quakers already budding in 1653,—now, in 1657, budded and blown.

the Lord bring forth His own issue. [*His Highness produces the Engrossed Vellum.*]

I think we are now to consider, not what we are in regard to our Footing and that of the Government which called this Parliament. [*No: our First foolish Parliament spent all their time on that; not you, my wiser Friends.*] Our Footing and Government is, till there be an end put to it,—that that hath existence! [*What other definition of it can be given, or need?*] And so I shall say nothing to it. If it accomplisheth the end of our Fighting, and all those blessed ends and aims that we should aim at; if it do,—I would we might keep it, and remain where we are. If it do not, I would we might have a better!—Which¹ truly I do come out of myself to tell you, That as to the substance and body of your Instrument, I do look upon it as having things in it,—if I may speak freely and plainly; I may, and we all may!—I say, the things that are provided for in this ‘Act of’ Government [*Handling the Vellum*] do secure the Liberties of the People of God so as they never before had them! And he must be a pitiful man who thinks the People of God ever had the like Liberty either *de facto* or *de jure*;—*de jure* from God, I think they have had it from the beginning of the world to this day, and have it still,—but asserted by a *jus humanum* I say, they never had it so as they have it now. I think you have provided for the Liberty of the People of God, and ‘for the Liberty’ of the Nation. And I say he sings sweetly that sings a song of reconciliation betwixt those two Interests! And it is a pitiful fancy, like wisdom and ignorance, to think they are inconsistent. Certainly they may consist! And, I speak my conscience of this ‘Act of’ Government, I think you have made them to consist.

And therefore, I must say, in that, and in other things, you have provided well,—that you have. And because I see the Rule of the Parliament, ‘your written Order here,’ gives you leave to speak with me about the particulars (I judge the Parliament doth think that any Member it has is not to be neglected in offering of anything that may be of additional

¹ Ungrammatical, but unalterable. Means ‘On which hint.’

good),—therefore, I having a little surveyed the Instrument, I have a Paper here to offer you upon that account. [*Handles a paper of his own.*] And truly I must needs say and think that, in such a case as this, where so new a work and so strange a work as this is before you, it will not be thought ill [*Not at all, your Highness,—only get on !*] if I do with a little earnestness press you for some explanations in some things. ‘A few explanations’ that may help to complete the business, and leave me—(for it is only handled with *me* ‘and for *my* behoof’ at this time, not with you and the Parliament whom you represent) :—I say, I would be glad that you might leave me, and all opposers, without excuse ; as well as glad that you should settle this Nation to the uttermost advantage for it ;—in all the things I have to offer you. They are not very weighty ; they may tend to the completion of the business ; and therefore I shall take the freedom to read them to you.

[First, however, this Editor, with your Highness’s leave, will read to the Moderns a certain excerpt or abstract from the Engrossed Vellum itself, which he has obtained sight of, ‘that they also may understand what your Highness will animadvert upon. Let the Moderns pay what attention they can.

‘*Article Fourth* of the Petition and Advice is taken up with describing who are to be Electors to Parliament, and Eligibles,—or rather who not ; for it is understood that, except the classes of persons here specified, all who had such a privilege by the old Laws are still entitled to vote and to be voted for.

‘The Classes excluded from electing or being elected are the following :

‘1. All who have been concerned in the rebellion of Ireland ; or who, with or without concern in said Rebellion, are or shall become Papists.—All who have advised, abetted or assisted in any War against the Parliament since the First of January 1641-2,—unless they have since given signal proofs of repentance, by bearing arms *for* the Parliament,—or in some other “signal” manner, difficult to define. The defining of which has occasioned great debates in Parliament.¹ This excludes all the English and other Malignants.—All who have ever been engaged in any Plot against the Person of his Highness ; or, apart from that, have been en-

¹ Whitlocke, p. 648 et seqq. ; Parliamentary History, xxi. 129 et seqq.

² Burton’s Diary.

gaged in any Insurrection in England or Wales “since 16th December 1653,” beginning of the Protectorate.

‘2. In Scotland all who have been in arms against the Parliament of England or the Parliament of Scotland before the First of April 1648. This excludes the Montrose Party and Royalists Proper of Scotland,—except such as have given “signal” &c. But then follows this clause in favour of the Hamilton Engagers, and the Dunbar and Worcester people, which attracts his Highness’s animadversion in the present Discourse: “Nor any” (shall elect or be elected) “who *since* the First of April 1648 have been in arms, or otherwise aided, abetted” &c. (which excludes all the Preston, and all the Dunbar and Worcester people; with, however, a most *important* exception)—“except such as since the First day of March 1651–2 have *lived peaceably*,”—as they might *all* very well do, having been all smashed to powder six months before, at Worcester Fight, and their “Chief Malignant,” whom they had set up as King, being now sent on his travels, somewhat in the style of a King of the Gipsies!’ His Highness cannot but animadvert on this with some tartness.

With these exceptions, and one ‘proviso for Ireland’ to be speedily noticed, all Freeholders of Counties, according to the old definition, shall vote; and all Burgesses and Citizens of Towns,—nay, I think, there is in this latter department a tendency towards the *Potwalloper* System; but modified of course by the established custom of each several locality in that respect.

And now let us hear his Highness in regard to Paragraph Second of Article Fourth :]

In the Fourth Article and Second Paragraph, you have something that respects the calling of Members to Parliament ‘for Scotland.’ You would not have those excluded that were under Duke Hamilton, and made that Invasion.¹ Because it hath been said to you, perhaps, that if you should exclude all ‘such,’ you would have no Members from that Nation? I hope there be persons of that Nation who will be ready to give a better testimony of their country than admit that argument! And I hope it is no argument: but if it be one, then truly, to meet with the least certainty as to qualifications, you should indeed exclude men of your own country upon better ‘defined’ crimes; you should hold them off upon

¹ Which met its due at Preston.

stricter characters 'than those given'! It is thought, the qualification there which saith, of their "good testimony," That they are to be men who have given good testimony by their quiet living—Why, truly, for divers years, they have not been willing to do other; they have not had an easy possibility to do otherwise, than to live quietly! [*Not since the taming they got at Worcester, your Highness!*] Though perhaps 'at bottom' many of them have been the same men:—and yet 'certainly too' I know many of them are good men, worthy men.—And therefore whether it be not fit, in that place, to explain somewhat farther, and put some other character¹ upon what may really be regarded as "a good testimony" of their *being* otherwise minded, of their *being* now of another judgment? I confess I have not anything here to supply this defect with: but certainly if the description so stand as it now is in your Article,—those men, though they be never so indisposed, enemies and remain so, yet if they have "lived peaceably," where they could neither will nor choose 'to live otherwise,' they are to be admitted. I only tell you so, being without any amendment for it; and when done, I shall leave it all with yourselves. This is for the Second Paragraph.

[For the Second Paragraph his Highness is "without any amendment" of his own; offers us nothing to "supply the defect:" indeed it is difficult to supply well, as that Nation stands and has stood. Besides they send but Fifty Members in all, poor creatures; it is no such vital matter! Paragraph Second remains unaltered.—And now let the Moderns attend for an instant to Paragraph Third:

'Article Fourth, Paragraph Third: A proviso as to Ireland, "that no English or Scotch Protestant in Ireland who before the First of March 1649-50" (just about the time his now Highness, then Lord General, was quitting Ireland, having entirely demolished all chance of opposition there) "have borne arms *for* the Parliament or your Highness, or otherwise given signal testimony" &c. "shall be excluded."' This also to his Highness seems worthy of animadversion.]

¹ description.

In the Third Paragraph of the same Article, whereas it is said, "That all persons in Ireland be made capable to elect or to be elected who, before the First of March 1649, have borne arms for the Parliament, or otherwise given testimony of their good affections to the Parliament and continued faithful to the Parliament:"—and yet perhaps many of them are since revolted 'against us'!—Whether it be not necessary that this be more clearly expressed? For it seems to capacitate all those who revolted from the Parliament;¹ if they have borne arms for the State before the First of March 1649, it seems to restore them. But if *since* then they have revolted, as I doubt many of our English-Irish have done, why then the question is, Whether those men who lately² have been angry and have flown to arms; Whether you will think their having borne arms formerly on the Parliament's side shall be an exemption to them? This is but tendered to you, for some worthy person here to give an answer unto?

[Very rational and irrefragable. It is accordingly altered: 'Signal testimony of their good affection to the *Commonwealth or your Highness, and continued*' &c.—And now let us look at Paragraph Fifth; concerning the last item of which his Highness has a word to say:

"*Article Fourth, Paragraph Fifth.* All who are atheistical, blasphemous, "married to Popish wives," who train or shall train any child to be Popish, or consent that a son or daughter of theirs shall marry a Papist;—who are scoffers of religion, or can be proved to have scoffed any one for being religious; who deny the Scriptures to be God's Word; who deny Sacraments, Ministry or Magistracy to be ordinances of God (Harrison's set); who are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, haunters of taverns or alehouses;—in short demonstrably unchristian men. All who are Public Preachers too.' Concerning this latter clause his Highness has a remark to make.

'Following in the rear of which, in the same Fifth Paragraph, is a new Item which still more deserves consideration. For securing the "Freedom of Parliament" as well as its Purity, there are to be Forty-one Commissioners appointed "by Act of Parliament with your Highness's consent," who are to examine and certify whether the Persons returned by these rules are, after all, qualified to sit.'

¹ The Ormond Royalists almost all;—Malignant enough many of them.

² in late years.

—So that it is not to be by the Council of State henceforth, and by “Nathaniel Tayler, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery,” with his *Certificate* in the Lobby, that Honourable Gentlemen are to be turned back at the door of the House, and sent to redact *Protests*, as in the case of this present Parliament! Forty-one Commissioners are now to do it. His Highness on this also will have a word to say.]

In the Fifth Paragraph of the same Article, you have incapacitated Public Preachers from sitting in Parliament. And truly I think your intention is ‘of’ such ‘only’ as have Pastoral Function; such as are actually real Ministers. For I must say to you, in behalf of our Army,—in the next place to their fighting, *they* have been very good “Preachers:” and I should be sorry they should be excluded from serving the Commonwealth because they have been accustomed to “preach” to their troops, companies and regiments:—which I think has been one of the blessings upon them to the carrying-on of the great Work. I think you do not mean so ‘that they should be excluded:’ but I tender it to you that, if you think fit, there may be a consideration had of it. There may be some of us, it may be, who have been a little guilty of that, who would be loath to be excluded from sitting in Parliament ‘on account of it’! [*“I myself have been known, on occasion, to exhort my troops with Bible texts and considerations; to ‘preach,’ if you like to call it so! What has my whole Life been but a ‘Sermon’ of some emphasis; preached with tongue and sword, with head and heart and right hand, and soul and body and breeches-pocket,—not without results, one would venture to hope!”—This Clause, the Committee, expressly or tacitly, will modify as desired.*]

In the same Paragraph, there is care taken for the nominating of Commissioners to *try* the Members who are chosen to sit in Parliament. And truly those Commissioners are uncertain Persons; and it is hard to say what may happen. I hope they will be always good men;—but if they should be bad, then perhaps they will keep out good men! Besides we think,—truly, if you will give us leave to help as to the “freedom of Parliament,” this ‘of the Commissioners’ will be

something that may go rather harshly down than otherwise ! Very many reasons might be given ; but I do only tender it to you. I think, if there were *no* Commissioners, it might be never a whit the worse :—if you make qualifications ‘for Membership,’ and any man presume to sit without those qualifications, you may deal with him. A man without qualifications, sitting there, is as if he were not chosen ; and if he sit without being *chosen*, without having qualification,—I am sure the old custom was to send him to the Tower [*That will settle him !*], to imprison such a one ! If any sit there that have not right to sit,—if any stranger come in upon a pretended title of *election*, perhaps it is a different case,—but if any sit there upon pretence of *qualification* in him, you may send *him* to prison without more ado. Whether you think fit to do so or no, is parliamentary business :—I do but hint it to you. I believe, If any man had sat in former Parliaments without, ‘for instance,’ taking the oaths &c. that were prescribed, it would have been fault enough in him. I believe something of that kind, ‘instead of your Forty-one Commissioners,’ might be equivalent to any other way, if not better.

[The Honourable House does not want any more concern with Nathaniel Tayler and his *Certificates*. This Paragraph remains unaltered. Forty-one Commissioners, Fifteen a quorum ; future Parliaments to name a future set when they like : the Examinations as to Members are to be by oath of informer in writing, with copies left &c., and rigorous enough formalities.—Let us now glance at Article Fifth :

‘*Article Fifth* relates to the “Other House ;” a new House of Lords we are getting up. Not more than Seventy of them, not fewer than Forty : they are to be nominated by your Highness and approved by this House : all classes excluded ‘by the preceding Article from our body are of course excluded from theirs.’ His Highness has a remark to make on this also.]

In that Article, which I think is the Fifth Article [*Yes*], which concerns the Nomination of the Other House,—in the beginning of that Article it stands, That the House is to be nominated as you there design it,¹ and the approbation is to

¹ ‘as you there design it ;’ polite for ‘by me.’

be from This House,—I would say, from the Parliament. It stands so. But then now, if any shall be subsequently named, after the Other House is *sat*, upon any accidental removal or death,—you do not say ‘How.’ Though it seems to refer to the same ‘rule’ as the first ‘original’ selection doth; yet it doth not so clearly intimate this, That the nomination shall be, where it was, with the Chief Officer,¹ and the approbation of the “Other House.” If I do express clearly what you—Pardon me: but I think that is the aim of it; and it is not clearly expressed there;—as I think you will be able to judge whether it be or no.

[Article Fifth ruled as his Highness wishes. And now take Article Seventh:

Article Seventh promises, but does not say how, that there shall be a yearly Revenue of 1,300,000*l.*; one million for Navy and Army, 300,000*l.* for the support of the Government. No part of it by a Land-tax. Other temporary supplies to be granted by the Commons in Parliament,—and neither this Revenue nor any other charge whatever to be laid upon the subject except according to the Parliament’s direction and sanction.’ Such yearly Revenue the Parliament promises in this Petition and Advice, but does not specify in what way it shall be raised: which omission also his Highness fails not to comment on.]

In the Seventh Article, which concerns the Revenue, that is, the Revenue which you have appointed for the Government; wherein you have distributed Three-hundred-thousand pounds of it to the Maintenance of the Civil Authority, and One-million to the maintenance of your Forces by Sea and Land:—you have indeed in your Instrument said so, ‘that there shall be such a Revenue,’ and we cannot doubt of it: but yet you have not made it certain; nor yet those “temporary supplies” which are intended for the peace and safety of the Nations. It is desired, That you will take this into your thoughts, and make the general and temporary allowances of Revenue *certain* both as to the sum and to the times those “supplies” are to be continued. [*Let us know what ground we stand on.*] And truly I hope I do not curry favour with

¹ Cannot say ‘me.’

you : but another thing is desired, and I may very reasonably desire it, That these moneys, whatever they are ;—that they may not, if God shall bring me to any interest in this business,¹ as lieth at His disposal ;—that these moneys, ‘I say,’ may *not* be issued out by the authority of the Chief Magistrate, but by the advice of his Council. You have made in your Instrument a coördination ‘of Council and Chief Magistrate’ in general terms : ‘but I could wish’ that this might be a specified thing, That the moneys were not to be distributed ‘except by authority of both.’ It will be a safety to whosoever is your Supreme Magistrate, as well as a security to the Public, That the moneys be issued out by advice of the Council, and that the Treasurers who receive these moneys be accountable every Parliament, within a certain time limited by yourselves ;—‘that’ every new Parliament, the Treasurer be accountable to the Parliament for the disposing of the Treasury.

[‘*Article Ninth* : Judges, Principal Officers of State, Commanders-in-chief by Sea or Land, all chief Officers civil and military, “are to be approved-of by both Houses of Parliament.”’]

There is mention made of the Judges in your Ninth Article. It is mentioned that the Officers of State and the Judges are to be chosen with the approbation of Parliament. But now if there be no Parliament sitting, should there be never so great a loss of Judges, it cannot be supplied. And whether you do not intend that, in the intervals of Parliament, it should be by the choice—[*Omit “of the Chief Magistrate,” or politely mumble it into indistinctness*],—with the consent of the Council ; to be *afterwards* approved by Parliament?

[Certainly, your Highness ; reason so requires it. Be it tacitly so ruled.—And now for Article Twelfth :

‘*Article Twelfth* (Let us still call it *Article Twelfth*, though in the ultimate Redaction it has come to be marked *Thirteenth*) :—Classes of persons incapable of holding any office. Same, I think, as those excluded from elections,—only there is no penalty annexed. His Highness makes some remarks upon this, under the

¹ If I live, and continue to govern.

Title of "Article Twelfth;" a new article introduced for securing Purchasers of Church Lands, which is now Article Twelfth,¹ has probably pushed this into the Thirteenth place.]

The Twelfth Article relates to several qualifications that persons must be qualified with, who are put into places of Public Office and Trust. [*Treats all of disqualifications, your Highness; which, however, comes to the same thing.*] Now if men shall step into Public Places and Trust who are not so qualified, 'I do not see but hereby still' they may execute them. "Office of Trust" is a very large word; it goeth almost to a Constable, if not altogether;—it goeth far. Now if any shall come-in who are not so qualified, they certainly do commit a breach upon your rule:—and whether you will not think in this case that if any shall take upon him an Office of Trust, there shall not some *Penalty* be put upon him, where he is excepted by the general rule? Whether you will not think it fit in that respect to deter men from accepting Offices and Places of Trust, contrary to that Article?

[Nothing done in this. The "Penalty," vague in outline, but all the more terrible on that account, can be sued-for by any complainant in Westminster Hall.

'Article Thirteenth suddenly provides that your Highness will be pleased to consent that "Nothing in this Petition and Advice, or the assent thereto, shall be construed to extend to—the dissolving of this present Parliament!"'—"Oh, no!" answers his Highness in a kind of bantering way; "not in the least!"]

The next 'Article' is fetched, in some respects, I may say, by head and shoulders into your Instrument! Yet in some sense it hath an affinity 'with the rest, too;' I may say, I think it is within your general scope² upon this account;—'yes,' I am sure of it: There is mention made in the last parts of your Instrument [*Looking in the Paper; Article Eighteenth*] of your purpose to do many good things:—I am confident, *not* like the gentleman who made his last will, and set down a great number of names of men who were to receive benefit by him, and there was no sum at the latter end! ["You can-

¹ Whitlocke, p. 659.

² 'order' in orig.

not do these 'many good things' if I dissolve you! That will be a Will, with many beneficiary legatees, and no sum mentioned at the end!" His Highness wears a pleasant bantering look;—to which the countenances of the others, even Bulstrode's leaden countenance, respond by a kind of smile.]

I am confident you are resolved to deal effectually in these things at the latter end; and I should wrong my own conscience if I thought otherwise. I hope you *will* think sincerely, as before God, "That the Laws be regulated."¹ I hope you will. We have been often talking of them:—and I remember well, at the old Parliament [*Whitlocke and Glynn look intelligence*], we were three months, and could not get over the word "Incumbrances" [*Hum-m-m!*]: and we thought there was little hope of "regulating the Law" where there was such difficulty as to that. But surely the Laws need to be regulated! And I must needs say, I think it were a sacrifice acceptable to God, upon many accounts. And I am persuaded it is one of the things that God looks for, and would have. [*Alas, your Highness!*—I confess, if any man should ask me, "Why, how would you have it done?" I confess I do not know How. But I think verily, at the least, the Delays in Suits, and the Excessiveness in Fees, and the Costliness of Suits, and those various things which I do not know what names they bear—I heard talk of "Demurrers" and suchlike things, which I scarce know—[*Sentence is wrecked*]!—But I say certainly, The people are greatly suffering in this respect; they are so. And truly if this whole business of Settlement, whatever be the issue of it, if it come, which I am persuaded it doth, as a thing that would please God;—'then,' by a sacrifice 'to God' in it, or rather as an expression of our thankfulness to God, I am persuaded that *this* will be one thing that will be upon your hearts, to do something that is honourable and effectual in this. [*"Reforming of the Law!" Alas, your Highness!*]

'Another thing' that—truly I say that it is not in your Instrument—[*Nothing said of it there, which partly embarrasses his Highness; who is now getting into a small Digression*]!—

¹ One of their concluding promises (Article Eighteenth).

Somewhat that relates to the Reformation of Manners,—you will pardon me!—My Fellow Soldiers ‘the Major Generals,’ who were raised-up upon that just occasion of the Insurrection, not only “to secure the Peace of the Nation,” but to see that persons who were least likely to help-on “peace” or to continue it, but rather to break it—[“*These Major-Generals, I say, did look after the restraining of such persons; suppressed their horse-racings, cock-fightings, sinful roysterings; took some charge of ‘REFORMATION OF MANNERS,’ they:*”—but his Highness is off elsewhither, excited by this ‘tickle subject,’ and the Sentence has evaporated]—Dissolute loose persons that can go up and down from house to house,—and they are Gentlemen’s sons who have nothing to live on, and cannot be supplied with means of living to the profit of the Commonwealth: these I think had a good course taken with them. [Ordered to fly-away their game-cocks, unmuzzle their bear-baitings; fall to some regular livelihood, some fixed habitat, if they could,—and, on the whole, to duck low, keep remarkably quiet, and give no rational man any trouble with them which could be avoided!] And I think what was done to them was honourably and honestly and profitably done. And, for my part, I must need say, It¹ showed the dissoluteness which was then in the Nation;—as indeed it springs most from that Party of the Cavaliers! Should that Party run on, and no care be taken to reform the Nation; to prevent, perhaps, abuses which will not fall under this head alone—! [Not under Reformation of MANNERS alone: what will the consequence be?]

We send our children into France before they know God or Good Manners;² and they return with all the licentiousness of that Nation. Neither care taken to educate them before they go, nor to keep them in good order when they come home! Indeed, this makes the Nation not only commit those abominable things, most inhuman things, but hardens men to justify those things;—as the Apostle saith, “Not only to do wickedly themselves, but to take pleasure in them that

¹ The course taken with them, the quantity of coercion they needed, and of complaint made thereupon, are all loosely included in this “It.”

² Morals.

do so." And truly, if something be not done in this kind, 'in the way of reforming public morals,' without sparing that condition of men, without sparing men's sons, though they be Noblemen's sons—! [*Sentence breaks down*].—Let them be who they may that are deoboist, it is for the glory of God that nothing of outward consideration should save them in their debauchery from a just punishment and reformation! And truly I must needs say it, I would much bless God to see something done in that matter heartily, not only as to those persons mentioned, but to all the Nation; that some course might be taken for Reformation; that there might be some stop put to such a current of wickedness and evil as this is! And truly, to do it heartily, and nobly and worthily! The Nobility of this Nation, they especially, and the Gentry, would have cause to bless you. And likewise that some care might be taken that those good Laws already made for punishing of vice might be put in execution.

This I must needs say of our Major-Generals who did that service: I think it was an excellent good thing;—I profess I do! [*Yes; though there were great outcries about it.*] And I hope you will not think it unworthy of you 'to consider,' that though we may have good Laws against the common Country disorders that are everywhere, yet Who is to execute them 'now, the Major-Generals being off'? Really a Justice of the Peace,—he shall by the most be wondered at as an owl, if he go but one step out of the ordinary course of his fellow Justices in the reformation of these things! [*Cannot do it; not he.*] And therefore I hope I may represent this to you as a thing worthy your consideration, that something may be found out to repress such evils. I am persuaded you would glorify God by this as much as by any one thing you could do. And therefore I hope you will pardon me.

[His Highness looks to the Paper again, after this Digression. *Article Fifteenth* in his Highness's copy of the Paper, as we understand, must have provided, 'That no part of the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament:' but his Highness having thus remonstrated against it, the Article is suppressed, expunged; and we only gather by this passage that such a thing had ever been.]

I cannot tell, in this Article that I am now to speak unto, whether I speak to anything or nothing! There is a desire that 'no part of' "the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament." I doubt "Public Revenue" is like "*Custodes Libertatis Angliæ*;" a notion only; and not to be found that I know of! [*It is all alienated; Crown Lands &c. are all gone, long ago. A beautiful dream of our youth, as the "Keepers of the LIBERTY of England" were—a thing you could nowhere lay hands on, that I know of!*] But if there be any,—and if God bless us in our Settlement, there will be Public Revenue accruing,—the point is, Whether you will subject this to any alienation without consent of Parliament?

[We withdraw the question altogether, your Highness: when once the chickens are *hatched*, we will speak of selling them!—Let us now read Article Sixteenth:

'Article Sixteenth,' in his Highness's copy of the Paper, provides that no Act or Ordinance already extant, which is not contrary to this Petition and Advice, shall be in the least made void hereby.'—His Highness, as we shall see, considers this as too indefinite, too indistinct; a somewhat vague foundation for Church-Land Estates (for example), which men purchased with money, but hold only in virtue of Writs and Ordinances issued by the Long Parliament.—A new Article is accordingly added, in our Perfect-copy; specifying, at due breadth, with some hundreds of Law-vocables, that all is and shall be safe, according to the common sense of mankind, in that particular.]

Truly this thing that I have now farther to offer you,—it is the last in this Paper; it is the thing mentioned in the Sixteenth Article: That you would have those Acts and Ordinances which have been made since the late Troubles, and during the time of them, 'kept unabrogated;' that they should, if they be not contrary to this Advice,¹—that they should remain in force, in such manner as if this Advice had not been given. Why, what is doubted is, Whether or no this will be sufficient to keep things in a settled condition?² Because it is but an implication 'that you here make;' it is not determined. You do pass-by the thing, without such a

¹ Petition and Advice; but we politely suppress the former part of the name.

² It was long debated; see Burton.

foundation as will keep those people, who are now in possession of Estates upon this account, that their titles be not questioned or shaken,—if the matter be not explained. Truly I believe you intend very fully in regard to this ‘of keeping men safe who have purchased on that footing.’ If the words already ‘used’ do not suffice—That I submit to your own advisement.

But there is in this another very great consideration. There have been, since the present Government ‘began,’ several Acts and Ordinances, which have been made by the exercise of that Legislative Power that was exercised since we undertook this Government [*Very cumbrous phraseology, your Highness; for indeed the subject is somewhat cumbrous. Questionable, to some, whether one CAN make Acts and Ordinances by a mere Council and Protector!*]: And I think your Instrument speaks a little more faintly ‘as’ to these, and dubiously, than to the other! And truly, I will not make an apology for anything: but surely two persons, two sorts of them, ‘very extensive sorts,’ will be merely concerned upon this account: They who exercised that authority, and they who were objects of its exercise! This wholly dissettles them; wholly, if you be not clear in your expressions. It will dissettle us very much to think that the Parliament doth not approve well of what hath been done ‘by us’ upon a true ground of necessity, in so far as the same hath saved this Nation from running into total arbitrariness. ‘Nay, if not,’ why subject the Nation to a sort of men who perhaps would do so?¹ We think we have in that thing deserved well of the State. [*Do not “dissettle” his Highness! He has, “in that thing,” of assuming the Government and passing what Ordinances &c. were indispensable, “deserved well.”—Committee of Ninty-nine agree to what is reasonable.*]

If any man will ask me, “But ah, Sir, what have you done since?”—Why, ah,—as I will confess my fault where I am guilty, so I think, taking things as they ‘then’ were, I think we have done the Commonwealth service! We have therein made great settlements,—that have we. We have settled al-

¹ Why subject the Nation to us, who perhaps would drive it into arbitrariness, as your non-approval of us seems to insinuate?

most all the whole affairs in Ireland ; the rights and interests of the Soldiers there, and of the Planters and Adventurers. And truly we have settled very much of the business of the Ministry [*"Triers" diligent here, "Expurgators" diligent everywhere ; much good work completed*];—and I wish that be not an aggravation of our fault ;¹ I wish it be not ! But I must needs say, If I have anything to rejoice in before the Lord in this world, as having done any good or service, 'it is this.' I can say it from my heart ; and I know I say the truth, let any man say what he will to the contrary,—he will give me leave to enjoy my own opinion in it, and my own conscience and heart ; and 'to' dare bear my testimony to it ; There hath not been such a service to England since the Christian Religion was perfect in England ! I dare be bold to say it ; however there may have, here and there, been passion and mistakes. And the Ministers themselves, take the generality of them— [*"are unexceptionable, nay exemplary as Triers and as Expurgators :"* but his Highness, blazing up at touch of this tender topic, wants to utter three or four things at once, and his *"elements of rhetoric"* fly into the ELEMENTAL state ! We perceive he has got much blame for his Two Church Commissions ; and feels that he has deserved far the reverse.]—They will tell 'you,' it is beside their instructions, 'if they have fallen into "passion and mistakes," if they have meddled with civil matters, in their operations as Triers !' And we did adopt the thing upon that account ; we did not trust upon doing what we did *virtute Instituti*, as if 'these Triers were' *jure divino*, but as a civil good. But — [*Checks himself*]—So we end in this : We 'knew not and' know not better how to keep the Ministry good, and to augment it in goodness, than by putting such men to be Triers. Men of known integrity and piety ; orthodox men and faithful. We knew not how better to answer our duty to God and the Nation and the People of God, in that respect, than by doing what we did.

And, I dare say, if the grounds upon which we went will not justify us, the issue and event of it doth abundantly jus-

¹ 'Be not to secure the grave men' (Scott's Somers, p. 399) is unadulterated nonsense : for *grave men* read *gravamen*, and we have dubiously a sense as above ; "an aggravation of our fault with such objectors."

tify us ; God having had exceeding glory by it,—in the generality of it, I am confident, forty-fold ! For as heretofore the men that were admitted into the Ministry in times of Episcopacy—alas what pitiful Certificates served to make a man a Minister ! [*Forty-fold better now.*] If any man could understand Latin and Greek, he was sure to be admitted ;—as if he spake Welsh ; which in those days went for Hebrew with a good many ! [*Satirical. “ They studied Pan, Bacchus, and the Longs and Shorts, rather than their Hebrew Bible and the Truths of the Living Jehovah ! ”*] Certainly the poorest thing in the world would serve a turn ; and a man was admitted upon such an account [*As this of mere Latin and Greek, with a suspicion of Welsh-Hebrew*] ;—ay, and upon a less.—I am sure the admission granted to such places since has been under this character as the rule : That they must not admit a man unless they were able to discern something of the Grace of God in him. [*Really it is the grand primary essential, your Highness. Without which, Pan, Bacchus, Welsh-Hebrew, nay Hebrew itself, must go for nothing,—nay for less, if we consider well. In some points of view, it is horrible !*] ‘ Grace of God ; ’ which was to be so inquired for, as not foolishly nor senselessly, but so far as men could judge according to the rules of Charity. Such and such a man, of whose good life and conversation they could have a very good testimony from four or five of the neighbouring Ministers who knew him,—he could not yet be admitted unless he could give a very good testimony of the Grace of God in him. And to this I say, I must speak my conscience in it,¹—though a great many are angry at it, nay if all are angry at it,—for how shall you please everybody ?

Then say some, None must be admitted except, perhaps, he will be baptised ‘ again.’ That is their opinion. [*Ana-baptists.*] They will not admit a man into a congregation to be Minister, except he commence by being so much less. The Presbyterians ‘ again,’ they will not admit him unless he be “ordained.” Generally *they* will not go to the Independents :—truly I think, if I be not partial, I think if there be a freedom

¹ “ I do approve it ” is modestly left out.

of judgment, it is there. [*With the Independents : that is your Highness's opinion.*] Here are Three sorts of Godly Men whom you are to take care for ; whom you have provided for in your Settlement. And how could you put the selection upon the Presbyterians without, by possibility, excluding all those Anabaptists, all those Independents ! And so now you have put it into this way, That though a man be of any of those three judgments, if he have the root of the matter in him, he may be admitted. [*Very good, your Highness !*] This hath been our care and work ; both by some Ordinances of ours, laying the foundations of it, and by many hundreds of Ministers being 'admitted' in upon it. And if this be a "time of Settlement," then I hope it is not a time of shaking ;—and therefore I hope you will be pleased to settle this business too : and that you will neither "shake" the Persons [*Us*] who have been poorly instrumental in calling you to this opportunity of settling this Nation, and of doing good to it ; nor shake those honest men's interests who have been thus settled. And so I have done with the offers to you,—'with these my suggestions to you.'—

[His Highness looks now on the Paper again ; looks at Article Seventh there, 'That the Revenue shall be 1,300,000*l.* ;' and also at a Note by himself of the Current Expenses ;—much wondering at the contrast of the two ; not having Arithmetic enough to reconcile them !]

But here is somewhat that is indeed exceedingly past my understanding ; for I have as little skill in Arithmetic as I have in Law ! These are great sums ; it is well if I can count them to you. [*Looking on his Note.*] The present charge of the Forces both by Sea and Land will be 2,426,989*l.* The whole present revenue in England, Scotland and Ireland, is about 1,900,000*l.* ; I think this was reckoned the most, as the Revenue now stands. Why, now, towards this you settle, by your Instrument, 1,300,000*l.* for the Government ; and out of that "to maintain the Force by Sea and Land," and "without Land-tax," I think : and this is short of the Revenue which now can be raised by the 'present Act of' Government 600,-

000*l.*! [*A grave discrepancy!*] Because, you see, the present Government has 1,900,000*l.*; and the whole sum which can be raised comes 'short' of the present charge by 542,689*l.*,—[*So his Highness says; but, by the above data, must be mistaken or misreported: 526,989*l.* is what "Arithmetic" gives.*] And although an end should be put to the Spanish War, yet there will be a necessity, for preserving the peace of the Three Nations, to keep up the present established Army in England, Scotland and Ireland; also a considerable Fleet for some good time, until it shall please God to quiet and compose men's minds, and bring the Nation to some better consistency. So that, considering the Pay of the Army, which comes to upwards of 1,100,000*l. per annum*, and the "Support of the Government" 300,000*l.*, it will be necessary for some convenient time,—seeing you find things as you do, and it is not good to think a wound healed before it be,—that there be raised, over and above the 1,300,000*l.*, the sum of 600,000*l. per annum*; which makes up the sum of 1,900,000*l.* And likewise that the Parliament declare, How far they will carry on the Spanish War, and for what time; and what farther sum they will raise for carrying on the same, and for what time. [*Explicit, and undeniable!*] And if these things be not ascertained,—as one saith "Money is the Cause," and certainly whatever the Cause is, if Money be wanting, the business will fall to the ground,—all our labour will be lost. And therefore I hope you will have a care of our undertakings!—[*Most practical paragraph.*]

And having received expressions from you which we may believe, we need not offer these things to you; 'we need not doubt' but these things will be cared for. Those things have 'already in Parliament' been made overture of to you; and are before you:—and so has likewise the consideration of the Debts, which truly I think are apparent.

And so I have done with what I had to offer you,—I think I have, truly, for my part. [*"Nothing of the Kingship, your Highness?" Committee of Ninety-nine looks expectant*].—And when I shall understand where it lies on me to do farther; and when I shall understand your pleasure in these things a

little farther ;—we have answered the Order of Parliament in considering and debating of those things that were the subject-matter of debate and consideration ;—and when you will be pleased to let me hear farther of your thoughts in these things, *then* I suppose I shall be in a condition to discharge myself [*Throws no additional light on the Kingship at all!*], as God shall put in my mind. And I speak not this to evade ; but I speak in the fear and reverence of God. And I shall plainly and clearly, I say,—when you shall have been pleased among yourselves to take consideration of these things, that I may hear what your thoughts are of them,—I do not say that as a *condition* to anything—but I shall then be free and honest and plain to discharge myself of what, in the whole and upon the whole, may reasonably be expected from me, and ‘what’ God shall set me free to answer you in.¹

Exeunt the Ninety-nine, much disappointed ; the Moderns too look very weary. Courage, my friends, I now see land !—

This Speech forms by far the ugliest job of *buckwashing* (as Voltaire calls it) that his Highness has yet given us. As printed in the last edition of *Somers*, it is perhaps the most unadulterated piece of coagulated nonsense that was ever put into types by human kind. Yet, in order to educe some sense out of it as above, singularly few alterations, except in the punctuation, have been required ; no change that we could detect has been made in the style of dialect, which is physiognomic and ought to be preserved ; in the meaning, as before, all change was rigorously forbidden. In only one or two places, duly indicated, did his Highness’s sense, on earnest repeated reading, continue dubious. And now the horrid buckbasket is reduced in some measure to clean linen or huckaback : thanks be to Heaven !—

For the next ten days there is nothing heard from his Highness ; much as must have been *thought* by him in that space. The Parliament is occupied incessantly considering how it may as far as possible fulfil the suggestions offered in this Speech of his Highness ; assiduously perfecting and new-polishing the Petition and Advice according to the same. Getting Bills ready for ‘Reformation of Manners,’—with an eye on the ‘idle fellows about Piccadilly,’ who go bowling and gambling, with much tippling too,

¹ Somers Tracts, vi. 389-400.

about 'Piccadilly House' and its green spaces.¹ Scheming out how the Revenue can be raised :—'Land-tax,' alas, in spite of former protest on that subject ; 'tax on new buildings' (Lincoln's Inn Fields for one place), which gives the public some trouble afterwards. Doing somewhat also in regard to 'Triers for the Ministry ;' to 'Penalties' for taking Office when disqualified by Law ; and very much debating and scrupling as to what Acts and Ordinances (of his Highness and Council) are to be confirmed.

Finally, however, on Friday 1st of May, the Petition and Advice is again all ready ; and the Committee of Ninety-nine wait upon his Highness with it,²—who answers briefly, 'speaking very low,' That the things are weighty, and will require meditation ; that he cannot just at present say On what day he will meet them to give his final answer, but will so soon as possible appoint a day.

So that the Kingship remains yet a great mystery ! 'By the generality' it is understood that he will accept it. But to the generality, and to us, the interior consultations and slow-formed resolutions of his Highness remain and must remain entirely obscure. We can well believe with Ludlow, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, who is incorrect as to various details, That in general a portion of the Army were found averse to the Title ; a more considerable portion than the Title was worth. Whereupon, 'for the present,' as Bulstrode indicates, 'his Highness did decide to'—in fact speak as follows :

SPEECH XIV.

BANQUETING-HOUSE, Whitehall, Friday forenoon 8th May 1657, the Parliament in a body once more attends his Highness ; receives at length a final Answer as to this immense matter of the Kingship. Which the reader shall now hear, and so have done with it.

The Whitlocke Committee of Ninety-nine had, by appointment, waited on his Highness yesterday, Thursday May 7th ; gave him 'a Paper,'—some farther last-touches added to their ultimate painfully-revised edition of the Petition and Advice, wherein all his Highness's suggestions are now, as much as possible, fulfilled ;—and were in hopes to get some intimation of his Highness's final Answer then. Highness, "sorry to have kept them so long," re-

¹ Dryasdust knows a little piece of Archæology : How 'piccadillies' (*quasi* Spanish *pecadillos*, or *little-sins*, a kind of notched linen-tippet) used to be sold in a certain shop there ; whence &c. &c.

² Burton, ii. 101.

requested they would come back next morning. Next morning, Friday morning: "We have been there; his Highness will see you all in the Banqueting-House even now."¹ Let us shoulder our Mace, then, and go.—'Petition of certain Officers,' that Petition which Ludlow² in a vague erroneous manner represents to have been the turning-point of the business, is just 'at the door:' we receive it, leave it on the table, and go. And now hear his Highness.

MR. SPEAKER,

I come hither to answer That that was in your last Paper to your Committee you sent to me 'yesterday;' which was in relation to the Desires that were offered me by the House in That they called their Petition.

I confess, that Business hath put the House, the Parliament, to a great deal of trouble, and spent much time.³ I am very sorry for that. It hath cost me some 'too,' and some thoughts: and because I have been the unhappy occasion of the expense of so much time, I shall spend little on it now.

I have, the best I can, revolved the whole Business in my thoughts: and I have said so much already in testimony to the whole, I think I shall not need to repeat what I have said. I think it is an 'Act of' Government which, in the aims of it, seeks the Settling of the Nation on a good foot, in relation to Civil Rights and Liberties, which are the Rights of the Nation. And I hope I shall never be found one of them that go about to rob the Nation of those Rights;—but 'always' to serve it what I can to the attaining of them. It has also been exceedingly well provided there for the safety and security of honest men in that great natural and religious liberty, which is Liberty of Conscience.—These are the great Fundamentals; and I must bear my testimony to them; as I have done, and shall do still, so long as God lets me live in this world: That the intentions and the things are very honourable and honest, and the product worthy of a Parliament.

I have only had the unhappiness, both in my Conferences with your Committees, and in the best thoughts I could take

¹ Report by Whitlocke and Committee: in Commons Journals (8th May 1657), viii. 531.

² ii. 588, &c., the vague passage always cited on this occasion.

³ 23d Feb.—8th May: ten weeks and more.

to myself, not to be convinced of the necessity of that thing which hath been so often insisted on by you,—to wit, the Title of King,—as in itself so necessary as it seems to be apprehended by you. And yet I do, with all honour and respect, testify that, *cæteris paribus*, no private judgment is to be in the balance with the judgment of Parliament. But in things that respect particular persons,—every man who is to give an account to God of his actions, he must in some measure be able to prove his own work, and to have an approbation in his own conscience of that which he is to do or to forbear. And whilst you are granting others Liberties, surely you will not deny *me* this; it being not only a Liberty but a Duty, and such a Duty as I cannot without sinning forbear,—to examine my own heart and thoughts and judgment, in every work which I am to set my hand to, or to appear in or for.

I must confess therefore, though I do acknowledge all the other ‘points,’ I must be a little confident in this, That what with the circumstances which accompany human actions,—whether they be circumstances of time or persons [*Straitlaced Republican Soldiers that have just been presenting you their Petition*], whether circumstances that relate to the whole, or private and particular circumstances such as compass any person who is to render an account of his own actions,—I have truly thought, and I do still think, that, at the best, if I should do anything on this account to answer your expectation, at the best I should do it doubtingly. And certainly whatsoever is so is not of faith. And whatsoever is not so, whatsoever is not of faith, is sin to him that doth it,—whether it be with relation to the substance of the action about which that consideration is conversant, or whether to circumstances about it [*Thinskinned Republicans, or the like “circumstances”*], which make all indifferent actions good or evil. I say “Circumstances” [*Yes!*]; and truly I mean “good or evil” to him that doth it. [*Not to you Honourable Gentlemen, who have merely advised it in general.*]

I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty—Only I could have wished I had done it sooner, for the sake of the

House, who have laid such infinite obligations on me [*With a kind glance over those honourable faces; all silent as if dead, many of them with their mouths open*]; I wish I had done it sooner for your sake, and for saving time and trouble; and for the Committee's sake, to whom I must acknowledge I have been unreasonably troublesome! But truly this is my Answer, That (although I think the Act of Government doth consist of very excellent parts, in all but that one thing, of the Title as to me) I should not be an honest man, if I did not tell you that I cannot accept of the Government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it—as to which I have a little more experimented than everybody what troubles and difficulties do befall men under such trusts and in such undertakings—[*Sentence irrecoverable*—I say I am persuaded to return this Answer to you, That I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King. And that is mine Answer to this great and weighty Business.¹

And so *exceunt* Widdrington and Parliament: “Buzz, buzz! Distinct at last!”—and the huge buzzing of the public mind falls silent, that of the Kingship being now ended;—and this Editor and his readers are delivered from a very considerable weariness of the flesh.

‘The Protector,’ says Bulstrode, ‘was satisfied in his private judgment that it was fit for him to accept this Title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto. But afterwards, by solicitation of the Commonwealth’s-men,’ by solicitation, representation and even denunciation from ‘the Commonwealth’s-men’ and ‘many Officers of the Army,’ he decided ‘to attend some better season and opportunity in the business, and refused at this time.’² With which summary account let us rest satisfied. The secret details of the matter are dark, and are not momentous. The Lawyer-party, as we saw, were all in favour of the measure. Of the Soldier-party, Ex-Major-Generals Whalley, Goffe, Berry are in a dim way understood to have been for it; Desborow and Fleetwood strong against it; to whom Lambert, much intriguing in the interim, had at last openly joined himself.³ Which line of

¹ Commons Journals, vii. 533; as reported by Speaker Widdrington, on Tuesday the 12th. Reported too in Somers (pp. 400-1), but in the form of conglutated nonsense there. The Commons Journals give it as here, with no variation worth noticing, in the shape of sense.

² Whitlocke, p. 646.

³ Godwin, iv. 352, 367.

conduct, so soon as it became manifest, procured him from his Highness a handsome dismissal. Dismissal from all employment; but with a retiring pension of 2,000*l.*: which mode of treatment passed into a kind of Proverb, that season; and men of wooden wit were wont to say to one another, "I will *lambertise* you."¹ The 'great Lord Lambert,' hitherto a very important man, now 'cultivated flowers at Wimbledon;' attempted higher things, on his own footing, in a year or two, with the worst conceivable success; and in fact had at this point, to all reasonable intents, finished his public work in this world.

The rest of the Petition and Advice, so long discussed and conferred upon, is of course accepted;² a much improved Frame of Government; with a Second House of Parliament; with a Chief Magistrate who is to 'nominate his successor,' and be King in all points except the name. News of Blake's victory at Santa Cruz reach us in these same days,³ whereupon is Public Thanksgiving, and voting of a Jewel to General Blake: and so, in a general tide of triumphant accordance, and outward and inward prosperity, this Second Protectorate Parliament advances to the end of its First Session.

SPEECH XV., LETTERS CCXVIII.—CCXXIV.

THE Session of Parliament is prosperously reaching its close; and during the recess there will be business enough to do. Selection of our new House of Lords; carrying-on of the French League Offensive against Spain; and other weighty interests. Of which the following small documents, one short official Speech, and seven short, mostly official Letters, are all that remain to us.

SPEECH XV.

PARLIAMENT has passed some Bills; among the rest, some needful Money-Bills, Assessment of 340,000*l.* a-month on England, 6,000*l.* on Scotland, 9,000*l.* on Ireland;⁴ to all which his Highness, with some word of thanks for the money, will now signify his

¹ Heath's Chronicle.

² Commons Journals, vii. 358 (25th May 1657); Whitlocke, p. 648.—See, in Appendix, No. 30, another Speech of Oliver's on the occasion; forgotten hitherto. (Note of 1857.)

³ 28th May (Commons Journals, vii. 54; Burton, ii. 142).

⁴ Parliamentary History, xxi. 151; Commons Journals, vii. 554-7.

assent. Unexceptionable word of thanks, accidentally preserved to us,¹ which, with the circumstances attendant thereon, we have to make conscience of reporting.

Tuesday morning 9th June 1657, Message comes to the Honourable House, That his Highness, in the Painted Chamber, requires their presence. They gather-up their Bills; certain Money-Bills 'for an assessment towards the Spanish War;' and 'divers other Bills, some of public, some of more private concernment,' among which latter we notice one for settling Lands in the County of Dublin on Widow Bastwick and her four children, Dr. Bastwick's widow, poor Susannah, who has long been a solicstress in this matter: these Bills the Clerk of the Commons gathers up, the Sergeant shoulders his Mace; and so, Clerk and Sergeant leading off, and Speaker Widdrington and all his Honourable Members following, the whole House in this due order, with its Bills and apparatus, proceeds to the Painted Chamber. There, on his platform, in chair of state sits his Highness, attended by his Council and others. Speaker Widdrington at a table on the common level of the floor 'finds a chair set for him, and a form for his clerk.' Speaker Widdrington, hardly venturing to sit, makes a 'short and pithy Speech' on the general proceedings of Parliament; presents his Bills, with probably some short and pithy words, such as suggest themselves, prefatory to each: "A few slight Bills; they are but as the grapes that precede the full vintage, may it please your Highness." His Highness in due form signifies assent; and then says:

MR. SPEAKER,

I perceive that, among these many Acts of Parliament, there hath been a very great care had by the Parliament to provide for the just and necessary support of the Commonwealth by those Bills for the levying of Money, now brought to me, which I have given my consent unto. Understanding it hath been the practice of those who have been Chief Governors to acknowledge with thanks to the Commons their care and regard of the Public, I do very heartily and thankfully acknowledge their kindness herein.²

The Parliament has still some needful polishing-up of its Petition and Advice, other perfecting of details to accomplish: after which

¹ Commons Journals, vii. 551-2.

² Commons Journals, vii. 552: Reported by Widdrington in the afternoon.

it is understood there will be a new and much more solemn Inauguration of his Highness ; and then the First Session will, as in a general peal of joy-bells, harmoniously close.

LETTER CCXVIII.

OFFICIAL Letter of Thanks to Blake, for his Victory at Santa Cruz on the 20th April last. The 'small Jewel' sent herewith is one of 500*l.* value, gratefully voted him by the Parliament ; among whom, as over England generally, there is great rejoicing on account of him. Where Blake received this Letter and Jewel we know not ; but guess it may have been in the Bay of Cadiz. Along with it, 'Instructions' went out to him to leave a Squadron of Fourteen Ships there, and come home with the rest of the Fleet. He died, as we said above, within sight of Plymouth, on the 7th of August following.

' To General Blake, at Sea.

Whitehall, 10th June 1657.

SIR,

I have received yours of 'the 20th of April last ;' and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's Ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz.

The mercy therein, to us and this Commonwealth, is very signal ; both in the loss the Enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our 'own' ships and men ;²—which indeed was very wonderful ; and according to the goodness and loving kindness of the Lord, wherewith His People hath been followed in all these late revolutions ; and doth call on our part, That we should fear before Him, and still hope in His mercy.

We cannot but take notice also how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service ; assisting you with wisdom in the conduct, and courage in the execution 'thereof ;'—and have sent you a small Jewel, as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your car-

¹ Blank in ms.: see antea, p. 29.

² '50 slain outright, 150 wounded, of ours' (Burton, ii. 142).

riage in this Action. We are also informed that the Officers of the Fleet, and the Seamen, carried themselves with much honesty and courage; and we are considering of a way to show our acceptance thereof. In the mean time, we desire you to return our hearty thanks and acknowledgments to them.

Thus, beseeching the Lord to continue His presence with you, I remain, your very affectionate friend,

‘OLIVER P.’¹

Land-General Reynolds has gone to the French Netherlands, with Six-thousand men, to join Turenne in fighting the Spaniards there; and Sea-General Montague is about hoisting his flag to co-operate with him from the other element. By sea and land are many things passing;—and here in London is the loudest thing of all: not yet to be entirely omitted by us, though now it has fallen very silent in comparison. Inauguration of the Lord Protector; second and more solemn Installation of him, now that he is fully recognised by Parliament itself. He cannot yet, as it proves, be crowned King; but he shall be installed in his Protectorship with all solemnity befitting such an occasion.

Friday 26th June 1657. The Parliament and all the world are busy with this grand affair; the labours of the Session being now complete, the last finish being now given to our new Instrument of Government, to our elaborate Petition and Advice, we will add this topstone to the work, and so, amid the shoutings of mankind, disperse for the recess. Friday at two o’clock, ‘in a place prepared,’ duly prepared with all manner of ‘platforms,’ ‘cloths of state,’ and ‘seats raised one above the other,’ ‘at the upper end of Westminster Hall.’ Palaceyard, and London generally, is all a-tiptoe, out of doors. Within doors, Speaker Widdrington and the Master of the Ceremonies have done their best: the Judges, the Aldermen, the Parliament, the Council, the foreign Ambassadors, and domestic Dignitaries without end; chairs of state, cloths of state, trumpet-peals, and acclamations of the people—Let the reader conceive it; or read in old Pamphlets the ‘exact relation’ of it with all the speeches and phenomena, worthier than such things usually are of being read.²

‘His Highness standing under the Cloth of State,’ says Bul-

¹ Thurloe, vi. 342. ² Instructions to General Blake, of the same date. *ibid.*

² An exact Relation of the Manner of the solemn Investiture, &c. (Reprinted in Parliamentary History, xxi. 152-160.)

strode, whose fine feelings are evidently touched by it, 'the Speaker in the name of the Parliament presented to him: First, a *Robe* of purple velvet; which the Speaker, assisted by Whitlocke and others, put upon his Highness. Then he,' the Speaker, 'delivered to him the *Bible* richly gilt and bossed,' an affecting symbolic Gift: 'After that, the Speaker girt the *Sword* about his Highness; and delivered into his hand the *Sceptre* of massy gold. And then, this done, he made a Speech to him on these several things presented;' eloquent mellifluous Speech, setting forth the high and true significance of these several Symbols, Speech still worth reading; to which his Highness answered in silence by dignified gesture only. 'Then Mr. Speaker gave him the Oath;' and so ended, really in a solemn manner. 'And Mr. Manton, by prayer, recommended his Highness, the Parliament, the Council, the Forces by land and sea, and the whole Government and People of the Three Nations, to the blessing and protection of God.' — And then 'the people gave several great shouts;' and 'the trumpets sounded; and the Protector sat in his chair of state, holding the Sceptre in his hand:' a remarkable sight to see. 'On his right sat the Ambassador of France,' on his left some other Ambassador; and all round, standing or sitting, were Dignitaries of the highest quality; 'and near the Earl of Warwick stood the Lord Viscount Lisle, stood General Montague and Whitlocke, each of them having a drawn sword in his hand,'—a sublime sight to some of us!¹

And so this Solemnity transacts itself;—which at the moment was solemn enough; and is not yet, at this or any hollowest moment of Human History, intrinsically altogether other. A really dignified and veritable piece of Symbolism; perhaps the last we hitherto, in these quack-ridden histrionic ages, have been privileged to see on such an occasion.—The Parliament is prorogued till the 20th of January next; the new House of Lords, and much else, shall be got ready in the interim.

LETTER CCXIX.

SEA-GENERAL MONTAGUE, whom we saw standing with drawn sword beside the chair of state, is now about proceeding to coöperate with Land-General Reynolds, on the dispatch of real business.

¹ Whitlocke, p. 661.

For General Montague, on board the Naseby in the Downs.

Whitehall, 11th August 1657.

SIR,

You having desired by several Letters to know our mind concerning your weighing anchor and sailing with the Fleet out of the Downs, we have thought fit to let you know, That we do very well approve thereof, and that you do cruise up and down in the Channel, in such places as you shall judge most convenient, taking care of the safety, interest and honour of the Commonwealth. I remain, your very loving friend,

'OLIVER P.'¹

Under the wax of the Commonwealth Seal, Montague has written, *His Highness's letter, Augst 11, 1657, to comand mee to sayle.*

LETTER CCXX.

For my loving Friend John Dunch, Esquire.

'Hampton Court,' 27th August 1657.

SIR,

I desire to speak with you; and hearing a report from Hursley that you were going to your Father's in Berkshire, I send this express to you, desiring you to come to me at Hampton Court.

With my respects to your Father,²—I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.¹

This is the John Dunch of Pusey; married, as we saw, to Mayor's younger Daughter, the Sister in-law to Richard Cromwell: the Collector for us of those Seventeen Pusey Letters; of which we have here read the last. He is of the present Parliament, was of the former; seems to be enjoying his recess, travelling about in the Autumn Sun of those old days,—and vanishes from History at this point, in the private apartments of Hampton Court.

¹ Cromwelliana, p. 168: 'Original Letter, in the possession of Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.'—is now (1846) in the British Museum (Additional Ayscough mss. no. 12,098). Only the Signature is Oliver's—tragically physiognomic;—in letters long, thin, singularly straight in direction, but all notched and tremulous.

² Father in-law, Mayor.

³ Harris, p. 515.

LETTER CCXXI.

GENERAL MONTAGUE, after a fortnight's cruising, has touched at the Downs again, '28th August, wind at S.S.W.,' being in want of some instruction on a matter that has risen.' 'A Flushingier,' namely, 'has come into St. Maloes; said to have twenty-five ton of silver in her;' a Flushingier there, and 'six other Dutch Ships' hovering in the distance; which are thought to be carrying silver and stores for the Spaniards. Montague has sent Frigates to search them, to seize the very bullion if it be Spanish; but wishes fresh authority, in case of accident.

'For General Montague, on board the Naseby, in the Downs.'

Hampton Court, 30th August 1657.

SIR,

The Secretary hath communicated to us your Letter of the 28th instant; by which you acquaint him with the directions you have given for the searching of a Flushingier and other Dutch Ships, which, as you are informed, have bullion and other goods aboard them belonging to the Spaniard, the declared Enemy of this State.

There is no question to be made but what you have directed therein is agreeable both to the Laws of Nations and 'to' the particular Treaties which are between this Commonwealth and the United Provinces. And therefore we desire you to continue the said direction, and to require the Captains to be careful in doing their duty therein. Your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.²

LETTER CCXXII.

By the new and closer Treaty signed with France in March last,³ for assaulting the Spanish Power in the Netherlands, it was stipulated that the French King should contribute Twenty-thousand men, and the Lord Protector Six-thousand, with a sufficient Fleet; which combined forces were straightway to set about reducing the three Coast Towns, Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk;

¹ His Letter to Secretary Thurloe (Thurloe, vi. 489).

² Thurloe, vi. 489.

³ 23d March 1656-7; Authorities in Godwin (iv. 540-3).

the former when reduced to belong to France, the two latter to England; if the former should chance to be the first reduced, it was then to be given up to England, and held as cautionary till the other two were got. Mardike and Dunkirk, these were what Oliver expected to gain by this adventure. One or both of which strong Haven-towns would naturally be very useful to him, connected with the Continent as he was,—continually menaced with Royalist Invasion from that quarter; and struggling, as the aim of his whole Foreign Policy was, to unite Protestant Europe with England in one great effectual league.¹ Such was the French Treaty of the 23d of March last.

Oliver's part of the bargain was promptly and faithfully fulfilled. Six-thousand well-appointed men, under Commissary-General Reynolds, were landed, 'in new red coats,'² 'near Boulogne, on the 13th and 14th days of May' last; and a Fleet under Montague, as we observe, sufficient to command those seas, and prevent all relief by ships in any Siege, is actually cruising there. Young Louis Fourteenth came down to the Coast to see the English Troops reviewed; expressed his joy and admiration over them;—and has set them, the Cardinal and he have set them, to assault the Spanish Power in the Netherlands by a plan of their own! To reduce not 'Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk,' on the Coast, as the Treaty has it, but Montmédi, Cambray, and I know not what in the Interior;—the Cardinal doubling and shuffling, and by all means putting off the attack of any place whatever on the Coast! With which arrangement Oliver Protector's dissatisfaction has at length reached a crisis; and he now writes, twice on the same day, to his Ambassador, To signify peremptorily that the same must terminate.

Of 'Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France' in these years, there were much more to be said than we have room for here. A man of distinguished qualities, of manifold adventures and employments; whose Biography, if he could find any Biographer with real industry instead of sham industry, and above all things with human *eyes* instead of pedant *spectacles*, might still be worth writing in brief compass.³ He is Scotch; of the 'Lock-

¹ Foreign Affairs in the Protector's Time (in Somers Tracts, vi. 329-39), by some ancient anonymous man of sense, is worth reading.

² Antea, vol. i. pp. 139, 384.

³ Noble (ii. 233-73) has reproduced, probably with new errors, certain ms. 'Family Memoirs' of this Lockhart, which are everywhere very vague, and in passages (that of Dunkirk, for example) quite *mythological*. Lockhart's own Letters are his best Memorial;—for the present drowned, with so much else, in the deep slumber-lakes of Thuroloze; with or without chance of recovery.

harts of Lee' in Lanarkshire; has been in many wars and businesses abroad and at home;—was in *Hamilton's Engagement*, for one thing; and accompanied Dugald Dalgetty or Sir James Turner in those disastrous days and nights at Preston,¹ though only as a common Colonel then, and not noticed by anybody. In the next Scotch War he received affronts from the Covenanted King; remained angrily at home, did not go to Worcester or elsewhere. The Covenanted King having vanished, and Lockhart's connexions being Presbyterian-Royalist, there was little outlook for him now in Scotland, or Britain; and he had resolved on trying France again. He came accordingly to London, seeking leave from the Authorities; had an interview with Oliver, now newly made Protector,—who read the worth of him, saw the uses of him, advised him to continue where he was.

He did continue; married 'Miss Robina Sewster,' a Huntingdonshire lady, the Protector's Niece, to whom, in her girlhood, we once promised 'a distinguished husband;' ² has been our Ambassador in France near two years now; ³—does diplomatic, warlike, and whatever work comes before him, in an effectual and manful manner. It is thought by judges, that, in Lockhart, the Lord Protector had the best Ambassador of that age. Nay, in spite of all considerations, his merits procured him afterwards a similar employment in Charles Second's time. We must here cease speaking of him; recommend him to some diligent succinct Biographer of insight, should such a one, by unexpected favour of the Destinies, turn up.

'To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.' ⁴

Whitehall, 31st August 1657.

SIR,

I have seen your last Letter to Mr. Secretary, as also divers others: and although I have no doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in so great a Business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness ⁵ and performance. And that which increaseth our sense 'of this' is, The resolution we 'for our part' had, rather to overdo than to be behindhand in any-

¹ Antea, vol. i. p. 295.

² Antea, vol. i. p. 227.—'Married, 22d Feb. 1654, William Lockhart, Esq. and Robina Sewster, spinster, both of this Parish.' (Register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.)

³ Since 30th December 1655 ('Family Memoirs' in Noble, ii. 244.)

⁴ Now with the Court at Peronne (Thurloe vi. 482, 487); soon after at Paris (ib. 496).

⁵ 'ingenuity,' as usual, in orig.

thing of our Treaty. And although we never were so foolish 'as' to apprehend that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things; yet as to the Spaniard, who hath been known in all ages to be the most implacable enemy that France hath,—we never could doubt, before we made our Treaty, that, going upon such grounds, we should have been failed 'towards' as we are!

To talk of "giving us Garrisons" which are *inland*, as Caution for future action; to talk of "what will be done next Campaign,"—are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us Garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe and Boulogne;—which I think they will do *as* soon as be honest in their words in giving us any one Spanish Garrison upon the coast into our hands! I positively think, which I say to you, they are afraid we should have any footing on that side 'of the Water,' though Spanish.

I pray you tell the Cardinal from me, That I think, if France desires to maintain its ground, much more to *get* ground upon the Spaniard, the performance of his Treaty with us will better do it than anything appears yet to me of any Design he hath!—Though we cannot so well pretend to soldiery as those that are with him; yet we think that, we being able by sea to strengthen and secure his Siege, and 'to' reinforce it as we please by sea, and the Enemy 'being' in capacity to do nothing to relieve it,—the best time to besiege that Place will be *now*. Especially if we consider that the French horse will be able so to ruin Flanders as that no succour can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French Army and our own will have constant relief, as far as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment,—especially considering the Dutch are now engaged so much to Southward¹ as they are.

I desire you to let him know That Englishmen have had so good experience of Winter expeditions, they are confident, if the Spaniard shall keep the field, As he cannot impede this work, so neither will he be able to attack anything towards

¹ Spain-ward: so much inclined to help the Spaniard, if Montague would let them; ■ thing worth Mazarin's consideration too, though it comes in irregularly here.

France with a possibility of retreat.¹ And what do all *delays* signify but 'even this : ' The giving the Spaniard opportunity so much the more to reinforce himself ; and the keeping our men another Summer to serve the French, without any colour of a reciprocal, or any, advantage to ourselves !—

And therefore if this will not be listened unto, I desire that things may be considered-of To give us satisfaction for the great expense we have been at with our Naval Forces and otherwise ; which out of an honourable and honest aim on our part hath been incurred, thereby to answer the Engagements we had made. And, 'in fine,' That consideration may be had how our Men may be put into a position to be returned to us ;—whom we hope we shall employ to a better purpose than to have them continue where they are.

I desire we may know what France saith, and will do, upon this point. We shall be ready still, as the Lord shall assist us, to perform what can be reasonably expected on our part. And you may also let the Cardinal know farther, That our intentions, as they have been, will be to do all the good offices we can to promote the Interest common to us.²

Apprehending it is of moment that this Business should come to you with speed and surety, we have sent it by an Express. Your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.³

LETTER CCXXIII.

SAME date, same parties ; an afterthought, by the same Express.

' To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.'

Whitehall, 31st August 1657.

SIR,

We desire, having written to you as we have, that the Design be *Dunkirk* rather than Gravelines ; and much more that it be :—but one of them rather than fail.

We shall not be wanting, To send over, at the French

¹ You may cut-off his retreat, if he venture that way.

² ' thereof ' in orig.

³ Thurloe, vi. 490.

charge, Two of our old regiments, and Two-thousand foot more, if need be,—if Dunkirk be the design.¹ Believing that if the Army be well entrenched, and if La Ferté's Foot be added to it, we shall be able to give liberty to the greatest part of the French Cavalry to have an eye to the Spaniard,—leaving but convenient numbers to stand by the Foot.

And because this action will probably divert the Spaniard from assisting Charles Stuart in any attempt upon us, you may be assured that, if reality may with any reason be expected from the French, we shall do all reason on our part. But if indeed the French be so false to us as that they would not have us *have* any footing on that side of the Water,—then I desire, as in our other Letter to you, That all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction 'for our expense incurred,' and to the drawing-off of our Men.

And truly, Sir, I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French on these accounts.
Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.²

This Letter naturally had its effect: indeed there goes a witty sneer in France, "The Cardinal is more afraid of Oliver than of the Devil;"—he ought indeed to fear the Devil much more, but Oliver is the palpabler Entity of the two! Mardike was besieged straightway; girt by sea and land, and the great guns opened 'on the 21st day of September' next: Mardike was taken before September ended; and due delivery to our General was had of Mardike. The place was in a weak state; but by sea and land all hands were now busy fortifying and securing it.

LETTER CCXXIV.

HERE has an old dim Letter lately turned up,—communicated, for new editions, by the distinguished General Montague's Descendant,—which evidently relates to this operation. Resuscitated from its dim Archives, it falls with ready fitness into rank here; kindling the old dead Books into pleasant momentary light and wakefulness at this point, and sufficiently illuminating itself also thereby. A curious meeting, one of those curious meetings, of

¹ Gravelines is to belong to *them*; Dunkirk to *us*: Dunkirk will be much preferable.

² Thurloe, vi. 489.

old Letterpress now forgotten with old Manuscript never known till now, such as occasionally cheer the learned mind !—Of ‘Denokson,’ clearly some Dutch Vauban, or war *timmerman* on the great scale ; of him, or of ‘Colonel Clerke,’ whom I take to be a Sea-Colonel mainly, the reader needs no commentary ;—and is to understand withal that their hasty work was got accomplished, and Mardike put in some kind of fencible condition.

*For General Montague, on board the London, before Dunkirk.
These.*

Whitehall, 2d October 1657.

SIR,

This Bearer, Christian Denokson, I have sent to you,—being a very good artist, especially in wooden works,—to view the Great Fort and the Wooden Fort, in order to the farther strengthening of them.

I hope he is very able to make the Wooden Fort as strong as it is capable to be made ; which I judge very desirable to be done with all speed. I desire you will direct him in this view ; and afterwards speak with him about it, that upon his return I may have a very particular account about what is fit to be done, and what Timber will be necessary to be provided. I have written also to Colonel Clerke, the Governor of the Fort, about it. I pray, when he has finished his view, that you will hasten him back. I rest, your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER P.¹

An attempt to retake Mardike, by scalado or surprisal from the Dunkirk side, was made, some three weeks hence, by Don John with a great Spanish Force, among which his Ex-Royal Highness the Duke of York, with Four English-Irish emigrant Regiments he has now got raised for him on Spanish pay, was duly conspicuous ; but it did not succeed ; it amounted only to a night of unspeakable tumult ; to much expenditure of shot on all sides, and of life on his Royal Highness’s and Don John’s side,—Montague pouring death-fire on them from his ships too, and ‘four great flaming links at the corners of Mardike Tower’ warning Montague not to aim *thitherward* ;—and ‘the dead were carried-off in carts before sunrise.’²

¹ Original in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook (February 1843). Only the Signature is Oliver’s ; hand, as before, ‘very shaky.’

² 22d October (Heath’s Chronicle, p. 727 ; Carte’s Ormond, ii. 175).

Let us add here, that Dunkirk, after gallant service shown by the Six-thousand, and brilliant fighting and victory on the sand-hills, was also got, next summer;¹ Lockhart himself now commanding there, poor Reynolds having perished at sea. Dunkirk too remained an English Garrison, much prized by England; till, in very altered times, his now Restored Majesty saw good to sell it, and the loyalist men had to make their comparisons.—On the whole, we may say this Expedition to the Netherlands was a successful one; the Six-thousand, ‘immortal Six-thousand’ as some call them,² gained what they were sent for, and much glory over and above.

These Mardike-and-Dunkirk Letters are among the last Letters left to us of Oliver Cromwell’s:—Oliver’s great heroic Dayswork, and the small unheroic pious one of Oliver’s Editor, is drawing to a close! But in the same hours, 31st August 1657, while Oliver wrote so to Lockhart,—let us still spare a corner for recording it, —John Lilburn, Freeborn John, or alas only the empty *Case* of John, was getting buried; still in a noisy manner! Noisy John, set free from many prisons, had been living about Eltham lately, in a state of Quakerism, or Quasi-Quakerism. Here is the clipping from the old Newspaper:

‘Monday 31st August 1657. Mr. John Lilburn, commonly known by the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, dying on Saturday at Eltham, was this morning removed thence to London; and his corpse conveyed to the House called the *Mouth*,’ old, still extant *Bull-and-Mouth* Inn, ‘at Aldersgate,—which is the usual meeting-place of the people called Quakers, to whom, it seems, he had lately joined in opinion. At this place, in the afternoon, there assembled a medley of people; among whom the Quakers were most eminent for number: and within the house a controversy was, Whether the ceremony of a hearse-cloth’(pall) ‘should be cast over his coffin? But the major part, being Quakers, would not assent; so the coffin was, about five o’clock in the evening, brought forth into the street. At its coming out, there stood a man on purpose to cast a velvet hearse-cloth over the coffin; and he endeavoured to do it: but the crowd of Quakers would not permit him; and having gotten the body upon their shoulders, they carried it away without farther ceremony; and the whole company

¹ 13th June 1658, the fight: 15th June, the surrender; 24th, the delivery to Lockhart (Thurloe, vii. 155, 173, &c). Clarendon, iii. 853–58.

² Sir William Temple, *Memoirs*, Part iii. 154 (cited by Godwin, iv. 547).

conducted it into Moorfields, and thence to the new Churchyard adjoining to Bedlam, where it lieth interred.¹

One noisy element, then, is out of this world:—another is fast going. Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, over here once more on Insurrectionary business, scheming out a new Invasion of the Charles-Stuart Spaniards and English-Irish Regiments, and just lifting anchor for Flanders again, was seized ‘in the Ship *Hope*, in a mean habit, disguised like a countryman, and his face much altered by an overgrown beard;’—before the Ship *Hope* could get under weigh, about a month ago.² Bushy-bearded Sexby, after due examination by his Highness, has been lodged in the Tower; where his mind falls into a very unsettled state. In October next he volunteers a confession; goes mad; and in the January following dies,³ and to his own relief and ours disappears,—poor Sexby.

Sexby, like the Stormy Peterel, indicates that new Royalist-Anabaptist Tumult is a-brewing. ‘They are as the waves of the Sea, they cannot rest; they must stir up mire and dirt,’—it is the lot appointed them! In fact, the grand Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on the anvil; and they will try it, this year, even without the Preface of Assassination. New troubles are hoped from this new Session of Parliament, which begins in January. The ‘Excluded Members’ are to be readmitted then; there is to be a ‘Second House:’ who knows what possibilities of trouble! A new Parliament is always the signal for new Royalist attempts; even as the Moon to waves of the sea: but we hope his Highness will be prepared for them!—

Wednesday 11th November 1657. ‘This day,’ say the old Newspapers, ‘the most illustrious Lady, the Lady Frances Cromwell, youngest Daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble gentleman Mr. Robert Rich, Son of the Lord Rich, Grandchild of the Earl of Warwick and of the Countess-Dowager of Devonshire; in the presence of their Highnesses, and of his Grandfather, and Father, and the said Countess, with many other persons of high honour and quality.’ At Whitehall, this blessed Wednesday; all difficulties now overcome;—which we are glad to hear of, ‘though our friends truly were very few!’—And on the Thursday of next week follows, at Hampton Court, the Lady Mary’s own wedding.⁴ Wedding ‘to the most noble lord, the Lord Fauconberg,’ lately returned from his Travels in

¹ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 168).

² 24th July (Newspapers, in Cromwelliana, p. 167).

³ Ibid. pp. 169–70.

⁴ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 169).

foreign parts: a Bellasis, of the Yorkshire kindred so named,—which was once very high in Royalism, but is now making other connexions. For the rest, a brilliant, ingenuous and hopeful young man, ‘in my opinion a person of extraordinary parts;’¹ of whom his Highness has made due investigation, and finds that it may answer.

And now for the new Session of Parliament, which assembles in January next: the Second Session of Parliament, and indeed the last of this and of them all!

SPEECHES XVI.—XVIII., LETTER CCXXV.

THE First Session of this Parliament closed, last June, under such auspicious circumstances as we saw; leaving the People and the Lord Protector in the comfortable understanding that there was now a Settlement arrived at, a Government possible by Law; that irregular exercises of Authority, Major-Generals and suchlike, would not be needed henceforth for saving of the Commonwealth. Our Public Affairs, in the Netherlands and elsewhere, have prospered in the interim; nothing has misgone. Why should not this Second Session be as successful as the First was?—Alas, success, especially on such a basis as the humours and parliamentary talkings and self-developments of Four-hundred men, is very uncertain! And indeed this Second Session meets now under conditions somewhat altered.

For one thing, there is to be a new House of Lords: we know not how that may answer! For another thing, it is not now permissible to stop our Haselrigs, Scotts and Ashley Coopers at the threshold of the Parliament, and say, Ye shall not enter: if they choose to take the Oath prescribed by this new Instrument, they have power to enter, and only the Parliament itself can reject them. These, in this Second Session, are new elements; on which, as we have seen, the generation of Plotters are already speculating; on which naturally his Highness too has his anxieties. His Highness, we find, as heretofore, struggles to *do* his best and wisest, not yielding much to anxieties: but the result is, this Session proved entirely unsuccessful; perhaps the unsuccessfullest of all Sessions or Parliaments on record hitherto!—

The new House of Lords was certainly a rather questionable adventure. You do not improvise a Peerage:—no, his Highness

¹ Lockhart's report of him to Thurloe, after an interview at Paris, as ordered on Fauconberg's return homeward, 21st March 1657 (Thurloe, vi. 124, 125).

is well aware of that ! Nevertheless 'somewhat to stand between me and the House of Commons' has seemed a thing desirable, a thing to be decided on : and this new House of Lords, this will be a 'somewhat,'—the best that can be had in present circumstances. Very weak and small as yet, like a tree new-planted ; but very certain to grow stronger, if it have real life in it, if there be in the nature of things a real necessity for it. Plant it, try it, this new Puritan Oliverian Peerage-of-Fact, such as it has been given us. The old Peerage-of-Descent, with its thousand years of strength,—what of the old Peerage has Puritan sincerity, and manhood and marrow in its bones, will, in the course of years, rally round an Oliver and his new Peerage-of-Fact,—as it is already, by many symptoms, showing a tendency to do. If the Heavens ordain that Oliver continue and succeed as hitherto, undoubtedly his new Peerage may succeed along with him, and gather to it whatever of the Old is worth gathering. In the mean while it has been enacted by the Parliament and him ; his part is now, To put it in effect the best he can.

The List of Oliver's Lords can be read in many Books ;¹ but issuing as that matter did, it need not detain us here. Puritan Men of Eminence, such as the Time had yielded : Skippon, Desborough, Whalley, Pride, Hewson, these are what we may call the *Napoleon-Marshals* of the business : Whitlocke, Haselrig, Lenthall, Maynard, old Francis Rouse, Scotch Warriston, Lockhart ; Notabilities of Parliament, of Religious Politics, or Law. Montague, Howard are there ; the Earls of Manchester, Warwick, Mulgrave—some six Peers ; of whom only one, the Lord Eure from Yorkshire, would, for the present, take his seat. The rest of the six as yet stood aloof ; even Warwick, as near as he was to the Lord Protector, could not think² of sitting with such a Napoleon-Marshal as Major-General Hewson, who, men say, started as a Shoemaker in early life. Yes ; in that low figure did Hewson start : and has had to fight every inch of his way up hitherward, doing manifold victorious battle with the Devil and the World as he went along,—proving himself a bit of right good stuff, thinks the Lord Protector ! You, Warwicks and others, according to what sense of manhood you may have, you can look into this Hewson, and see if you find any manhood or worth in

¹ Complete, in Parliamentary History, xxi. 167--9 : incomplete, with angry contemporary glosses to each Name, which are sometimes curious, in Harleian Miscellany, vi. 460--71. An old Copy of the official Summons to these Lords is in Additional Ayscough mss. no. 3246.

² Ludlow, ii. 596.

him;—I have found some! The Protector's List, compiled under great difficulties,¹ seems, so far as we can now read it, very unexceptionable; practical, substantial, with an eye for the New and for the Old; doing between these two, with good insight, the best it can. There were some Sixty-three summoned in all: of whom some Forty and upward sat, mostly taken from the House of Commons:—the worst effect of which was, that his Highness thereby lost some forty favourable votes in that other House; which, as matters went, proved highly detrimental there.

However, Wednesday 20th January 1657–8 has arrived. The Excluded Members are to have readmission,—so many of them as can take the Oath according to this New Instrument. His Highness hopes if they volunteer to swear this Oath, they will endeavour to keep it; and seems to have no misgivings about them. He to govern and administer, and they to debate and legislate, in conformity with this Petition and Advice, not otherwise; this is, in word and in essence, the thing they and he have mutually with all solemnity bargained to do. It may be rationally hoped that in all misunderstandings, should such arise, some good basis of agreement will and must unfold itself between parties so related to each other. The common dangers, as his Highness knows and will in due time make known, are again imminent; Royalist Plottings once more rife, Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion once more preparing itself.

But now the Parliament reassembling, on this Wednesday the 20th, there begins, in the 'Outer Court,' since called the Lobby, an immense 'administering of the Oath,' the whole Parliament taking it; Six Commissioners appearing 'early in the morning,' with due apparatus and solemnity, minutely described in the Journals and Old Books;² and then labouring till all are sworn. That is the first great step. Which done, the Commons House constitutes itself; appoints 'Mr. Smythe' Clerk, instead of Scobell, who has gone to the Lords, and with whom there is continual controversy thenceforth about 'surrendering of Records' and the like. In a little while (hour not named) comes Black Rod; reports that his Highness is in the Lords House, waiting for this House. Whereupon, Shoulder Mace,—yes, let us take the Mace,—and march. His Highness, somewhat indisposed in health, leaving the main burden of the exposition to Nathaniel Fiennes of the Great Seal, who is to follow him, speaks to this effect; as the authentic Commons Journals yield it for us.

¹ Thurloe, vi. 648. ² Commons Journals, vii. 578; Whitlocke, p. 666; Burton, ii. 322.

SPEECH XVI.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN 'OF' THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I meet you here in this capacity by the Advice and Petition of this present Parliament. After so much expense of blood and treasure, 'we are now' to search and try what blessings God hath in store for these Nations. I cannot but with gladness of heart remember and acknowledge the labour and industry that is past, 'your past labour,' which hath been spent upon a business worthy of the best men and the best Christians. [*May it prove fruitful!*]

It is very well known unto you all what difficulties we have passed through, and what 'issue' we are now arrived at. We hope we may say we have arrived if not 'altogether' at what we aimed at, yet at that which is much beyond our expectations. The nature of this Cause, and the Quarrel, what that was at the first, you all very well know; I am persuaded most of you have been actors in it: It was the maintaining of the Liberty of these Nations; our Civil Liberties as Men, our Spiritual Liberties as Christians. [*Have we arrived at that?*] I shall not much look back; but rather say one word concerning the state and condition we are all now in.

You know very well, the first Declaration,¹ after the beginning of this War, that spake to the life, was a sense held forth by the Parliament, That for some succession of time designs had been laid to innovate upon the Civil Rights of the Nations, 'and' to innovate in matters of Religion. And those very persons who, a man would have thought, should have had the least hand in meddling with Civil things, did justify them all. [*Zealous sycophant Priests, Sibthorp, Manwaring, Montagu, of the Laud fraternity: forced-loans, monopolies, ship-moneys, all Civil Tyranny was right according to them!*] All the 'Civil' transactions that were,—'they justified them' in their pulpits, presses, and otherwise! Which was verily thought, 'had they succeeded in it,' would have been a very good shelter to them, to innovate upon us in matters of Re-

¹ Declaration, 2d August 1642, went through the Lords House that day; it is in Parliamentary History, vi. £50. A thing of audacity reckoned almost impious at the time (see D'Ewes's ms. Journal, 23d July); corresponds in purport to what is said of it here.

ligion also. And so to innovate as to eat-out the core and power and heart and life of all Religion! By bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish Ceremonies [*Somewhat animated, your Highness!*], and imposing them upon those that were accounted “the Puritans” of the Nation, and professors of religion among us,—driving them to seek their bread in an howling wilderness! As was instanced to our friends who were forced to fly for Holland, New England, almost any-whither, to find Liberty for their Consciences.

Now if this thing hath been the state and sum of our Quarrel, and of those Ten Years of War wherein we were exercised; and if the good hand of God, for we are to attribute it to no other, hath brought this business thus home unto us as it is now settled in the Petition and Advice,—I think we have all cause to bless God, and the Nations have all cause to bless Him. [*If we were of thankful just heart,—yea!*]

I well remember I did a little touch upon the Eighty-fifth Psalm when I spake unto you in the beginning of this Parliament.¹ Which expresseth well what *we* may say, as truly as it was said of old by the Penman of that Psalm! The first verse is an acknowledgment to God that He “had been favourable unto His land,” and “brought back the captivity of His people;” and ‘then’ how that He had “pardoned all their iniquities and covered all their sin, and taken away all His wrath;”—and indeed of these unspeakable mercies, blessings, and deliverances out of captivity, pardoning of national sins and national iniquities. Pardoning, as God pardoneth the man whom He justifieth! He breaks through, and overlooks iniquity; and pardoneth because He will pardon. And sometimes God pardoneth Nations also!—And if the enjoyment of our present Peace and other mercies may be witnesses for God ‘to us,’—we feel and we see them every day.

The greatest demonstration of His favour and love appears to us in this: That He hath given us *Peace*;—and the blessings of Peace, to wit, the enjoyment of our Liberties civil and spiritual! [*Were not our prayers, and struggles, and deadly wrestlings, all even for this;—and we in some measure have it!*] And I remember well, the Church ‘in that same Eighty-fifth

¹ Antea, Speech VI. vol. iii. p. 123.

Psalm ' falls into prayer and into praises, great expectations of future mercies, and much thankfulness for the enjoyment of present mercies ; and breaks into this expression : " Surely salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him ; that glory may dwell in our land." In the beginning it is called His land ; " Thou hast been favourable to Thy land." Truly I hope this is His land ! In some sense it may be given out that it is God's land. And he that hath the weakest knowledge, and the worst memory, can easily tell that we are " a Redeemed People,"—" from the time ' when God was first pleased to look favourably upon us, ' to redeem us ' out of the hands of Popery, in that never to be forgotten Reformation, that most significant and greatest ' mercy ' the Nation hath felt or tasted ! I would but touch upon that,—but a touch : How God hath redeemed us, as we stand this day ! Not from trouble and sorrow and anger only, but into a blessed and happy estate and condition, comprehensive of all Interests, of every member, of every individual ;—' an imparting to us ' of those mercies ' there spoken of,' as you very well see !

And then in what sense it is " our Land ;"—through this grace and favour of God, That He hath vouchsafed unto us and bestowed upon us, with the Gospel, Peace, and rest out of Ten Years War ; and given us what we would desire ! Nay, who could have forethought, when we were plunged into the midst of our troubles, That ever the people of God should have had liberty to worship God without fear of enemies ? [*Strange : this " liberty " is to Oliver Cromwell a blessing almost too great for belief ; to us it has become as common as the liberty to breathe atmospheric air,—a liberty not once worth thinking of. It is the way with all attainments and conquests in this world. Do I think of Cadmus, or the old unknown Orientals, while I write with LETTERS ? The world is built upon the mere dust of Heroes : once earnest-wrestling, death-defying, prodigal of their blood ; who now sleep well, forgotten by all their heirs. — — " Without fear of enemies," he says*] Which is the very acknowledgment of the Promise of Christ that " He would deliver His from the fear of enemies, that they might worship Him in holiness and in righteousness all the days of their life."

This is the portion that God hath given *us*; and I trust we shall forever heartily acknowledge it!—The Church goes on there, ‘in that Psalm,’ and makes her boast yet farther; “His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land.” *His* glory; not carnal, nor anything related thereto: this glory of a Free Possession of the Gospel; this is that which we may glory in! [*Beautiful, thou noble soul!—And very strange to see such things in the Journals of the English House of Commons. O Heavens, into what oblivion of the Highest have stupid, canting, cotton-spinning, partridge-shooting mortals fallen, since that January 1658!*] And it is said farther, “Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.” And ‘note,’ it shall be such righteousness as comes down from Heaven: “Truth shall grow out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall come down from Heaven.” Here is the Truth of all ‘truths;’ here is the righteousness of God, under the notion of righteousness confirming *our* abilities,—answerable to the truth which He hath in the Gospel revealed to us! [*According to Calvin and Paul.*] And the Psalm closeth with this: “Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps;”—that righteousness, that mercy, that love, and that kindness which we have seen, and been made partakers of from the Lord, *it* shall be our Guide, to teach us to know the right and the good way; which is, To tread in the steps of mercy, righteousness and goodness that our God hath walked before us in.

We ‘too’ have a Peace this day! I believe in my very heart, you all think the things that I speak to you this day. I am sure you have cause.

And yet we are not without the murmurings of many people, who turn all this grace and goodness into wormwood; who indeed are disappointed by the works of God. And those men are of several ranks and conditions; great ones, lesser ones;—of all sorts. Men that are of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches;—who gave themselves a fatal blow in this Place,¹ when they

¹ In this same House of Lords, on the 10th of December 1641. Busy Williams the Lincoln Decoy-duck, with his Eleven too-hasty Bishops, leading the way in that suicide. (*Antea*, vol. i. p. 110.)

would needs make a "Protestation that no Laws were good, which were made by this House and the House of Commons in *their* absence;" and so without injury to others cut themselves off! 'Men of an Episcopal spirit:' indeed men that know not God; that know not how to account upon the works of God, how to measure them out; but will trouble Nations for an Interest which is but *mixed*, at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's Image: whether they were more Civil or Spiritual was hard to say. But their continuance was like to be known beforehand [*Yes, your Highness!*]; iron and clay make no good mixtures, they are not durable at all!—

You have now a godly Ministry; you have a knowing Ministry; such a one as, without vanity be it spoken, the world has not. Men knowing the things of God, and able to search into the things of God,—by that only which can fathom those things in some measure. The spirit of a beast knows not the things of a man; nor doth the spirit of man know the things of God! "The things of God are known *by the Spirit*."¹—Truly I will remember but one thing of those, 'the misguided persons now cast out from us:' Their greatest persecution hath been of the People of God;—men really of the spirit of God, as I think very experience hath now sufficiently demonstrated!—

But what's the reason, think you, that men slip in this age wherein we live? As I told you before, they understand not the works of God. They consider not the operation of His Laws. They consider not that God resisted and broke in pieces the Powers that were, that men might fear Him;—might have liberty to do and enjoy all that that we have been speaking of! Which certainly God has manifested to have been the end; and so hath He brought the things to pass! *Therefore* it is that men yet slip, and engage themselves against God. And for that very cause, saith David (*Psalms Twenty-eighth*), "He shall break them down, and not build them up!"

If, therefore, you would know upon what foundation you

¹ 1 Corinthians, ii. 11.

stand, own your foundation 'to be' from God. He hath set you where you are : He hath set you in the enjoyment of your Civil and Spiritual Liberties.

I deal clearly with you,¹ I have been under some infirmity [*His Highness still looks unwell*] ; therefore dare not speak farther to you ;—except to let you know thus much, That I have with truth and simplicity declared the state of our Cause, and our attainments in it by the industry and labour of this Parliament since they last met upon this foundation—You shall find I mean, Foundation of a Cause and Quarrel thus attained-to, wherein we are thus estated.² I should be very glad to lay my bones with yours [*What a tone !*] ;—and would have done it, with all heartiness and cheerfulness, in the meanest capacity I ever yet was in, to serve the Parliament.

If God give you, as I trust He will,—[*“ His blessing ” or “ strength : ” but the Sentence is gone.*]—He hath given it you, for what have I been speaking of but what you have done ? He hath given you strength to do what you have done ! And if God should bless you in this work, and make this Meeting happy on this account, you shall all be called the Blessed of the Lord. [*Poor Oliver !*]—The generations to come will bless us. You shall be the “ repairers of breaches, and the restorers of paths to dwell in ! ”³ And if there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto in the world, beyond this, I acknowledge my ignorance ‘ of it.’

As I told you, I have some infirmities upon me. I have not liberty to speak more unto you ; but I have desired an Honourable Person here by me—[*Glancing towards Nathaniel Fiennes, him with the Purse and Seal*] to discourse, a little more particularly, what may be more proper for this occasion and this meeting.⁴

¹ Means “ Give me leave to say.”

² This Parliament's ‘ foundation,’ the ground *this* Parliament took its stand upon, was a recognition that our Cause had been so and so, that our ‘ attainment ’ and ‘ estate ’ in it were so and so ; hence their Petition and Advice, and other very salutary labours.

³ Isaiah, lviii. 12.

⁴ Commons Journals, vii. 579 : that is the Original,—reported by Widdrington next day. Burton (ii. 322), Parliamentary History (xxi. 170), are copies.

Nathaniel Fiennes follows in a long highflown, ingenious Discourse,¹ characterised by Dryasdust, in his Parliamentary History and other Works, as false, canting, and little less than insane; for which the Anti-dryasdust reader has by this time learned to forgive that fatal Doctor of Darkness. Fiennes's Speech is easily recognisable, across its Calvinistic dialect, as full of sense and strength; broad manful thought and clear insight, couched in a gorgeous figurative style, which a friendly judge might almost call poetic. It is the first time we thoroughly forgive the Honourable Nathaniel for surrendering Bristol to Prince Rupert long ago; and rejoice that Prynne and Independency Walker did not get him shot, by Court-Martial, on that occasion.

Nathaniel compares the present state of England to the rising of Cosmos out of Chaos as recorded in *Genesis*: Two 'firmaments' are made, two separate Houses of Parliament; much is made, but much yet remains to be made. He is full of figurative ingenuity; full of resolution, of tolerance, of discretion, and various other good qualities not very rife in the world. "What shall be done to our Sister that hath no breasts?" he asks, in the language of Solomon's Song. What shall we do with those good men, friends to our Cause, who yet reject us, and sit at home on their estates? We will soothe them, we will submit to them, we will in all ways invite them to us. Our little Sister,—“if she be a wall, we will build a palace of silver upon her; if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar:”—our little Sister shall not be estranged from us, if it please God!—

There is, in truth, need enough of unanimity at present. One of these days, there came a man riding jogtrot through Stratford-at-the-Bow, with 'a green glazed cover over his hat,' a 'nightcap under it,' and 'his valise behind him;' a rustic-looking man; recognisable to us, amid the vanished populations who take no notice of him as he jogs along there,—for the Duke of Ormond, Charles Stuart's head man! He sat up, at Colchester, the night before, 'playing shuffleboard with some farmers, and drinking hot ale.' He is fresh from Flanders, and the Ex-King; has arrived here to organise the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, and see what Royalist Insurrection, or other domestic mischief there may be hopes of. Lodges now, 'with dyed hair,' in a much disguised manner, 'at the house of a Papist Chirurgeon in Drury Lane;' communicating with the ringleaders here.²

¹ Reported, Commons Journals, vii. 532-7, Monday 25th Jan. 1657-8.

² Carte's Ormond, ii. 176-8.

The Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on foot, and no fable. He has Four English-Irish Regiments; the low-minded Dutch, we understand, have hired him Two-and-twenty ships, which hope to escape our frigates some dark night; and Don John has promised a Spanish Army of Six-thousand or Ten-thousand, if the domestic Royalists will bestir themselves. Like the waves of the sea, that cannot rest; that have to go on throwing up mire and dirt! Frantic-Anabaptists too are awakening; the general English Hydra is rallying itself again, as if to try it one other last time.

Foreign Affairs also look altogether questionable to a Protestant man. Swede and Dane in open war; inextricable quarrels bewildering the King of Sweden, King of Denmark, Elector of Brandenburg, all manner of Foreign Protestants, whom Oliver never yet could reconcile; and the Dutch playing false; and the Spaniards, the Austrians, the Pope and Papists, too well united!—Need enough that this Parliament be unanimous.

The hopes of Oliver and Fiennes and all practicable Puritans may have naturally stood high at this meeting:—but if so, it was not many hours till they began fatally to sink. There exists also an *impracticable* set of Puritan men,—the old Excluded Members, introduced now, or now first admitted into this Parliament,—whom no beautifulest ‘two firmaments’ seen overspanning Chaos, no Spanish Invasion threatening to bring Chaos back, no hopefulest and no fearfulest phenomenon of Nature or Constitutional Art, will ever divorce from their one Republican Idea. Intolerability of the Single Person: this, and this only, will Nature in her dumb changes, and Art in her spoken interpretations thereof, reveal to these men. It is their one Idea; which, in fact, they will carry with them to—the gallows at Charing Cross, when no Oliver any more is there to restrain it and them! Poor windy angry Haselrig, poor little peppery Thomas Scott—And yet these were not the poorest. Scott was only hanged: but what shall we say of a Luke Robinson, also very loud in this Parliament, who had to turn his coat that he might escape hanging? The history of this Parliament is not edifying to Constitutional men.

SPEECH XVII.

WE said, the Two Houses, at least the First House, very ill fulfilled his Highness's expectations. Hardly had they got into their respective localities after his Highness's Opening Speech, when

the New House, sending the Old a simple message about requesting his Highness to have a day of Fasting, there arose a Debate as to What answer should be given ; as to What 'name,' first of all, this said New House was to have,—otherwise what answer could you give? Debate carried on with great vigour ; resumed, re-resumed day after day ;—and never yet terminated ; not destined to be terminated in this world ! How eloquent were peppery Thomas Scott and others, lest we should call them a House of *Lords*,—not, alas, lest he the peppery Constitutional Debater, and others such, should lose their own heads, and intrust their Cause with all its Gospels to a new very curious Defender of the Faith ! It is somewhat sad to see.

On the morning of Monday January 25th, the Writer of the Diary called *Burton's*,—Nathaniel Bacon if that were he,—finds, on entering the house, Sir Arthur Haselrig on his feet there, saying, "Give me my Oath !" Sir Arthur, as we transiently saw, was summoned to the Peers House ; but he has decided to sit *here*. It is an ominous symptom. After 'Mr. Peters' has concluded his morning exercise,¹ the intemperate Sir Arthur again demands, "Give me my Oath !"—"I dare not," answers Francis Bacon, the official person ; Brother of the Diarist. But at length they do give it him ; and he sits : Sir Arthur is henceforth *here*. And, on the whole, ought we not to call this pretended Peers House the 'Other House' merely ? Sir Arthur, peppery Scott, Luke Robinson and Company, are clearly of that mind.

However, the Speaker has a Letter from his Highness, summoning us all to the Banqueting-House at Whitehall this afternoon at three ; both Houses shall meet him there. There accordingly does his Highness, do both Houses and all the Official world make appearance. Gloomy Rushworth, Bacon, and one 'Smythe,' with Notebooks in their hands, are there. His Highness, in the following large manful manner, looking before and after, looking abroad and at home, with true nobleness if we consider all things,—speaks :

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

(For so I must own you), in whom together with myself is vested the Legislative Power of these Nations !—The impression of the weight of those affairs and interests for which we are met together is such that I could not with a

¹ Burton, ii. 347.

good conscience satisfy myself, if I did not remonstrate to you somewhat of my apprehensions of the State of the Affairs of these Nations; together with the proposal of such remedy as may occur, to the dangers now imminent upon us.

I conceive the Well-being, yea the Being of these Nations, is now at stake. If God bless this Meeting,—our tranquillity and peace may be lengthened out to us; if *otherwise*,—I shall offer it to your judgments and considerations, by the time I have done, whether there be, as to *men*,¹ ‘so much as’ a possibility of discharging that Trust which is incumbent upon us for the safety and preservation of these Nations! When I have told you what occurs to my thoughts, I shall leave it to such an operation on your hearts as it shall please God Almighty to work upon you. [*His Highness, I think, looks earnest enough today. Oppressed with many things, and not in good health either. In those deep mournful eyes, which are always full of noble silent sorrow, of affection and pity and valour, what a depth today of thoughts that cannot be spoken! Sorrow enough, depth enough,—and this deepest attainable depth, to rest upon what “it shall please God Almighty” to do!*]

I look upon this to be the great duty of my Place; as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these Nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil; that so, by the advice of so wise and great a Council as this, which hath in it the life and spirit of these Nations, such “good” may be attained, and such “evil,” whatever it is, may be obviated. [*Truly!*] We shall hardly set our shoulders to this work, unless it shall please God to work some conviction upon our hearts that *there is need* of our most serious and best counsels at such a time as this is!—

I have not prepared any such matter and rule of speech to deliver myself unto you, as perhaps might have been fitter for me to have done, and more serviceable for you in understanding me;—but shall only speak plainly and honestly to you out of such conceptions as it hath pleased God to set upon me.

We have not been now four years and upwards in this Government, to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the

¹ humanly speaking.

greatest concernment to us. [*No mortal thinks so, your Highness !*] Your dangers,—for that is the head of my speech,—are either with respect to Affairs Abroad and their difficulties, or to Affairs at Home and their difficulties. You are come now, as I may say, unto the end [*Which may but prove the new beginning !*] of as great difficulties and straits as, I think, ever Nation was engaged in. I had in my thoughts to have made this the method of my Speech : To have let you see the things which hazard your Being, and ‘those which hazard’ your Well-being. But when I came seriously to consider better of it, I thought, as your affairs stand, all things would resolve themselves into very Being ! You are not a Nation, you will not be a Nation, if God strengthen you not to meet these evils that are upon us !

First, from Abroad : What are the Affairs, I beseech you, abroad ? I thought the Profession of the Protestant Religion was a thing of “ Well-being ;” and truly, in a good sense, so it is, and it is no more : though it be a very high thing, it is but a thing of “ Well-being.” [*A Nation can still BE, even without Protestantism.*] But take it with all the complications of it, with all the concomitants of it, with respect had to the Nations abroad,—I do believe, he that looks well about him, and considereth the estate of the Protestant Affairs all Christendom over ; he must needs say and acknowledge that the grand Design now on foot, in comparison with which all other Designs are but low things, is, Whether the Christian world shall be all Popery ? Or, whether God hath a love to, and we ought to have ‘a love to, and’ a brotherly fellow-feeling of, the interests of all the Protestant Christians in the world ? [*Yes, your Highness ; the raging sea shut out by your labour and valour and death-peril,—with what indifference do we now, safe at two-centuries distance, look back upon it, hardly audible so far off,—ungrateful as we are !*] He that strikes at but one species of a general ¹ to make it nothing, strikes at all.

Is it not so now, that the Protestant Cause and Interest abroad is struck-at ; and is, in opinion and apprehension, quite under foot, trodden down ? Judge with me a little, I

¹ Means ‘one limb of a body :’ metaphysical metaphor.

beseech you, Whether it be so or no. And then, I will pray you, consider how far *we* are concerned in that danger, as to 'our very' Being!

We have known very well, the Protestant-Cause is accounted the honest and religious Interest of this Nation. It was not trodden under foot all at once, but by degrees,—that this Interest might be consumed as with a canker insensibly, as Jonah's gourd was, till it was quite withered. It is at another rate now! For certainly this, in the general, 'is the fact:' The Papacy, and those that are upholders of it, they have openly and avowedly trodden God's people under foot, on this very motion and account, that they were Protestants. The money you parted-with in that noble Charity which was exercised in this Nation, and the just sense you had of those poor Piedmonts, was satisfaction enough to yourselves of this,¹ That if all the Protestants in Europe had had but that head, that head had been cut off, and so an end of the whole. But is this 'of Piedmont' all? No. Look how the House of Austria, on both sides of Christendom, 'both in Austria Proper and Spain,' are armed and prepared to destroy the whole Protestant Interest.

Is not,—to begin there,—the King of Hungary, who expecteth with his partisans to make himself Emperor of Germany, and in the judgment of all men 'with' not only a possibility but a certainty of the acquisition of it,—is not he, since he hath mastered the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Electors, 'as good as sure of the Emperorship'?² No doubt but he will have three of the Episcopal Electors 'on his side,' and the Duke of Bavaria. [*There are but Eight Electors in all; Hanover not yet made.*] Whom will he then have to contest with him abroad, for taking the Empire of Germany out of his hands? Is not he the son of a Father whose principles, interest and personal conscience guided him to exile all the

¹ proof enough that you believed.

² Emperor Ferdinand III., under whom the Peace of Westphalia was made, had died this year; his second son, Leopold, on the death of the first son, had been made King of Hungary in 1655; he was, shortly after this, elected Emperor, Leopold I., and reigned till 1705. 'Brandenburg' was Frederick William; a distinguished Prince; father of the First King of Prussia; Frederick the Great's great-grandfather; properly the Founder of the Prussian Monarchy.

Protestants out of his own patrimonial country,—out of Bohemia, got with the sword; out of Moravia and Silesia? [*Ferdinand the Second, his Grandfather; yea, your Highness;—and brought the great Gustavus upon him in consequence. Not a good kindred that!*] ‘And’ it is the daily complaint which comes over to us,—new reiterations of which we have but received within these two or three days, being conveyed by some godly Ministers of the City, That the Protestants are tossed out of Poland into the Empire; and out thence whither they can fly to get their bread; and are ready to perish for want of food.

And what think you of the other side of Europe, Italy to wit,—if I may call it the other side of Europe, as I think I may,—‘Italy,’ Spain, and all those adjacent parts, with the Grisons, the Piedmonts before mentioned, the Switzers? They all,—what are they but a prey of the Spanish power and interest? And look to that that calls itself [*Neuter gender*] the Head of all this! A Pope fitted,—I hope indeed “born” not “in” but out of “due time,” to accomplish this bloody work; so that he may fill-up his cup to the brim, and make himself ripe for judgment! [*Somewhat grim of look, your Highness!*] He doth as he hath always done. He influences all the Powers, all the Princes of Europe to this very thing [*Rooting-out of the Protestants.—The sea which is now scarcely audible to us, two safe centuries off, how it roars and devouringly rages while this Valiant One is heroically bent to bank it in!—He prospers, he does it, flings his life into the gap,—that we for all coming centuries may be safe and ungrateful!*];—and no man like this present man.¹ So that, I beseech you, what is there in all the parts of Europe but a consent, a co-operating, at this very time and season, ‘of all Popish Powers’ to suppress everything that stands in their way? [*A grave epoch indeed.*]

But it may be said, “This is a great way off, in the extremest parts of the world;² what is that to us?”—If it be nothing to you, let it be nothing to you! I have told you it

¹ Alexander VII.: ‘an able Pope,’ Dryasdust informs me.

² ‘parts of it’ in orig.

is somewhat to you. It concerns all your religions, and all the good interests of England.

I have, I thank God, considered, and I would beg of you to consider a little with me: What that resistance is that is likely to be made to this mighty current, which seems to be coming from all parts upon all Protestants? Who is there that holdeth up his head to oppose this danger? A poor Prince [*Charles X. King of Sweden; at present attacked by the King of Denmark; the Dutch also aiming at him*];—indeed poor; but a man in his person as gallant, and truly I think I may say as good, as any these last ages have brought forth; a man that hath adventured his all against the Popish Interest in Poland, and made his acquisition still good ‘there’ for the Protestant Religion. He is now reduced into a corner: and what addeth to the grief of all,—more grievous than all that hath been spoken of before (I wish it may not be too truly said!)—is, That men of our Religion forget this, and seek his ruin. [*Dutch and Danes: but do not some of us too forget? “I wish it may not be too truly said!”*]

I beseech you consider a little; consider the consequences of all that! For what doth it all signify? Is it only a noise? Or hath it not withal an articulate sound in it? Men that are not true to the Religion we profess,—‘profess,’ I am persuaded, with greater truth, uprightness and sincerity than it is ‘professed’ by any collected body, so nearly gathered together as these Nations are, in all the world,—God will find them out! [*The low-minded Dutch; pettifogging for “Sound Dues,” for “Possession of the Sound,” and mere shopkeeper lucre!*] I beseech you consider how things do coöperate. ‘Consider,’ If this may seem but a design against your Well-being? It is a design against your very Being; this artifice, and this complex design, against the Protestant Interest,—wherein so many Protestants are not so right as were to be wished! If they can shut us out of the Baltic Sea, and make themselves masters of that, where is your Trade? Where are your materials to preserve your Shipping? Where will you be able to challenge any right by sea, or justify yourselves against a foreign invasion in your own soil? Think upon it;

this is in design ! I believe, if you will go and ask the poor mariner in his red cap and coat [*“Coat,” I hope, is not “red:” but we are in haste*], as he passeth from ship to ship, you will hardly find in any ship but they will tell you this is designed against you. So obvious is it, by this and other things, that you are the object. And in my conscience, I know not for what else ‘you are so’ but because of the purity of the profession amongst you ; who have not yet made it your trade to prefer your profit before your godliness [*Whatever certain Dutch and Danes may do.*], but reckon godliness the greater gain !

But should it happen that, as contrivances stand, you should not be able to vindicate yourselves against all whomsoever,—I name no one state upon this head [*Do not name the Dutch, with their pettifoggings for the Sound ; no !*], but I think all acknowledge States are engaged in the combination,—judge you where you were ! You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great Ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your Ditch, nor your Shipping,—unless you turn your Ships and Shipping into Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot ; and fight to defend yourselves on *terra firma* !—

And these things stated, *liberavi animam meam* ; and if there be “no danger” in ‘all’ this, I am satisfied. I have told you ; you will judge if no danger ! If you shall think, We may discourse of all things at pleasure,—[*Debate for days and weeks, Whether it shall be “House of Lords” or “Other House ;” put the question, Whether this question shall be put ; and say Ay, say No ; and thrash the air with idle jargon !*],—and that it is a time of sleep and ease and rest, without any due sense of these things,—I have this comfort to God-ward : I have told you of it. [*Yes, your Highness !—O intemperate vain Sir Arthur, peppery Thomas Scott, and ye other constitutional Patriots, is there no SENSE of truth in you, then ; no discernment of what really is what ? Instead of belief and insight, have you nothing but whirlpools of old paper-clippings, and a gray waste of Parliamentary constitutional logic ? Such HEADS, too common in the world, will run a chance in these times to get themselves—stuck up on Temple Bar !*

Really were it not that France (give me leave to say it) is a balance against that Party at this time—!—Should there be a Peace made (which hath been, and is still laboured and aimed-at, “a General Peace”), then will England be the “general” object of all the fury and wrath of all the Enemies of God and our Religion in the world! I have nobody to accuse;—but do look on the other side of the water! You have neighbours there; some that you are in amity with; some that have professed malice enough against you. I think you are fully satisfied in that. I had rather you would trust your enemy than some friends,—that is, rather believe your enemy, and trust *him* that he means your ruin, than have confidence in some who perhaps may be in some alliance with you! [*We have watched the Dutch, and their dealings in the Baltic lately!*]—I perhaps could enforce all this with some particulars, nay I ‘certainly’ could. For you know that your enemies be the same who have been accounted your enemies ever since Queen Elizabeth came to the crown. An avowed designed enemy ‘all along;’ wanting nothing of counsel, wisdom and prudence, to root you out from the face of the Earth: and when public attempts [*Spanish Armadas and suchlike*] would not do, how have they, by the Jesuits and other their Emissaries, laid foundations to perplex and trouble our Government by taking away the lives of them whom they judged to be of any use for preserving our peace! [*Guy Faux and Jesuit Garnet were a pair of pretty men; to go no farther. Ravaillac in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, and Stadtholder William’s Jesuit; and the Night of St. Bartholomew: here and elsewhere they have not wanted “counsel” of a sort!*] And at this time I ask you, Whether you do not think they are designing as busily as ever any people were, to prosecute the same counsels and things to the uttermost?

The business *then* was: The Dutch needed Queen Elizabeth of famous memory for their protection. They had it, ‘had protection from her.’ I hope they will never ill requite it! For if they should forget either the kindness that was then shown them (which was their real safety), or the desires this Nation hath had to be at peace with them,—truly I be-

lieve whoever exercises any ingratitude in this sort will hardly prosper in it. [*He cannot, your Highness: unless God and His TRUTH be a mere Hearsay of the market, he never can!*] But this may awaken you, howsoever. I hope you will be awakened, upon all these considerations! It is certain, they [*These Dutch*] have professed a principle which, thanks be to God, we never knew. They will sell arms to their enemies, and lend their ships to their enemies. They will do so. And truly that principle is not a matter of dispute at this time, 'we are not here to argue with them about it: ' only let everything weigh with your spirits as it ought;—let it do so. And we must tell you, we do know that this, 'of their having such a principle,' is *true*. I dare assure you of it; and I think if but your Exchange here 'in London' were resorted-to, it would let you know, as clearly as you can desire to know, That they have hired—sloops, I think they call them, or some other name,—they have hired sloops, 'let sloops on hire,' to transport upon you Four-thousand Foot and a Thousand Horse, upon the pretended interest of that young man that was the late King's Son. [*What a designation for "Charles by the grace of God"! The "was" may possibly have been "is" when spoken; but we cannot afford to change it.*] And this is, I think, a thing far from being reckonable as a suggestion to any ill end or purpose:—a thing to no other end than that it may awaken you to a just consideration of your danger, and to uniting for a just and natural defence.

Indeed I never did, I hope I never shall, use any artifice with you to pray you to help us with money for defending ourselves: but if money be needful, I will tell you, "Pray help us with money, that the Interest of the Nation may be defended abroad and at home." I will use no arguments; and thereby will disappoint the artifice of bad men abroad who say, It is for money. Whosoever shall think to put things out of frame upon such a suggestion—[*His fate may be guessed; but the Sentence is off*!—For you will find I will be very plain with you before I have done; and that with all love and affection and faithfulness to you and these Nations.

If this be the condition of your affairs abroad, I pray a little consider what is the estate of your affairs at home. And if both these considerations, 'of home affairs and foreign,' have but this effect, to *get* a consideration among you, a due and just consideration,—let God move your hearts for the answering¹ of anything that shall be due unto the Nation, as He shall please! And I hope I shall not be solicitous [*The "artifice" and "money" of the former paragraph still sounding somewhat in his Highness's ears*]; I shall look up to Him who hath been my God and my Guide hitherto.

I say, I beseech you look to your own affairs at home, how they stand! I am persuaded you are all, I apprehend you are all, honest and worthy good men; and that there is not a man of you but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would! We are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen: and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen;—but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this Nation, and the interest of it. [*Truly!*—But, I beseech you, what is our case at home?— I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end,—I do not. But I must needs say, Let a man begin where he will, he shall hardly be out of that drift I am speaking to you 'upon.' We are as full of calamities, and of divisions among us in respect of the spirits of men, 'as we could well be,'—though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never to be sufficiently admired providence of God, 'still' in peace! And the fighting we have had, and the success we have had—yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world! And take us in that temper we are in, or rather in that distemper, it is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men, 'that we are got again to peace'—

['Beautiful great Soul,' exclaims a modern Commentator here, 'Beautiful great Soul; to whom the Temporal is all irradiated with the Eternal, and God is everywhere divinely visible in the affairs of men, and man himself has as it were become divine! O ye eternal Heavens, have those days and those souls passed away without return?—Patience: intrinsically they can never pass

¹ performing on such demand.

away : intrinsically they remain with us ; and will yet, in nobler unexpected form, reappear among us,—if it please Heaven ! There *have been* Divine Souls in England ; England too, poor moiling toiling heavy-laden thick-eyed England has been illuminated, though it were but once, by the Heavenly Ones ;—and *once*, in a sense, is always !’]

—that we are got again to peace. And whoever shall seek to break it, God Almighty root that man out of this Nation ! And He will do it, let the pretences be what they may ! [*Privilege of Parliament, or whatever else, my peppery friends !*]

‘Peace-breakers, do they consider what it is they are driving towards ? They should do it !’ He that considereth not the “woman with child,”—the sucking children of this Nation that know not the right hand from the left, of whom, for aught I know, it may be said this City is as full as Nineveh was said to be ;—he that considereth not these, and the fruit that is like to come of the bodies of those now living added to these ; he that considereth not these, must have the heart of a Cain ; who was marked, and made to be an enemy to all men, and all men enemies to him ! For the wrath and justice of God will prosecute such a man to his grave, if not to Hell ! [*Where is Sam. Cooper, or some ‘prince of limners,’ to take us that look of his Highness ? I would give my ten best High-Art Paintings for it, gilt frames and twaddle-criticisms into the bargain !*]

—I say, look on this Nation ; look on it ! Consider what are the varieties of Interests in this Nation,—if they be worthy the name of Interests. If God did not hinder, it would all but make up one confusion. We should find there would be but one Cain in England, if God did not restrain ! We should have another more bloody Civil War than ever we had in England. For, I beseech you, what is the general spirit of this Nation ? Is it not that each sect of people,—if I may call them sects, whether sects upon a Religious account or upon a Civil account—[*Sentence gone ; meaning left clear enough*]

—Is not this Nation miserable in that respect ? What is that which possesseth every sect ? What is it ? That every sect may be uppermost ! That every sort of men may get the power into their hands, and “they

would use it well ;"—that every sect may get the power into their hands! [*A reflection to make one wonder.—Let them thank God they have got a man able to bit and bridle them a little ; the unfortunate, peppery, loud-babbling individuals,—with so much good in them too, while ‘bitted’ !*]

It were a happy thing if the Nation would be content with rule. ‘Content with rule,’ if it were but in Civil things, and with those that would rule *worst* ;—because misrule is better than no rule ; and an ill Government, a bad Government, is better than none !—Neither is this all : but we have an appetite to variety ; to be not only making wounds, ‘but widening those already made.’ As if you should see one making wounds in a man’s side, and eager only to be groping and grovelling with his fingers in those wounds ! This is what ‘such’ men would be at ; this is the spirit of those who would trample on men’s liberties in Spiritual respects. They will be making wounds, and rending and tearing, and making them wider than they were. Is not this the case ? Doth there want anything—I speak not of sects in an ill sense ; but the Nation is hugely made up of them,—and what is the want that prevents these things from being done to the uttermost, but that men have more anger than strength ? They have not power to attain their ends. ‘There wants nothing else.’ And, I beseech you, judge what such a company of men, of these sects, are doing, while they are contesting one with another ! They are contesting in the midst of a generation of men (a malignant Episcopal Party, I mean) ; contesting in the midst of these *all united*. What must be the issue of such a thing as this ? ‘So stands it ;’ it is so.—And do but judge what proofs have been made of the spirits of these men. [*Republican spirits : we took a “Standard” lately, a Painted one, and a Printed, with wondrous apparatus behind it !*] Summoning men to take up arms ; and exhorting men, each sort of them, to fight for their notions ; each sort thinking they are to try it out by the sword ; and every sort thinking that *they* are truly under the banner of Christ, if they but come in, and bind themselves in such a project !¹

. ¹ ‘and oblige upon this account’ in orig.

Now do but judge what a hard condition this poor Nation is in. *This* is the state and condition we are in. Judge, I say, what a hard condition this poor Nation is in, and the Cause of God 'is in,'—amidst such a party of men as the Cavaliers are, and their participants! Not only with respect to what these—[“*Cavaliers and their Participants*,” both equally at first, but it becomes the latter chiefly, and at length exclusively, before the Sentence ends]—are like to do of themselves: but some of these, yea some of these, they care not who carry the goal [*Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, dead the other day, he was not very careful!*]:—some of these have invited the Spaniard himself to carry on the Cavalier Cause.

And this is *true*. 'This' and many other things that are not fit to be suggested unto you; because 'so' we should betray the interest of our intelligence. [*Spy-Royalist Sir Richard Willis and the like ambiguous persons, if we show them in daylight, they vanish forever,—as Manning, when they shot him in Neuburg, did.*] I say, this is your condition! What is your defence? What hindereth the irruption of all this upon you, to your utter destruction? Truly, 'that' you have an army in these parts,—in Scotland, in England and Ireland. Take *them* away tomorrow, would not all these Interests run into one another?—I know you are rational prudent men. Have you any Frame or Model of things that would satisfy the minds of men, if *this* be not the Frame, 'this' which you are now called together upon, and engaged in,—I mean, the Two Houses of Parliament and myself? What hinders this Nation from being an Aceldama, 'a field of blood,' if this doth not? It is, without doubt, 'this:' give the glory to God; for without this, it would prove¹ as great a plague as all that hath been spoken of. It is this, without doubt, that keeps this Nation in peace and quietness.—And what is the case of your Army 'withal'? A poor unpaid Army; the soldiers going barefoot at this time, in this city, this weather! [*Twenty-fifth of January.*] And yet a peaceable people, 'these soldiers;' seeking to serve you with their lives; judging their pains and hazards and all well bestowed, in obeying their

¹ 'it would prove' is an *impersonal* verb; such as 'it will rain,' and the like.

officers and serving you, to keep the Peace of these Nations ! Yea, he must be a man with a heart as hard as the weather who hath not a due sense of this ! [*A severe frost, though the Almanacs do not mention it.*]— —

So that, I say, it is most plain and evident, this is your outward and present defence. [*This frame of Government ; the Army is a part of that.*] And yet, at this day,—do but you judge ! The Cavalier Party, and the several humours of unreasonable men ‘of other sorts,’ in those several ways, having ‘continually’ made battery at this defence ever since you got to enjoy peace—[*Sentence catches fire*]— —What have they made their business but this, To spread libellous Books [*Their “Standard,” “Killing no Murder,” and other little fiddling things belonging to that sort of Periodical Literature*] ; yea and pretend the “Liberty of the Subject”—[*Sentence gone again*]—?—which really wiser men than they may pretend ! For let me say this to you at once : I never look to see the People of England come into a just Liberty, if another ‘Civil’ War overtake us. I think, ‘I’ at least, that the thing likely to bring us into our “Liberty” is a consistency and agreement at this Meeting !—Therefore all I can say to you is this : It will be your wisdom, I do think truly, and your justice, to keep that concernment close to you ; to uphold this Settlement ‘now fallen-upon.’ Which I have no cause but to think you are agreed to ; and that you like it. For I assure you I am very greatly mistaken else, ‘for my own part ;’ having taken this which is now the Settlement among us as my chief inducement to bear the burden I bear, and to serve the Commonwealth in the place I am in !

And therefore if you judge that all this be not argument enough to persuade you to be sensible of your danger—?—‘A danger’ which ‘all manner of considerations,’ besides goodnature and ingenuity ‘themselves,’ would move a stone to be sensible of !—Give us leave to consider a little, What will become of us, if our spirits should go *otherwise*, ‘and break this Settlement’ ? If our spirits be dissatisfied, what will become of things ? Here is an Army five or six months behind in pay ; yea, an Army in Scotland near as much ‘be-

hind ;' an Army in Ireland much more. And if these things be considered,—I cannot doubt but they will be considered ;—I say, judge what the state of Ireland is if free-quarter come upon the Irish People ! [*Free-quarter must come, if there be no pay provided, and that soon !*] You have a company of Scots in the North of Ireland, 'Forty or Fifty thousand of them settled there ;' who, I hope, are honest men. In the Province of Galway almost all the Irish, transplanted to the West.' You have the Interest of England newly begun to be planted. The people there, 'in these English settlements,' are full of necessities and complaints. They bear to the uttermost. And should the soldiers run upon free-quarter there,—upon your English Planters, as they must,—the English Planters must quit the country through mere beggary : and that which hath been the success of so much blood and treasure, to get that Country into your hands, what can become of it, but that the English must needs run away for pure beggary, and the Irish must possess the country 'again' for a receptacle to the Spanish Interest?—

And hath Scotland been long settled ? [*Middleton's Highland Insurrection, with its Mosstroopery and misery, is not dead three years yet.*²] Have not they a like sense of poverty ? I speak plainly. In good earnest, I do think the Scots Nation have been under as great a suffering, in point of livelihood and subsistence outwardly, as any People I have yet named to you. I do think truly they are a very ruined Nation. [*Torn to pieces with now near Twenty Years of continual War, and foreign and intestine worrying with themselves and with all the world.*]¹—And yet in a way (I have spoken with some Gentlemen come from thence) hopeful enough ;—it hath pleased God to give that plentiful encouragement to the meaner sort in Scotland. I must say, if it please God to encourage the meaner sort—[*The consequences may be foreseen, but are not stated here.*]²—The meaner sort 'in Scotland' live as well, and are likely to come into as thriving a condition under your Government, as when they were under their own great Lords,

¹ "All the Irish ;" all the Malignant Irish, the ringleaders of the Popish Rebellion : Galway is here called 'Galloway.'

² Feb. 1654-5 (Whitlocke, p. 599).

who made them work for their living no better than the Peasants of France. I am loath to speak anything which may reflect upon that Nation: but the middle sort of people do grow up there into such a substance as makes their lives comfortable, if not better than they were before. [*Scotland is prospering; has fair-play and ready-money;—prospering though sulley.*]

If now, after all this, we shall not be sensible of all those designs that are in the midst of us: of the *united* Cavaliers; of the designs which are animated every day from Flanders and Spain; while we have to look upon ourselves as a *divided* people—[*Sentence off*]—A man cannot certainly tell where to find consistency anywhere in England! Certainly there is no consistency in anything, that may be worthy of the name of a body of consistency, but in this Company who are met here! How can any man lay his hand on his heart, and ‘permit himself to’ talk of things [*Roots of Constitutional Government, “Other House,” “House of Lords” and suchlike*], neither to be made out by the light of Scripture nor of Reason; and draw one another off from considering of *these* things,—‘which are very palpable things’! I dare leave them with you, and commit them to your bosom. They have a weight,—a greater weight than any I have yet suggested to you, from abroad or at home! If such be our case abroad and at home, That our Being and Well-being,—our Well-being is not worth the naming comparatively,—I say, if such be our case, of our Being at home and abroad, That through want to bear up our Honour at Sea, and through want to maintain what is our Defence at Home, ‘we stand exposed to such dangers;’ and if through our mistake we shall be led off from the consideration of these things; and talk of circumstantial things, and quarrel about circumstances; and shall not with heart and soul intend and carry-on these things—!—I confess I can look for nothing ‘other,’ I can say no other than what a foolish Book¹ expresseth, of one that having consulted everything, could hold to nothing; neither Fifth-Monarchy, Presbytery, nor Independency, nothing; but at length concludes,

¹ Now rotting probably, or rotten, among the other Pamphletary rubbish, in the crypts of Public Dryadust Collections,—all but this one phrase of it, here kept alive.

He is for nothing but an “orderly confusion”! And for men that have wonderfully lost their consciences and their wits,—I speak of men going about who cannot tell *what* they would have, yet are willing to kindle coals to disturb others—! [*An “orderly confusion,” and general fire-consummation: what else is possible?*]

And now having said this, I have discharged my duty to God and to you, in making this demonstration,—and I profess, not as a rhetorician! My business was to prove the verity of the Designs from Abroad; and the still unsatisfied spirits of the Cavaliers at Home,—who from the beginning of our Peace to this day have not been wanting to do what they could to kindle a fire at home in the midst of us. And I say, if this be so, the truth,—I pray God affect your hearts with a due sense of it! [*Yea!*] And give you one heart and mind to carry-on this work for which we are met together! If these things be so,—should you meet tomorrow, and accord in all things tending to your preservation and your rights and liberties, really it will be feared there is too much time elapsed ‘already’ for your delivering yourselves from those dangers that hang upon you!—

We have had now Six Years of Peace, and have had an interruption of Ten Years *War*. We have seen and heard and felt the evils of War; and now God hath given us a new taste of the benefits of Peace. Have you not had such a Peace in England, Ireland and Scotland, that there is not a man to lift up his finger to put you into distemper? Is not this a mighty blessing from the Lord of Heaven? [*Hah!*] Shall we now be prodigal of time? Should any man, shall *we*, listen to delusions, to break and interrupt this Peace? There is not any man that hath been true to this Cause, as I believe you have been all, who can look for anything but the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world! [*Peppery Scott’s hot head will go up on Temple Bar, and Haselrig will do well to die soon.*¹]
—I wonder how it can enter into the heart of man to undervalue these things; to slight Peace and the Gospel,

¹ He died in the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1660 itself, say the *Baronetages*. Worn to death, it is like, by the frightful vicissitudes and distracting excitement of those sad months,

the greatest mercy of God. We have Peace and the Gospel! [*What a tone!*] Let us have one heart and soul; one mind to maintain the honest and just rights of this Nation;—not to *pretend* to them, to the destruction of our Peace, to the destruction of the Nation! [*As yet there is one Hero-heart among you, ye blustering contentious rabble; one Soul blazing as a light-beacon in the midst of Chaos, forbidding Chaos yet to be supreme. In a little while that too will be extinct; and then!*] Really, pretend what we will, if you run into *another* flood of blood and War, the sinews of this Nation being wasted by the last, it must sink and perish utterly. I beseech you, and charge you in the name and presence of God, and as before Him, be sensible of these things and lay them to heart! You have a Day of Fasting coming on. I beseech God touch your hearts and open your ears to this truth; and that you may be as deaf adders to stop your ears to all Dissension! And may look upon them ‘who would sow dissension,’ whoever they may be, as Paul saith to the Church of Corinth,¹ as I remember: “*Mark* such as cause divisions and offences,” and would disturb you from that foundation of Peace you are upon, under any pretence whatsoever!—

I shall conclude with this. I was free, the last time of our meeting, to tell you I would discourse upon a Psalm; and I did it.² I am not ashamed of it at any time [*Why should you, your Highness? A word that does speak to us from the eternal heart of things, “word of God” as you well call it, is highly worth discoursing upon.*]³—especially when I meet with men of such consideration as you. There you have one verse which I forgot. “I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak Peace unto His people and to His saints; but let them not turn again to *folly*.” Dissension, division, destruction, in a poor Nation under a Civil War,—having all the effects of a Civil War upon it! Indeed if we return again to “*folly*,” let every man consider, If it be *not* like turning to destruction? If God shall unite your hearts and bless you, and give you the blessing of union and love one to another; and tread-down everything that riseth up in your hearts and

¹ Not ‘Corinth’ properly, but Rome (Romans xvi. 17).

² The Eighty-fifth; *antea*, pp. 236 et seqq.

tendeth to deceive your own souls with pretences of this thing or that, as we have been saying,—[*The Sentence began as a positive, “if God shall; but gradually turning on its axis, it has now got quite round into the negative side*],—and not prefer the keeping of Peace, that we may see the fruit of righteousness in them that love peace and embrace peace,—it will be said of this poor Nation, *Actum est de Anglia*, ‘It is all over with England’!

But I trust God will never leave it to such a spirit. And while I live, and am able, I shall be ready—

[Courage, my brave one! Thou hast but some Seven Months more of it, and then the ugly coil is all over; and thy part in it manfully done; manfully and fruitfully, to all Eternity! Peppery Scott’s hot head can mount to Temple Bar, whither it is bound; and England, with immense expenditure of liquor and tar-barrels, can call in its Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith,—and make out a very notable Two-hundred years under *his* guidance; and, finding itself now nearly *got* to the Devil, may perhaps pause, and recoil, and remember: who knows? Nay who cares? may Oliver say. *He* is honourably quit of it, he for one; and the Supreme Powers will guide it farther according to their pleasure.]

—I shall be ready to stand and fall with you, in this seemingly promising ‘Union’ which God hath wrought among you, which I hope neither the pride nor envy of men shall be able to make void. I have taken my Oath [*In Westminster Hall, Twenty-sixth of June last*] to govern “according to the Laws” that are now made; and I trust I shall fully answer it. And know, I sought not this place. [*Who would have “sought” it, that could have as nobly avoided it? Very scurvy creatures only. The “place” is no great things, I think;—with either Heaven or else Hell so close upon the rear of it, a man might do without the “place!” Know all men, Oliver Cromwell did not seek this place, but was sought to it, and led and driven to it, by the Necessities, the Divine Providences, the Eternal Laws.*] I speak it before God, Angels, and Men: I DID NOT. You sought me for it, you brought me to it; and I took my Oath to be faithful to the Interest of these Nations, to be

1 The new Frame of Government.

faithful to the Government. All those things were implied, in my eye, in the Oath "to be faithful to this Government" upon which we have now met. And I trust, by the grace of God, as I have taken my Oath to serve this Commonwealth on such an account, I shall,—I must!—see it done, according to the Articles of Government. That every just Interest may be preserved; that a Godly Ministry may be upheld, and not affronted by seducing and seduced spirits; that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual. Upon this account did I take oath, and swear to this Government!—[*And mean to continue administering it withal.*].—And so having declared my heart and mind to you in this, I have nothing more to say, but to pray, God Almighty bless you.¹

His Highness, a few days after, on occasion of some Reply to a Message of his 'concerning the state of the Public Moneys,'—was formally requested by the Commons to furnish them with a Copy of this Speech:² he answered that he did not remember four lines of it in a piece, and that he could not furnish a Copy. Some Copy would nevertheless have been got up, had the Parliament continued sitting. Rushworth, Smythe, and 'I' (the writer of *Burton's Diary*), we, so soon as the Speech was done, went to York House; Fairfax's Town-house, where Historical John, brooding over endless Paper-masses, and doing occasional Secretary work, still lodges: here at York House we sat together till late, 'Comparing Notes of his Highness's Speech;' could not finish the business that night, our Notes being a little cramp. It was grown quite dark before his Highness had done; so that we could hardly see our pencils go, at the time.³

The Copy given here is from the *Pell Papers*, and in part from an earlier Original; first printed by Burton's Editor; and now reproduced, with slight alterations of the pointing &c., such as were necessary here and there to bring out the sense, but not such as could change anything that had the least title to remain unchanged.

¹ Burton, ii. 351-71.

² Thursday 28th Jan. 1657-8 (Parliamentary History, xxi. 196; Burton, ii. 379).

³ Burton, ii. 351.

SPEECH XVIII.

HIS Highness's last noble appeal, the words as of a strong great Captain addressed in the hour of imminent shipwreck, produced no adequate effect. The dreary Debate, supported chiefly by intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scott, and future-renegade Robinson, went on, trailing its slow length day after day; daily widening itself, too, into new dreariness, new questionability: a kind of pain to read even at this distance, and with view of the intemperate hot heads actually *stuck* on Temple Bar! For the man in 'green oil-skin hat with nightcap under it,' the Duke of Ormond namely, who lodges at the Papist Chirurgeon's in Drury Lane, is very busy all this while. And Fifth-Monarchy and other Petitions are getting concocted in the City, to a great length indeed;—and there are stirrings in the Army itself;—and, in brief, the English Hydra, cherished by the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, will shortly hiss sky-high again, if this continue!

As yet, however, there stands one strong Man between us and that issue. The strong Man gone, that issue, we may guess, will be inevitable; but he is not yet gone. For ten days more the dreary Debate has lasted. Various good Bills and Notices of Bills have been introduced; attempts on the part of well-affected Members to do some useful legislation here;¹ attempts which could not be accomplished. What could be accomplished was, to open the fountains of constitutional logic, and debate this question day after day. One or two intemperate persons, not excluded at the threshold, are of great moment in a Popular Assembly. The mind of which, if it have any mind, is one of the vaguest entities; capable, in a very singular degree, of being made to ferment, to freeze, to take fire, to develop itself in this shape or in that! The history of our Second Session, and indeed of these Oliverian Parliaments generally, is not exhilarating to the constitutional mind!—

But now on the tenth day of the Debate, with its noise growing ever noisier, on the 4th of February 1657–8, 'about eleven in the morning,'—while peppery Scott is just about to attempt yelping out some new second speech, and there are cries of "Spoken! spoken!" which Sir Arthur struggles to argue down,—arrives the Black Rod.—"The Black Rod stays!" cry some, while Sir Arthur is arguing for Scott.—"What care I for the Black Rod?" snarls he: "The Gentleman" (peppery Scott) "ought to be heard."—

¹ Parliamentary History, xxi. 203–4.

Black Rod, however, is heard first ; signifies that " His Highness is in the Lords House, and desires to speak with you." Under way therefore ! " Shall we take our Mace ? " By all means, if you consider it likely to be useful for you ! ¹

They take their Mace ; range themselves in due mass, in the " Other House," Lords House, or whatever they call it ; and his Highness, with a countenance of unusual earnestness, sorrow, resolution and severity, says :

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing ; and, the Lord be my witness, *I* desired the carrying-on the Affairs of the Nation to these ends ! The blessing which I mean, and which we ever climbed at, was mercy, truth, righteousness and peace,—which I desired might be improved.

That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in was the Petition and Advice given me by you ; who, in reference to the ancient Constitution [*"Which had Two Houses and a King,"—though we do not in words mention that !*], did draw me to accept the place of Protector. [*"I was a kind of Protector already, I always understood ; but let that pass. Certainly you invited me to become the Protector I now am, with Two Houses and other appendages, and there lies the gist of the matter at present."*] There is not a man living can say I sought it ; no, not a man nor woman treading upon English ground. But contemplating the sad condition of these Nations, relieved from an intestine War into a six or seven years Peace, I did think the Nation happy therein ! [*"I did think even my first Protectorate was a successful kind of thing !"*] But to be petitioned thereunto, and advised by you to undertake such a Government, a burden too heavy for any creature ; and this to be done by the House that then had the Legislative capacity :—certainly I did look that the same men who made the Frame should make it good unto me ! I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth,—I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock

¹ Burton, ii. 462 et seqq.;—see also Tanner MSS. li. 1, for a more minute account.

of sheep—[*Yes, your Highness ; it had been infinitely quieter, healthier, freer. But it is gone forever : no woodsides now, and peaceful nibbling sheep, and great still thoughts, and glimpses of God 'in the cool of the evening walking among the trees: nothing but toil and trouble, double, double, till one's discharge arrive, and the eternal Portals open ! Nay even there by your woodside, you had not been happy ; not you,—with thoughts going down to the Death-kingdoms, and Heaven so near you on this hand, and Hell so near you on that. Nay who would grudge a little temporary Trouble, when he can do a large spell of eternal Work ? Work that is true, and will last through all Eternity ! Complain not, your Highness !—His Highness does not complain. "To have kept a flock of sheep," he says*—rather than undertaken such a Government as this. But undertaking it by the Advice and Petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me should make it good.

I did tell you, at a Conference¹ concerning it, that I would not undertake it, unless there might be some other Persons to interpose between me and the House of Commons, who then had the power, and prevent tumultuary and popular spirits : and it was granted I should name another House. I named it of men who shall meet you wheresoever you go, and shake hands with you ; and tell you it is not Titles, nor Lords, nor Parties that they value, but a Christian and an English Interest ! Men of your own rank and quality, who will not only be a balance unto you, but a new force added to you,² while you love England and Religion.

Having proceeded upon these terms ;—and finding such a spirit as is too much predominant, everything being too high or too low ; where virtue, honesty, piety and justice are omitted :—I thought I had been doing that which was my duty, and thought it would have satisfied you ! But if everything must be too high or too low, you are not to be satisfied. [*There is an innocency and childlike goodness in these poor sentences, which speaks to us in spite of rhetoric.*]

Again, I would not have accepted of the Government, un-

¹ One of the Kingship Conferences of which there is no Report.

² 'But to themselves' however helplessly, must mean this ; and a good reporter would have substituted this..

less I knew there would be a just accord between the Governor and Governed ; unless they would take an Oath to make good what the Parliament's Petition and Advice advised me unto ! Upon that I took an Oath [*On the Twenty-sixth of June last*], and they [*On the Twentieth of January last, at their long Table in the Anteroom*] took another Oath upon their part answerable to mine :—and did not everyone know upon what condition he swore ? God knows, *I* took it upon the conditions expressed in the ‘Act of’ Government ! And I did think we had been upon a foundation, and upon a bottom ; and thereupon I thought myself bound to take it, and to be “advised by the Two Houses of Parliament.” And we standing unsettled till we arrived at that, the consequences would necessarily have been confusion, if that had not been settled. Yet there were not constituted “Hereditary Lords,” nor “Hereditary Kings ;” ‘no,’ the Power consisteth in the Two Houses and myself.—I do not say, that was the meaning of your Oath to *you*. That were to go against my own principles, to enter upon another man’s conscience. God will judge between you and me ! If there had been in you any intention of Settlement, you would have settled upon this basis, and have offered your judgment and opinion ‘as to minor improvements.’

God is my witness ; I speak it ; it is evident to all the world and people living, That a new business hath been seeking in the Army against this actual Settlement made by your consent. I do not speak to these Gentlemen [*Pointing to his right hand, says the Report*], or Lords, or whatsoever you will call them ; I speak not this to them, but to *you*.—You advised me to come into this place, to be in a capacity¹ by your Advice. Yet instead of owning a thing, some must have I know not what ;—and you have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole Nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat, than it hath been from the rising of the last Session to this day. Through the intention of devising a Commonwealth again ! That some people might be the men that might rule all ! [*Intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scott, and suchlike : very*

¹ ‘of authority’ is delicately understood, but not expressed.

inadequate they to "rule ;" inadequate to keep their own heads on their shoulders, if they were not RULED, they !] And they are endeavouring to engage the Army to carry that thing.—And hath that man been "true to this Nation," whosoever he be, especially that hath taken an Oath, thus to prevaricate? These designs have been made among the Army, to break and divide us. I speak this in the presence of some of the Army: That these things have not been according to God, nor according to truth, pretend what you will! [*No, your Highness ; they have not.*] These things tend to nothing else but the playing of the King of Scots' game (if I may so call him) ; and I think myself bound before God to do what I can to prevent it. [*"I, for my share : " Yea !*]

That which I told you in the Banqueting-House 'ten days ago' was true, That there are preparations of force to invade us. God is my witness, it hath been confirmed to me since, not a day ago, That the King of Scots hath an Army at the water's side, ready to be shipped for England. I have it from those who have been eyewitnesses of it. And while it is doing, there are endeavours from some who are not far from this place, to stir-up the people of this Town into a tumulting —[*City Petitions are mounting very high,—as perhaps Sir Arthur and others know !*—what if I said, Into a rebellion ! And I hope I shall make it appear to be no better, if God assist me. [*Noble scorn and indignation is gradually getting the better of every other feeling in his Highness and us.*]

It hath been not only your endeavour to pervert the Army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a "Commonwealth ;" but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any Insurrection that may be made. [*What a cold qualm in some conscious heart that listens to this ! Let him tremble, every joint of him ;—or not visibly tremble ; but cower home to his place, and repent ; and remember in whose hand his beggarly existence in this world lies !*] And what is like to come upon this, the Enemy being ready to invade us, but even present blood and confusion?—[*The next and final Sentence is partly on fire*—And if this be so, I do assign 'it' to

this cause: Your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the Settlement of the Nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage—[*Sentence now all beautifully blazing*], I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I DO DISSOLVE THIS PARLIAMENT! And let God be judge between you and me.¹

Figure the looks of Haselrig, Scott and Company! ‘The Mace was clapt under a cloak; the Speaker withdrew, and *exit Parliamentum*,’ the Talking-Apparatus vanishes.² “God be judge between you and me!”—“Amen!” answered they,³ thought they, indignantly; and sank into eternal silence.

It was high time; for in truth the Hydra, on every side, is stirring its thousand heads. “Believe me,” says Samuel Hartlib, Milton’s friend, writing to an Official acquaintance next week, “believe me, it was of such necessity, that if their Session had continued but two or three days longer, all had been in blood both in City and Country, upon Charles Stuart’s account.”⁴

His Highness, before this Monday’s sun sets, has begun to lodge the Anarchic Ringleaders, Royalist, Fifth-Monarchist, in the Tower; his Highness is bent once more with all his faculty, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, to front this Hydra, and trample it down once again.⁵ On Saturday he summons his Officers, his Acting-Apparatus, to Whitehall round him; explains to them ‘in a Speech two hours long’ what kind of Hydra it is; asks, Shall it conquer us, involve us in blood and confusion? They answer from their hearts, No, it shall not! “We will stand and fall with your Highness, we will live and die with you!”⁶—It is the last duel this Oliver has with any Hydra fomented into life by a Talking-Apparatus; and he again conquers it, invincibly compresses it, as he has heretofore done.

One day, in the early days of March next, his Highness said to Lord Broghil: An old friend of yours is in Town, the Duke of Ormond, now lodged in Drury Lane, at the Papist Surgeon’s there: you had better tell him to be gone!—Whereat his Lord-

¹ Burton, ii. 465-70.

² Burton, ii. 464.

³ Tradition in various modern Books (Parliamentary History, xxi. 203; Note to Burton, ii. 470): not supported, that I can find, by any contemporary witness.

⁴ Hartlib in London (11th Feb. 1657-8) to Moreland at Geneva; printed in Parliamentary History, xxi. 205.

⁵ Appendix, No. 31.

⁶ Hartlib’s Letter, *ubi supra*.

⁷ Godwin, iv. 508; Budget’s Lives of the Boyles, p. 49; &c.

ship stared ; found it a fact, however ; and his Grace of Ormond did go with exemplary speed, and got again to Bruges and the Sacred Majesty, with report That Cromwell had many enemies, but that the rise of the Royalists was moonshine. And on the 12th of the month his Highness had the Mayor and Common Council with him in a body at Whitehall ; and ‘ in a Speech at large ’ explained to them that his Grace of Ormond was gone only ‘ on Tuesday last ; ’ that there were Spanish Invasions, Royalist Insurrections and Frantic-Anabaptist Insurrections rapidly ripening ;—that it would well beseem the City of London to have its Militia in good order. To which the Mayor and Common Council, ‘ being very sensible thereof,’ made zealous response¹ by speech and by act. In a word, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, and an Oliver Protector now at the head of the Acting-Apparatus, no Insurrection, in the eyes of reasonable persons, had any chance. The leading Royalists shrank close into their privacies again,—considerable numbers of them had to shrink into durance in the Tower. Among which latter class, his Highness, justly incensed, and ‘ considering,’ as Thurloe says, ‘ that it was not fit there should be a Plot of this kind every winter,’ had determined that a High Court of Justice should take cognisance of some. High Court of Justice is accordingly nominated² as the Act of Parliament prescribes : among the parties marked for trial by it are Sir Henry Slingsby, long since prisoner for Penruddock’s business, and the Reverend Dr. Hewit, a man of much forwardness in Royalism. Sir Henry, prisoner in Hull and acquainted with the Chief Officers there, has been treating with them for betrayal of the place to his Majesty ; has even, to that end, given one of them a Majesty’s commission ; for whose Spanish Invasion such a Haven and Fortress would have been extremely convenient. Reverend Dr. Hewit, preaching by sufferance, according to the old ritual, ‘ in St. Gregory’s Church near Paul’s,’ to a select disaffected audience, has farther seen good to distinguish himself very much by secular zeal in this business of the Royalist Insurrection and Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion ;—which has now come to nothing, and left poor Dr. Hewit in a most questionable position. Of these two, and of others, a High Court of Justice shall take cognisance.

The Insurrection having no chance in the eyes of reasonable Royalists, and they in consequence refusing to lead it, the large body of *unreasonable* Royalists now in London City or gathering

¹ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 171).

² 27th April 1658. Act of Parliament, with List of the Names, is in Scobell, ii, 372-5 : see also Commons Journals, vii. 427 (Sept. 1656).

thither decide, with indignation, That they will try it on their own score, and lead it themselves. Hands to work, then, ye unreasonable Royalists ; pipe, All hands ! Saturday the 15th of May, that is the night appointed : To rise that Saturday night ; beat drums for 'Royalist Apprentices,' 'fire houses at the Tower,' slay this man, slay that, and bring matters to a good issue. Alas, on the very edge of the appointed hour, as usual, we are all seized ; the ringleaders of us are all seized, 'at the Mermaid in Cheapside,'—for Thurloe and his Highness have long known what we were upon ! Barkstead Governor of the Tower 'marches into the City with five drakes,' at the rattle of which every Royalist Apprentice, and party implicated, shakes in his shoes :—and this also has gone to vapour, leaving only for result certain new individuals of the Civic class to give account of it to the High Court of Justice.

Tuesday 25th May 1658, the High Court of Justice sat ; a formidable Sanhedrim of above a Hundred-and-thirty heads, consisting of 'all the Judges,' chief Law Officials, and others named in the Writ according to Act of Parliament ;—sat 'in Westminster Hall, at Nine in the morning, for the Trial of Sir Henry Slingsby Knight, John Hewit Doctor of Divinity,' and three others whom we may forget.¹ Sat day after day till all were judged. Poor Sir Henry, on the first day, was condemned ; he pleaded what he could, poor gentleman, a very constant Royalist all along ; but the Hull business was too palpable ; he was condemned to die. Reverend Dr. Hewit, whose proceedings also had become very palpable, refused to plead at all ; refused even 'to take off his hat,' says Carrion Heath, 'till the officer was coming to do it for him : ' 'had a Paper of Demurrers prepared by the learned Mr. Prynne,' who is now again doing business this way ;—'conducted himself not very wisely,' says Bulstrode. He likewise received sentence of death. The others, by narrow missing, escaped ; by good luck, or the Protector's mercy, suffered nothing.

As to Slingsby and Hewit the Protector was inexorable. Hewit has already taken a very high line : let him persevere in it ! Slingsby was the Lord Fauconberg's Uncle, married to his Aunt Bellasis ; but that could not stead him,—perhaps that was but a new monition to be strict with him. The Commonwealth of England and its Peace are not nothing ! These Royalist Plots every winter, deliveries of garrisons to Charles Stuart, and reckless 'usherings of us into blood,' shall end ! Hewit and Slingsby suffered on Tower Hill, on Monday 8th June ; amid the manifold rumour and emotion of men. Of the City Insurrectionists six were

¹ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 172).

condemned ; three of whom were executed, three pardoned. And so the High Court of Justice dissolved itself ; and at this and not at more expense of blood, the huge Insurrectionary movement ended, and lay silent within its caves again.

Whether in any future year it would have tried another rising against such a Lord Protector, one does not know,—one guesses rather in the negative. The Royalist Cause, after so many failures, after such a sort of enterprises ‘on the word of a Christian King,’ had naturally sunk very low. Some twelvemonth hence, with a Commonwealth not now under Cromwell, but only under the impulse of Cromwell, a Christian King hastening down to the Treaty of the Pyrenees, where France and Spain were making Peace, found one of the coldest receptions. Cardinal Mazarin ‘sent his coaches and guards a day’s journey to meet Lockhart the Commonwealth Ambassador ;’ but refused to meet the Christian King at all ; would not even meet Ormond except as if by accident, ‘on the public road,’ to say that there was no hope. The Spanish Minister, Don Luis de Haro, was civilier in manner ; but as to Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasions or the like, he also decisively shook his head.¹ The Royalist Cause was as good as desperate in England ; a melancholy Reminiscence, fast fading away into the realm of shadows. Not till Puritanism sank of its own accord, could Royalism rise again. But Puritanism, the King of it once away, fell loose very naturally in every fibre,—fell into *Kinglessness*, what we call Anarchy ; crumbled down, ever faster, for Sixteen Months, in mad suicide, and universal clashing and collision ; proved, by trial after trial, that there lay not in it either Government or so much as Self-government any more ; that a Government of England by *it* was henceforth an impossibility. Amid the general wreck of things, all Government threatening now to be impossible, the Reminiscence of Royalty rose again, “Let us take refuge in the Past, the Future is not possible !”—and Major-General Monk crossed the Tweed at Coldstream, with results which are well known.

Results which we will not quarrel with, very mournful as they have been ! If it please Heaven, these Two-hundred Years of universal Cant in Speech, with so much of Cotton-spinning, Coal-boring, Commercing, and other valuable Sincerity of Work, going on the while, shall not be quite lost to us ! Our Cant will vanish, our whole baleful cunningly-compacted Universe of Cant, as does a heavy Nightmare Dream. We shall awaken ; and find ourselves in a world greatly *widened*.—Why Puritanism could not continue ? My friend, Puritanism was *not* the Complete Theory of this im-

¹ Kennet, iii, 214 ; Clarendon, iii. 914.

mense Universe ; no, only a part thereof ! To me it seems, in my hours of hope, as if the Destinies meant something grander with England than even Oliver Protector did ! We will not quarrel with the Destinies ; we will work as we can towards fulfilment of them.

But in these same June days of the year 1658, while Hewit and Slingsby lay down their heads on Tower Hill, and the English Hydra finds that its Master is still here, there arrive the news of Dunkirk alluded-to above : Dunkirk gloriously taken, Spaniards gloriously beaten : victories and successes abroad ; which are a new illumination to the Lord Protector in the eyes of England. Splendid Nephews of the Cardinal, Manzinis, Ducs de Crequi, come across the Channel to congratulate 'the most invincible of Sovereigns ;' young Louis Fourteenth himself would have come, had not the attack of small-pox prevented.¹ With whom the elegant Lord Fauconberg and others busy themselves : their pageantry and gilt coaches, much gazed-at by the idler multitudes, need not detain us here.

The Lord Protector, his Parliament having been dismissed with such brevity, is somewhat embarrassed in his finances. But otherwise his affairs stand well ; visibly in an improved condition. Once more he has saved Puritan England ; once more approved himself invincible abroad and at home. He looks with confidence towards summoning a new Parliament, of juster disposition towards Puritan England and him.² With a Parliament, or if extremity of need arrive, without a Parliament and in spite of Parliaments, the Puritan Gospel Cause, sanctioned by a Higher than Parliaments, shall not sink while life remains in this Man. Not till Oliver Cromwell's head lie low, shall English Puritanism bend its head to any created thing. Erect, with its foot on the neck of Hydra Babylon, with its open Bible and drawn Sword, shall Puritanism stand, and with pious all-defiance victoriously front the world. That was Oliver Cromwell's appointed function in this piece of Sublunary Space, in this section of swift-flowing Time ; that noble, perilous, painful function : and he has manfully done it,—and is now near ending it, and getting honourably relieved from it.

LETTER CCXXV.

THE poor Protestants of Piedmont, it appears, are again in a state of grievance, in a state of peril. The Lord Protector, in the

¹ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 172-3 ; 15th-21st June 1658).

² Thurloe, vii. 84, 99, 128, &c. (April, May 1658).

thickest press of domestic anarchies, finds time to think of these poor people and their case. Here is a Letter to Ambassador Lockhart, who is now at Dunkirk Siege, in the French King and Cardinal's neighbourhood: a generous pious Letter; dictated to Thurloe, partly perhaps of Thurloe's composition, but altogether of Oliver's mind and sense;—fit enough, since it so chances, to conclude our Series here.

Among the Lockhart Letters in *Thurloe*, which are full of Dunkirk in these weeks, I can find no trace of this new Piedmont business: but in Milton's Latin State-Letters, among the *Litteræ Oliverii Protectoris*, there are Three, to the French King, to the Swiss Cantons, to the Cardinal, which all treat of it. The first of which, were it only as a sample of the Milton-Oliver Diplomacies, we will here copy, and translate that all may read it. An emphatic State-Letter; which Oliver Cromwell meant, and John Milton thought and wrote into words; not unworthy to be read. It goes by the same Express as the Letter to Lockhart himself; and is very specially referred to there:

“Serenissimo potentissimoque Principi, Ludovico Galliarum Regi.

“SERENISSIME POTENTISSIMEQUE REX, AMICE AC FÆDERATE AUGUSTISIME,

“Meminisse potest Majestas Vestra, quo tempore inter nos de renovando Fœdere agebatur (quod optimis auspiciis initum multa utriusque Populi commoda, multa Hostium communium exinde mala testantur), accidisse miseram illam Convallensium Occisionem; quorum causam undique desertam atque afflictam Vestræ misericordiæ atque tutelæ, summo cum ardore animi ac miseratione, commendavimus. Nec defuisse per se arbitramur Majestatem Vestram officio tam pio, immo verò tam humano, pro eâ quâ apud Ducem Sabaudicæ valere debuit vel auctoritate vel gratiâ: Nos certè aliique multi Principes ac Civitates, legationibus, literis, precibus interpositis, non defuimus.

“Post cruentissimam utriusque sexûs omnis ætatis Trucidationem, Pax tandem data est; vel potiùs inductæ Pacis nomine hostilitas quædam tectior. Conditiones Pacis vestro in oppido Pinarolii sunt latæ: duræ quidem illæ, sed quibus miseri atque inopes, dira omnia atque immania perpassi,

facile acquiescerent, modò iis, duræ et iniquæ ut sint, staretur. Non statur; sed enim earum quoque singularum falsâ interpretatione variisque diverticulis, fides eluditur ac violatur. Antiquis sedibus multi dejiciuntur, Religio Patria multis interdicitur; Tributa nova exiguntur; Aræ nova cervicibus imponitur, unde milites crebrò erumpentes obvios quosque vel diripiunt vel trucidant. Ad hæc nuper novæ copiæ clanculum contra eos parantur; quique inter eos Romanam Religionem colunt, migrare ad tempus jubentur: ut omnia nunc rursùs videantur ad illorum internecionem miserorum spectare, quos illa prior laniena reliquos fecit.

“Quod ergò per dextram tuam, Rex Christianissime, quæ Fædus nobiscum et amicitiam percussit, obsecro atque obtestor, per illud Christianissimi tituli decus sanctissimum, fieri ne siveris: nec tantam sæviendi licentiam, non dico Principi cuiquam (neque enim in ullum Principem, multò minus in ætatem illius Principis teneram, aut in muliebrem Matris animum, tanta sævitia cadere potest), sed sacerrimis illis Sicariis, ne permiseris. Qui cum Christi Servatoris nostri servos atque imitatores sese profiteantur, qui venit in hunc mundum ut peccatores servaret, Ejus mitissimi Nomine atque Institutis ad innocentium crudelissimas cædes abutuntur. Eripe qui potes, quique in tanto fastigio dignus es posse, tot supplices tuos homicidarum ex manibus, qui cruore nuper ebrii sanguinem rursùs sitiunt, sucque invidiam crudelitatis in Principes derivare consultissimum sibi ducunt. Tu verò nec Titulos tuos aut Regni fines istâ invidiâ, nec Evangelium Christi pacatissimum istâ crudelitate fædari, te regnante patiaris. Memineris hos ipsos Avi tui Henrici Protestantibus amicissimi Dedititios fuisse; cùm Dignius per ea Loca, quâ etiam commodissimus in Italiam transitus est, Sabaudum trans Alpes cedentem victor est insecutus. Deditionis illius Instrumentum in Actis Regni vestri Publicis etiamnum extat: in quo exceptum atque cautum inter alia est, ne cui postea Convallenses traderentur, nisi iisdem conditionibus quibus eos Avus tuus invictissimus in fidem recepit. Hanc fidem nunc implorant, avitam abs te Nepote supplices requirunt. Tui esse quàm cujus nunc sunt,

vel permutatione aliquâ si fieri possit, malint atque optârint : id si non licet, patrocínio saltem, miseratione atque perfugio.

"Sunt et rationes regni quæ hortari possint ut Conval-lenses ad te confugientes ne rejicias : sed nolim te, Rex tantus cum sis, aliis rationibus ad defensionem calamitosorum quàm fide à Majoribus datâ, pietate, regiâque animi benignitate ac magnitudine permoveri. Ita pulcherrimi facti laus atque gloria illibata atque integra tua erit, et ipse Patrem Misericordiæ ejusque Filium Christum Regem, cujus Nomèn atque Doctrinam ab immanitate nefariâ vindicaveris, eò magis faventem tibi et propitium per omnem vitam experieris.

"Deus Opt. Max. ad gloriam suam, tot innocentissimorum hominum Christianorum tutandam salutem, Vestrumque verum decus, Majestati Vestræ hanc mentem injiciat. 'Majestatis Vestræ Studiosissimus.

" 'OLIVERIUS PROTECTOR REIP. ANGLIÆ,' &c.

"Wesmonasterio, Maii '26^o die,' anno 1658." ¹

Of which here is a Version the most literal we can make :

"To the most serene and potent Prince, Louis, King of France.

"MOST SERENE AND POTENT KING, MOST CLOSE FRIEND AND ALLY,

"Your Majesty may recollect that during the negotiation between us for the renewing of our League ² (which many advantages to both Nations, and much damage to their common Enemies, resulting therefrom, now testify to have been very wisely done),—there fell out that miserable Slaughter of the People of the Valleys ; whose cause, on all sides deserted and trodden down, we, with the utmost earnestness and pity, recommended to your mercy and protection. Nor do we think your Majesty, for your own part, has been wanting in an office so pious and indeed so human, in so far as either by authority or favour you might have influence with the Duke of Savoy : we certainly, and many other Princes and

¹ The Prose Works of John Milton (London, 1833), p. 815.

² June 1655 : antea, p. 18.

States, by embassies, by letters, by entreaties directed thither, have not been wanting.

“After that most sanguinary Massacre, which spared no age nor either sex, there was at last a Peace given; or rather, under the specious name of Peace, a certain more disguised hostility. The terms of the Peace were settled in your Town of Pignerol: hard terms; but such as those poor People, indigent and wretched, after suffering all manner of cruelties and atrocities, might gladly acquiesce in; if only, hard and unjust as the bargain is, it were adhered to. It is not adhered to: those terms are broken; the purport of every one of them is, by false interpretation and various subterfuges, eluded and violated. Many of these People *are* ejected from their old Habitations; their Native Religion is prohibited to many: new Taxes are exacted; a new Fortress has been built over them, out of which soldiers frequently sallying plunder or kill whomsoever they meet. Moreover, new Forces have of late been privily got ready against them; and such as follow the Romish Religion are directed to withdraw from among them within a limited time: so that everything seems now again to point towards the extermination of all among those unhappy People, whom the former Massacre had left.

“Which now, O Most Christian King, I beseech and obtest thee, by thy right-hand which pledged a League and Friendship with us, by the sacred honour of that Title of Most Christian,—permit not to be done: nor let such license of savagery, I do not say to any Prince (for indeed no cruelty like this could come into the mind of any Prince, much less into the tender years of that young Prince, or into the woman’s heart of his Mother), but to those most accursed Assassins, be given. Who while they profess themselves the servants and imitators of Christ our Saviour, who came into this world that He might save sinners, abuse His most merciful Name and Commandments to the cruelest slaughterings. Snatch, thou who art able, and who in such an elevation art worthy to be able, those poor Suppliants of thine from the hands of Murderers, who, lately drunk with blood, are again athirst for

it, and think convenient to turn the discredit of their own cruelty upon their Prince's score. Suffer not either thy Titles and the Environs of thy Kingdom to be soiled with that discredit, or the peaceable Gospel of Christ by that cruelty, in thy Reign. Remember that these very People became subjects of thy Ancestor, Henry, most friendly to Protestants; when Lesdiguières victoriously pursued him of Savoy across the Alps, through those same Valleys,¹ where indeed the most commodious pass to Italy is. The Instrument of that their Paction and Surrender is yet extant in the Public Acts of your Kingdom: in which this among other things is specified and provided against, That these People of the Valleys should not thereafter be delivered over to any one except on the same conditions under which thy invincible Ancestor had received them into fealty. This promised protection they now implore; promise of thy Ancestor they now, from thee the Grandson, suppliantly demand. To be thine rather than his whose they now are, if by any means of exchange it could be done, they would wish and prefer: if that may not be, thine at least by succour, by commiseration and deliverance.

"There are likewise reasons of state which might give inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a King as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear; and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy, and His Son Christ the King, whose Name and Doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favourable to thee, and propitious through the course of life.

"May the Almighty, for His own glory, for the safety of so many most innocent Christian men, and for your true honour, dispose Your Majesty to this determination. Your Majesty's most friendly

"OLIVER PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH
OF ENGLAND.

"Westminster, 26th May, 1658."

¹ In 1592: Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique* (Paris, 1774), ii. 597.

'To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador at the French Court: These.'

'Whitehall,' 26th May 1658.

SIR,

The continual troubles and vexations of the poor People of Piedmont professing the Reformed Religion,—and that after so many serious instances of yours in the Court of France in their behalf, and after such hearty recommendations of their most deplorable condition to his Majesty in our name, who also has been pleased upon all such occasions to profess very deep resentments of their miseries, and to give us no small hopes of interposing his power and interest with the Duke of Savoy for the accommodating of those affairs, and for the restoring those poor distressed creatures to their ancient privileges and habitations,—are matter of so much grief to us, and lie so near our heart, that, notwithstanding we are abundantly satisfied with those many signal marks you have always hitherto given of your truly Christian zeal and tenderness on their regard, yet the present conjuncture of their affairs, and the misery that is daily added to their affliction begetting in us fresh arguments of pity towards them, not only as men, but as the poor distressed Members of Christ,—do really move us at present to recommend their sad condition to your special care. Desiring you to redouble your instances with the King, in such pathetic and affectionate expressions as may be in some measure suitable to the greatness of their present sufferings and grievances. Which, the truth is, are almost inexpressible. For so restless and implacable is the malice and fury of their Popish Adversaries, that,—as though they esteemed it but a light matter to have formerly shed the innocent blood of so many hundreds of souls, to have burned their houses, to have rased their churches, to have plundered their goods, and to have driven out the Inhabitants beyond the River Pelice, out of those their ancient Possessions which they had quietly enjoyed for so many ages and generations together,—they are now resolved to fill their cup of affliction up to the brim, and to heat

the furnace yet seven times hotter than before. Amongst other things:

First,—They forcibly prohibit all manner of Public Exercises¹ at San Giovanni, which, notwithstanding, the Inhabitants have enjoyed time out of mind: and in case they yield not ready obedience to such most unrighteous orders, they are immediately summoned before their Courts of Justice, and there proceeded against in a most severe and rigorous manner, and some threatened to be wholly destroyed and exterminated.

2. And forasmuch as, in the said Valleys, there are not found among the Natives men fitly qualified and of abilities for Ministerial Functions to supply so much as one half of their Churches, and upon this account they are necessitated to entertain some out of France and Geneva, which are the Duke of Savoy's friends and allies,—their Popish Enemies take hold of this advantage; and make use of this stratagem, namely, to banish and drive out the shepherds of the flocks, that so the wolves may the better come in and devour the sheep.

3. To this we add, their strict prohibition of all Physicians and Chirurgeons of the Reformed Religion to inhabit in the Valleys. And thus they attempt not only to starve their souls for want of spiritual food and nourishment, but to destroy their bodies likewise for want of those outward conveniences and helps which God hath allowed to all mankind.

4. And as a supplement to the former grievances, those of the Reformed Religion are prohibited all manner of Commerce and Trade with their Popish neighbours; that so they may not be able to subsist and maintain their families: and if they offend herein in the least, they are immediately apprehended as rebels.

5. Moreover, to give the world a clear testimony what their main design in all these oppressions is, they have issued out Orders whereby to force the poor Protestants To sell their Lands and Houses to their Popish neighbours: whereas the Papists are prohibited upon pain of excommunication to sell any immovable to the Protestants.

¹ Means 'Public Worship.'

6. Besides, the Court of Savoy have rebuilt the Fort of La Torre ; contrary to the formal and express promise made by them to the Ambassadors of the Evangelical Cantons. Where they have also placed Commanders, who commit the Lord knows how many excesses and outrages in all the neighbouring parts ; without being ever called to question, or compelled to make restitution for the same. If by chance any murder be committed in the Valleys (as is too-often practised) whereof the authors are not discovered, the poor Protestants are immediately accused as guilty thereof, to render them odious to their neighbours.

7. There are sent lately into the said Valleys several Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot ; which hath caused the poor People, out of fear of a massacre, with great expense and difficulty to send their wives and little ones, with all that were feeble and sick amongst them, into the Valley of Perosa, under the King of France his Dominions.

These are, in short, the grievances, and this is the present state and condition of those poor People even at this very day. Whereof you are to use your utmost endeavours to make his Majesty thoroughly sensible ; and to persuade him to give speedy and effectual orders 'to' his Ambassador who resides in the Duke's Court, To act vigorously in their behalf. Our Letter,¹ which you shall present his Majesty for this end and purpose, contains several reasons in it which we hope will move his heart to the performance of this charitable and merciful work. And we desire you to second and animate the same with your most earnest solicitations ; representing unto him how much his own interest and honour is concerned in the making good that Accord of Henry the Fourth, his royal predecessor, with the Ambassadors of those very People, in the year 1592, by the Constable of Lesdiguières ; which Accord is registered in the Parliament of Dauphiné ; and whereof you have an authentic Copy in your own hands. Whereby the Kings of France oblige themselves and their Successors To maintain and preserve their ancient privileges and concessions.—Besides that the gaining to himself the hearts of

¹ Milton's, given above.

that People, by so gracious and remarkable a protection and deliverance, might be of no little use another day, in relation to Pignerol and the other adjacent places under his Dominions.

One of the most effectual remedies, which we conceive the fittest to be applied at present is, That the King of France would be pleased to make an Exchange with the Duke of Savoy for those Valleys; resigning over to him some other part of his Dominions in lieu thereof,—as, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the Marquisate of Saluces was exchanged with the Duke for La Bresse.¹ Which certainly could not but be of great advantage to his Majesty, as well for the safety of Pignerol, as for the opening of a Passage for his Forces into Italy,—which ‘Passage,’ if under the dominion, and in the hands of so powerful a Prince, joined with the natural strength of these places by reason of their situation, must needs be rendered impregnable.

By what we have already said, you see our intentions; and therefore we leave all other particulars to your special care and conduct; and rest, ‘your friend,’
OLIVER P.²

Lockhart, both General and Ambassador in these months, is, as we hinted, infinitely busy with his share in the Siege of Dunkirk, now just in its agony; and before this Letter can well arrive, has done his famous feat of Fighting, which brings Turenne and him their victory, among the sandhills there.³ Much to the joy of Cardinal and King; who will not readily refuse him in any reasonable point at present. There came no new Massacre upon the poor People of the Valleys; their grievances were again ‘settled,’ scared away for a season, by negotiation.

DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR.

THERE remain no more *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* for us; the above is the last of them of either kind. As a Speaker to men, he takes his leave of the world, in these final words addressed to his Second Parliament, on the 4th of February 1657–8:

¹ In 1601 (Hénault, ii. 612).

² Ayscough mss., no. 4107, f. 89.

³ Thursday, 3d June 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 155-6).

“God be judge between you and me!”—So was it appointed by the Destinies and the Oblivions; these were his last public words.

Other Speeches, in that crisis of Oliver's affairs, we have already heard of; ‘Speech of two hours’ to his Officers in Whitehall; Speech to the Lord Mayor and Common Council, in the same place, on the same subject: but they have not been reported, or the report of them has not come down to us. There were domestic Letters also, as we still find, written in those same tumultuous weeks; Letters to the Earl of Warwick, on occasion of the death of his Grandson, the Protector's Son-in-law. For poor young Mr. Rich, whom we saw wedded in November last, is dead.¹ He died on the twelfth day after that Dissolution of the Parliament; while Oliver and the Commonwealth are wrestling against boundless Anarchies, Oliver's own Household has its visitations and dark days. Poor little Frances Cromwell, in the fourth month of her marriage, still only about seventeen, she finds herself suddenly a widow; and Hampton Court has become a house of mourning. Young Rich was much lamented. Oliver condoled with the Grandfather ‘in seasonable and sympathising Letters;’ for which the brave old Earl rallies himself to make some gratefulest Reply;² —“Cannot enough confess my obligation, much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathising Letters; which, besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand, express such faithful affections, and administer such Christian advices as renders them beyond measure dear to me.” Blessings, and noble eulogies, the outpouring of a brave old heart, conclude this Letter of Warwick's. He himself died shortly after;³ a new grief to the Protector.—The Protector was delivering the Commonwealth from Hydras and fighting a world-wide battle, while he wrote those Letters on the death of young Rich. If by chance they still lie hidden in the archives of some kinsman of the Warwicks, they may yet be disimprisoned and made audible. Most probably they too are lost. And so we have now nothing more;—and Oliver has nothing more. His Speakings, and also his Actings, all his manifold Strugglings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's-Messsage that was in him,—have here what we call ended. This Summer of 1658, likewise victorious after struggle, is his last in our World of Time. Thenceforth he enters the Eternities; and rests upon his arms *there*.

¹ 16th Feb. 1657-8 (Newspapers in Cromwelliana, p. 170).

² Earl of Warwick to the Lord Protector, date 11th March 1657-8; printed in Godwin, iv. 528.

³ 19th April 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 85).

Oliver's look was yet strong; and young for his years,¹ which were Fifty-nine last April. The 'Three-score and ten years,' the Psalmist's limit, which probably was often in Oliver's thoughts and in those of others there, might have been anticipated for him: Ten Years more of Life;—which, we may compute, would have given another History to all the Centuries of England. But it was not to be so, it was to be otherwise. Oliver's health, as we might observe, was but uncertain in late times; often 'indisposed' the spring before last. His course of life had not been favourable to health! "A burden too heavy for man!" as he himself, with a sigh, would sometimes say. Incessant toil; inconceivable labour, of head and heart and hand; toil, peril, and sorrow manifold, continued for near Twenty years now, had done their part: those robust life-energies, it afterwards appeared,² had been gradually eaten out. Like a Tower strong to the eye, but with its foundations undermined; which has not long to stand; the fall of which, on any shock, may be sudden.—

The Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi, with their splendours, and congratulations about Dunkirk, interesting to the street-populations and general public, had not yet withdrawn, when at Hampton Court there had begun a private scene, of much deeper and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favourite Daughter, a favourite of all the world, had fallen sick we know not when; lay sick now,—to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature; the painfulest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more, in those July days, a house of sorrow; pale Death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes:—and in the depths of the old Centuries, we see a pale anxious Mother, anxious Husband, anxious weeping Sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. 'For the last fourteen days' his Highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever.³ Be still, my Child; trust thou yet in God: in the waves of the Dark River, there too is He a God of help!—On the 6th day of August she lay dead; at rest forever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the Name of the Lord!—

¹ Heath.

² Doctor Bates, on examination *post mortem*.

³ Thurloe, vii. 295 (27th July 1658).

'His Highness,' says Harvey,¹ 'being at Hampton Court, sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her disease was on Friday 6th August 1658; she having lain long under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and violent convulsion-fits, brought her to her end. But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him; who indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender Father;—his affections' too 'being regulated and bounded by such Christian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling-up not only that relation of a Father, but also all other relations; wherein he was a most rare and singular example. And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely afflicted and dying Daughter' did break him down at this time; considering also,'—innumerable other considerations of sufferings and toils, 'which made me often wonder he was able to hold-up so long; except' indeed 'that he was borne up by a Supernatural Power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy to the truly Christian World, and to us of these Nations, had we been worthy of him!'—

The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us: 'At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly,—being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that Sickness which was to death, and in his bedchamber,—he called for his Bible, and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others, present, To read unto him that passage in *Philippians* Fourth: "*Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"² Which read,—said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: "This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest Son" poor Robert³ "died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." And then repeating the words of the text himself, and

¹ A Collection of several Passages concerning his late Highness Oliver Cromwell, in the Time of his Sickness; wherein is related many of his Expressions upon his Deathbed, together with his Prayer within two or three Days before his Death. Written by one that was then Groom of his Bedchamber. (King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 792, art. 22: London, 9th June 1659.)

² *Philippians*, iv. 11, 12, 13.

³ A blank in the Pamphlet here; not 'Oliver' as hitherto supposed (see vol. i. p. 166), but 'Robert' (*ibid.* p. 52): see vol. i. pp. 114, 166.

reading the tenth and eleventh verses, of Paul's contentation, and submission to the will of God in all conditions,—said he: "It's true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace: but what shall *I* do? Ah poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!" But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, "*I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,*"—then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too!" And so drew waters out of the well of Salvation.'

In the same dark days, occurred George Fox's third and last interview with Oliver. Their first interview we have seen. The second, which had fallen out some two years ago, did not prosper quite so well. George, riding into Town 'one evening,' with some 'Edward Pyot' or other broadbrimmed man, espied the Protector 'at Hyde Park Corner among his Guards,' and made up to his carriage-window, in spite of opposition; and was altogether cordially welcomed there. But on the following day, at Whitehall, the Protector 'spake lightly;' he sat down loosely 'on a table,' and 'spake light things to me,'—in fact, rather quizzed me; finding my enormous sacred Self-confidence none of the least of my attainments!¹ Such had been our second interview; here now is the third and last.—George dates nothing; and his facts everywhere lie around him like the leather-parings of his old shop: but we judge it may have been about the time when the Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi were parading in their gilt coaches, That George and two Friends 'going out of Town,' on a summer day, 'two of Hacker's men' had met them,—taken them, brought them to the Mews. 'Prisoners there a while: '—but the Lord's power was over Hacker's men; they had to let us go. Whereupon:

'The same day, taking boat I went down' (*up*) 'to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the Sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton-Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Lifeguard, I saw and felt a waft' (*whiff*) 'of death go forth against him.'—Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking, this long while, to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-Chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honourably lay-up his arms, and be gone to his rest:—all Eternity to rest in, O George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently

¹ Fox's Journal, i. 381-2.

in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think,—perhaps against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell-Gwynn Defender and Two Centuries of all-victorious Cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George— — ‘a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the Sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and, the next day, went up to Hampton Court to speak farther with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the Doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.’¹

Friday the 20th of August 1658, this was probably the day on which George Fox saw Oliver riding into Hampton Park with his Guards, for the last time. That Friday, as we find, his Highness seemed much better: but on the morrow a sad change had taken place; feverish symptoms, for which the Doctors rigorously prescribed quiet. Saturday to Tuesday the symptoms continued ever worsening: a kind of tertian ague, ‘bastard tertian’ as the old Doctors name it; for which it was ordered that his Highness should return to Whitehall, as to a more favourable air in that complaint. On Tuesday accordingly he quitted Hampton Court;—never to see it more.

‘His time was come,’ says Harvey; ‘and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh,—secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which,—the hearts of God’s People being thus mightily stirred up,—did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea some thoughts in himself, that God would restore him.’

‘Prayers public and private:’ they are worth imagining to ourselves. Meetings of Preachers, Chaplains, and Godly Persons; ‘Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in an adjoining room;’ in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart. For there were hearts to whom the nobleness of this man was known; and his worth to the Puritan Cause was evident. Prayers,—

¹ Fox’s Journal, pp. 455-6.

strange enough to us ; in a dialect fallen obsolete, forgotten now. Authentic wrestlings of ancient Human Souls,—who were alive then, with their affections, awe-struck pieties ; with their Human Wishes, risen to be *transcendent*, hoping to prevail with the Inexorable. All swallowed now in the depths of dark Time ; which is full of such, since the beginning !—Truly it is a great scene of World-History, this in old Whitehall : Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism ; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of Death. Like the setting of a great victorious Summer Sun ; its course now finished. ‘*So stirbt ein Held*,’ says Schiller, ‘So dies a Hero ! Sigh worthy to be worshipped !’—He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God ; as the Brave have all done. ‘We could not be more desirous he should abide,’ says the pious Harvey, ‘than he was content and willing to be gone.’ The struggle lasted, amid hope and fear, for ten days.—Some small miscellaneous traits, and confused gleanings of last-words ; and then our poor History ends.

Oliver, we find, spoke much of ‘the Covenants ;’ which indeed are the grand axis of all, in that Puritan Universe of his. Two Covenants ; one of Works, with fearful Judgment for our shortcomings therein ; one of Grace and unspeakable mercy ;—gracious Engagements, ‘Covenants,’ which the Eternal God has vouchsafed to make with His feeble creature Man. Two ; and by Christ’s Death they have become One : there for Oliver is the divine solution of this our Mystery of Life.¹ “They were Two,” he was heard ejaculating : “Two, but put into One before the Foundation of the World !” And again : “It is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true !—Who made it holy and true ? The Mediator of the Covenant !” And again : “The Covenant is but One. Faith in the Covenant is my only support. And if I believe not, He abides faithful !” When his Children and Wife stood weeping round him, he said : “Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world !” No. “Children, live like Christians :—I leave you the Covenant to feed upon !” Yea, my brave one ; even so ! The Covenant, and eternal Soul of Covenants, remains sure to all the faithful : deeper than the Foundations of this World ; earlier than they, and more lasting than they !—

Look also at the following ; dark hues and bright ; immortal

¹ Much intricate intense reasoning to this effect, on this subject, in Owen’s Works, among others.

light-beams struggling amid the black vapours of Death. Look ; and conceive a great sacred scene, the sacredest this world sees ; —and think of it, do not speak of it, in these mean days which have no sacred word. “Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril ?” moaned he once. Many hearts are praying, O wearied one ! “Man can do nothing,” rejoins he ; “God can do what He will.”—Another time, again thinking of the Covenant, “Is there none that will come and praise God,” whose mercies endure for ever !—

Here also are ejaculations caught up at intervals, undated, in those final days : “Lord, Thou knowest, if I do desire to live, it is to show forth Thy praise and declare Thy works !”—Once he was heard saying, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God !”¹ ‘This was spoken three times,’ says Harvey ; ‘his repetitions usually being very weighty, and with great vehemency of spirit.’ Thrice over he said this ; looking into the Eternal Kingdoms : “A fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God !”— —But again : “All the promises of God are in *Him* : yes, and in Him Amen ; to the glory of God by us,—by *us* in Jesus Christ.”— —“The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon, and His love, as my soul can hold.”— “I think I am the poorest wretch that lives : but I love God ; or rather, am beloved of God.”—“I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me !”²

So pass, in the sickroom, in the sickbed, these last heavy uncertain days. ‘The Godly Persons had great assurances of a return to their Prayers :’ transcendent Human Wishes find in their own echo a kind of answer ! They gave his Highness also some assurance that his life would be lengthened. Hope was strong in many to the very end.

On Monday August 30th, there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind. Ludlow, coming up to town from Essex, could not start in the morning for wind ; tried it in the afternoon ; still could not get along, in his coach, for headwind ; had to stop at Epping.³ On the morrow, Fleetwood came to him in the Protector’s name, to ask, What he wanted here ?—Nothing of public concernment, only to see my Mother-in-law ! answered the solid man. For indeed he did not know that Oliver was dying ; that the glorious hour of Disenthralment, and immortal ‘Liberty’ to plunge over precipices with one’s self and one’s Cause was so nigh ! —It came ; and he took the precipices, like a strongboned reso-

¹ Hebrews, x. 31.

² From Harvey ; scattered over his Pamphlet.

³ Ludlow, ii. 610-12.

lute blind gin-horse rejoicing in the breakage of its halter, in a very gallant constitutional manner. Adieu, my solid friend ; if I go to Vevay, I will read thy Monument there, perhaps not without emotion, after all !—

It was on this stormy Monday, while rocking winds, heard in the sickroom and everywhere, were piping aloud, that Thurloe and an Official person entered to inquire, Who, in case of the worst, was to be his Highness's Successor ? The Successor is named in a sealed Paper already drawn-up, above a year ago, at Hampton Court ; now lying in such and such a place. The Paper was sent for, searched for ; it could never be found. Richard's is the name understood to have been written in that Paper : not a good name ; but in fact one does not know. In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man ; might have been cancelled, if palpably unfit. Or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name,—and the Paper, by certain parties, was stolen ? None knows. On the Thursday night following, 'and not till then,' his Highness is understood to have formally named "Richard ;"—or perhaps it might only be some heavy-laden "Yes, yes !" spoken, out of the thick death-slumbers, in answer to Thurloe's question "Richard ?" The thing is a little uncertain.¹ It was, once more, a matter of much moment ;—giving colour probably to all the subsequent Centuries of England, this answer !—

On or near the night of the same stormy Monday, 'two or three days before he died,' we are to place that Prayer his Highness was heard uttering ; which, as taken down by his attendants, exists in many old Notebooks. In the tumult of the winds, the dying Oliver was heard uttering this

PRAYER.

Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service ; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death ; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love ; and go on to deliver them,

¹ Authorities in Godwin, iv. 572-3. But see also Thurloe, vii. 375 ; Fauconberg's second Letter there.

and with the work of reformation ; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short Prayer :—Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.

'Some variation there is,' says Harvey, 'of this Prayer, as to the account divers give of it ; and something is here omitted. But so much is certain, that these were his requests. Wherein his heart was so carried out for God and His People,—yea indeed for some who had added no little sorrow to him,' the Anabaptist Republicans, and others,—'that at this time he seems to forget his own Family and nearest relations.' Which indeed is to be remarked.

Thursday night the Writer of our old Pamphlet was himself in attendance on his Highness ; and has preserved a trait or two ; with which let us hasten to conclude. Tomorrow is September Third, always kept as a Thanksgiving day, since the Victories of Dunbar and Worcester. The wearied one, 'that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest,' was heard thus, with oppressed voice, speaking :

"Truly God is good ; indeed He is ; He will not"—Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended, it was, "He will not leave me." This saying, "God is good," he frequently used all along ; and would speak it with much cheerfulness, and fervour of spirit, in the midst of his pains.—Again he said : "I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His People : but my work is done. Yet God will be with His People."

'He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired To take the same, and endeavour to sleep.—Unto which he answered : "It is not my design to drink or sleep ; but my design is, to make what haste I can to be gone."—

'Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace ; among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's Cause did breathe in him,—as in his lifetime, so now to his very last.'

When the morrow's sun rose, Oliver was speechless ; between three and four in the afternoon, he lay dead. Friday 3d Septem-

ber 1658. "The consternation and astonishment of all people," writes Fauconberg,¹ "are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor Wife,—I know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces."—Husht, poor weeping Mary! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

'The storm is changed into ■ calm,
At His command and will;
So that the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still!

Then are *they* glad,—because at rest
And quiet now they be:
So to the haven He them brings
Which they desired to see.'

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. 'Amen, saith the Spirit,'—Amen. 'They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.'

'Their works follow them.' As, I think, this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our 'Revolutions of Eighty-eight,' officially called 'glorious;' and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men's ears are not now slit-off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him!—The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter.—But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none

¹ To Henry Cromwell, 7th September 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 375).

be found ;—and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put-up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, ‘mewing her mighty youth,’ as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward ; with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other ‘sheltering Fallacy’ there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow ; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise !— —Awake before it come to that ; gods and men bid us awake ! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

LETTER TO DOWNHALL.

[Vol. i. p. 58.]

THE stolen Letter of the Ashmole Museum has been found printed, and even reprinted. It is of the last degree of insignificance: a mere Note of Invitation to Downhall to stand 'Godfather unto my Child.' Man-child now ten days old,¹ who, as we may see, is christened 'on Thursday next' by the name of RICHARD,—and had strange ups and downs as ■ Man when it came to that!

*To my approved good Friend Mr. Henry Downhall, at his Chambers
in St. John's College, Cambridge: These.*

Huntingdon, 14th October 1626.

LOVING SIR,

Make me so much your servant as to be² Godfather unto my Child. I would myself have come over to have made a formal invitation; but my occasions would not permit me; and therefore hold me in that excused. The day of your trouble is Thursday next. Let me entreat your company on Wednesday.

By this time it appears, I am more apt to encroach upon you for new favours than to show my thankfulness for the love I have already found. But I know your patience and your goodness cannot be exhausted by your friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

Of this Downhall, sometimes written *Downhault*, and even *Downett* and *Downtell*; who grounds his claim, such as it is, to human remembrance on the above small Note from Oliver,—a helpful hand has, with unsubduable research, discovered various particulars, which might amount almost to an outline of a history of Downhall, were such needed. He was of Northamptonshire, come of gentlefolks in that County. Admitted Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, 12th April 1614;—had known Oliver, and apparently been helpful and instructive to him, two years after that. More interesting still, he this same Downhall was Vicar of St. Ives when Oliver came thither

¹ Vol. i. p. 69.

³ Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii* (London, 1771), i. 261 n.

² 'by being' in orig.

in 1635; still Vicar when Oliver left it, though with far other tendencies than Oliver's now; and had, alas, to be 'ejected with his Curate, in 1642,' as an Anti-Puritan Malignant:¹—Oliver's course and his having altogether parted now! Nay farther, the same Downhall, surviving the Restoration, became 'Archdeacon of Huntingdon' in 1667: fifty-one years ago he had lodged there as Oliver Cromwell's Guest and Gossip; and now he comes as Archdeacon,—with a very strange set of *Annals* written in his old head, poor Downhall! He died at 'Cottingham in Northamptonshire, his native region, in the winter-time of 1669;'—and so, with his Ashmole Letter, ends.²

No. 2.

AT ELY.

[Vol. i. p. 89.]

THERE is at Ely a Charitable Foundation now above four centuries old; which in Oliver's time was named the *Ely Feoffees' Fund*, and is now known as *Parsons' Charity*; the old Records of which, though somewhat mutilated during those years, offer one or two faint but indubitable vestiges of Oliver, not to be neglected on the present occasion.

This *Charity* of ancient worthy Thomas *Parsons*, it appears, had, shortly before Oliver's arrival in Ely, been somewhat remodelled by a new Royal Charter: To be henceforth more specially devoted to the Poor of Ely; to be governed by Twelve Feoffees; namely, by Three Dignitaries of the Cathedral, and by Nine Townsmen of the better sort, who are permanent, and fill-up their own vacancies,³—of which latter class, Oliver Cromwell Esquire, most likely elected in his Uncle's stead, was straightway made one. The old Books as we say, are specially defective in those years; 'have lost 40 or 50 leaves at the end of Book I., and 12 leaves at the beginning of Book II.,'—leaves cut out for the sake of Oliver's autograph, or as probably for other reasons. Detached Papers, however, still indicate that Oliver was one of the Feoffees, and a moderately diligent one, almost from his first residence there. Here, under date some six or seven months after his arrival, is a small Entry in certain loose Papers, labelled '*The Accompts of Mr. John Hand and Mr. Wm. Cramford, Collectors of the Revenewes belonging to the Towne of Ely,* (that is, to Parsons' Charity in Ely); and under this special head, '*The Disbursements of Mr. John Hand, from the — of August 1636 unto the — of — 1641.*'

¹ Vol. i. p. 84.

² Cooper's *Annals* of Cambridge, iii. 187; and ms. communicated by Mr. Cooper, resting on the following formidable mass of documentary Authorities:

Cole mss. (which is a Transcript of Baker's History of St. John's College), 166, 358; Rymer's *Fœdera*, xix. 261; Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesie Anglicanæ*, p. 160; Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*, pp. 207, 251; Walker's *Sufferings*, ii. 129, 130; Wood's *Athenæ* (2d edition, passage wanting in both the 1st and 3d), ii. 1179.

³ Report of the Commissioners concerning Charities (London, 1837): distinct account of it there, § Cambridgeshire, pp. 218–20.

'Given to divers Poore People at y^e Work-house, in the presence of Mr. Archdeacon of Ely,' Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Mr. John Goodricke and others, 10th February 1636, as appeareth . . . } £16 14 0.'

And under this other head, '*The Disbursements of Mr. Crauford*,' which unluckily are not dated, and run vaguely from 1636 to 1641 :

'Item to Jones, by Mr. Cromwell's consent . . . £1 0 0.'

Twice or thrice elsewhere the name of Cromwell is mentioned, but not as indicating activity on his part, indicating merely Feoffeeship and passivity ;² —except in the following instance, where there is still extant a small Letter of his. 'Mr. Hand,' as we have seen, is one of the 'Collectors,' himself likewise a Feoffee or Governor, the Governors (it would appear) taking that office in turn.

'To Mr. Hand, at Ely : These.'

'Ely,' 13th September 1638.

MR. HAND,

I doubt not but I shall be as good as my word for your Money. I desire you to deliver Forty Shillings of the Town Money to this Bearer, to pay for the physic for Benson's cure. If the Gentlemen will not allow it at the time of account, keep this Note, and I will pay it out of my own purse. So I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

Poor 'Benson' is an old invalid. Among Mr. Hand's Disbursements for the year 1636 is this :

'For phisicke and surgery for old Benson . . . £2 7 4.'

And among Crauford's, of we know not what year :

'To Benson at divers times . . . £0 15 0.'

Let him have forty shillings more, poor old man ; and if the Gentlemen won't allow it, Oliver Cromwell will pay it out of his own purse.

¹ One 'Wigmore;' the Dean was 'William Fuller;' the Bishop 'Matthew Wren,' very famous for his Popish Candles and other fripperies, who lay long in the Tower afterwards. These were the three Clerical Feoffees in Oliver's time.

² Excerpts of Documents obligingly communicated by the Dean of Ely,—now *penes* Mr. Cooper of Cambridge.

³ Memoirs of the Protector, by Oliver Cromwell, ■ Descendant &c. (London, 1822), i. 351 ; where also (p. 350) is found, in a very indistinct state, the above-given entry from Hand's Accompts, misdated '1641,' instead of 10th February 1636-7. The Letter to Hand 'has not been among the Feoffees' Papers for several years;' and is now (1846) none knows where.

No. 3.

CAMBRIDGE: CORPORATION (1641); WHELOCKE (1643).

[Vol. i. pp. 108;—119, 127.]

TWO vestiges of Oliver at Cambridge, in his parliamentary and in his military capacity, there still are.

1. The first, which relates to a once very public Affair, is his Letter (his and Lowry's) to the Cambridge Authorities, in May 1641; Letter accompanying the celebrated 'Protestation and Preamble' just sent forth by the House of Commons, with earnest invitation to all constituencies to adopt the same.

'A Preamble, with the Protestation made by the whole House of Commons the 3d of May 1641, and assented unto by the Lords of the Upper House the 4th of May.

'We, the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses of the Commons House, in Parliament, finding, to the grief of our hearts, That the designs of the Priests and Jesuits, and other Adherents to the See of Rome, have been of late more boldly and frequently put in practice than formerly, to the undermining, and danger of ruin, of the True Reformed Religion in his Majesty's Dominions established: And finding also that there hath been, and having cause to suspect there still are even during the sitting in Parliament, endeavours to subvert the Fundamental Laws of England and Ireland, and to introduce the exercise of an Arbitrary and Tyrannical Government, by most pernicious and wicked counsels, plots and conspiracies: And that the long intermission, and unhappier breach, of Parliaments hath occasioned many illegal Taxations, whereupon the Subjects have been prosecuted and grieved: And that divers Innovations and Superstitions have been brought into the Church; multitudes driven out of his Majesty's dominions; jealousies raised and fomented between the King and People; a Popish Army levied in Ireland,¹ and Two Armies brought into the bowels of this Kingdom, to the hazard of his Majesty's royal Person, the consumption of the revenue of the Crown, and the treasure of this Realm: And lastly, finding great causes of jealousy that endeavours² have been and are used to bring the English Army into misunderstanding of this Parliament, thereby to incline that Army by force to bring to pass those wicked counsels,—

'Have therefore thought good to join ourselves in a declaration of our united affections and resolutions; and to make this ensuing

'PROTESTATION.

'I, A. B., do in the Presence of Almighty God promise, vow and protest, To maintain and defend as far as lawfully I may, with my life, power and estate, the True Reformed Protestant Religion, expressed in the Doctrine of the Church of England, against all Popery and Popish Innovations, and according to the duty of my allegiance to his Majesty's royal Person, Honour and

¹ By Strafford lately, against the Scots and their enterprises.

² This is the important point, nearly shaded out of sight: 'finding the great causes of jealousy, endeavours have' &c. is the tremulous, indistinct and even ungrammatical phrase in the original.

Estate: as also the Power and Privilege of Parliament, the Lawful Rights and Liberties of the Subjects; and every Person that maketh this Protestation in whatsoever he shall do in the lawful pursuance of the same. And to my power, ■ far as lawfully I may, I will oppose, and by good ways and means endeavour to bring to condign punishment all such as shall, by force, practice, counsel, plots, conspiracies or otherwise, do anything to the contrary in this present Protestation contained.

‘And farther I shall, in all just and honourable ways, endeavour to preserve the union and peace betwixt the Three Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland; and neither for hope, fear nor other respect, shall relinquish this Promise, Vow and Protestation.’¹

This is on Monday 3d May 1641, while the Apprentices are bellowing in Palaceyard: Cromwell is one of those that take the Protestation this same Monday, present in the House while the redacting of it goes on. Long lists of Members take it,—not John Lowry, who I conclude must have been absent. On Wednesday 5th May, there is this Order:

‘Ordered, That the Protestation made by the Members of this House, with the Preamble, shall be together printed;’ Clerk to attest the copies; all Members to send them down to the respective Sheriffs, Justices, to the respective Cities, Boroughs, and ‘intimate with what willingness the Members made this Protestation; and that as they justify the taking of it in themselves, so they cannot but approve it in them that shall likewise take it.’

Strict Order, at the same time, That all Members ‘now in Town and not sick shall appear here Tomorrow at Eight of Clock,’ and take this Protestation: non-appearance to be ‘accounted a contempt of this House,’ and expose one to be expelled, or worse;—in spite of which John Lowry still does not sign, not till Friday morning, after even ‘Philip Warwick’ and ‘Endymion Porter’ have signed: whence I infer he was out of Town or unwell.²—This Letter, which seems to be of Cromwell’s writing, still stands on the Corporation Books of Cambridge; read in Common Council there on the 11th May; at which time, said Letter being read, the Town Authorities did one and all zealously accept the same, and signed the Protestation on the spot. The Letter is not dated; but as Lowry signed on Friday, and the Corporation meeting is on Tuesday the 11th, we may safely guess the Letter to have arrived on Monday, and to have been written on Saturday.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Aldermen of Cambridge, with the rest of that Body: Present these.

‘London, 8th May 1641.

GENTLEMEN,

We heartily salute you; and herewith, according to the directions of the House of Commons in this present Parliament assembled, send unto you ■ Protestation;—the contents whereof will best appear in the thing itself. The Preamble therewith printed doth declare the weighty reasons inducing them, in their own persons, to begin ‘making it.’

¹ Commons Journals, ii. 132 (3d May 1641).

² Commons Journals, ii. 133, 5, 6, 7. Rushworth, iv. 241 et seqq.

We shall only let you know that, with alacrity and willingness, the Members of that Body entered thereinto. It was in them a right honourable and necessary act ; not unworthy your imitation. You shall hereby as the Body Represented avow the practice of the Representative. The conformity is in itself praiseworthy ; and will be by them approved. The result may, through the Almighty's blessing, become stability and security to the whole Kingdom. Combination carries strength with it. It's dreadful to adversaries ; especially when it's in order to the duty we owe to God, to the loyalty we owe to our King and Sovereign, and to the affection due to our Country and Liberties,—the main ends of this Protestation now herewith sent you.

We say no more : but commit you to the protection of Him who is able to save you ; desiring your prayers for the good success of our present affairs and endeavours,—which indeed are not ours, but the Lord's and yours. Whom we desire to serve in integrity : and bidding you heartily Farewell, rest, your loving friends to be commanded,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

JOHN LOWRY.¹

2. The second is a small antiquarian relic (date, Spring 1643) ; dim and of little worth in its detached form, but capable of lighting itself up, and the reader's fancy along with it, when set in the right combination.

'Mr. Abraham Whelocke,' whose name and works are still well enough known, was, later in that century, 'the celebrated Professor of Arabic at Oxford ;' and is now, we perceive, in this Spring 1643, a Student at Cambridge ; of meditative peripatetic habits ; often walking into the country with a little Arabic Volume in his pocket :—apt to be fluttered at the Town Gates by these new military arrangements. In this difficulty he calls on Colonel Cromwell ; and—But his little Volume itself is still extant, and tells its own story and his. A thin duodecimo, in white hogskin binding now grown very brown ; size handy for the smallest coat-pocket :—and on the fly-leaf, in Oliver's hand, stands written (signed successively by three other Committee-men whom Whelocke would soon search out for the feat) :

4th April 1643.

Suffer the bearer hereof, Mr. Abraham Whelocke, to pass your guards so often as he shall have occasion, into and out of Cambridge, towards Little Shelford or any other place ; and this shall be your warrant.

THO. COOKE.

EDW. CLENCHE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

JAMES THOMPSON.

¹ Cambridge Corporation Day-Book : in Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 311. Printed also, with errors, in O. Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, i. 406.

² Whelocke's Arabic Volume (a version into Arabic of one of Bellarmin's Books, by some Armenian Patriarch, for benefit of the Heathen, Rome, 1627,—with slight marks of

No. 4.

EASTERN ASSOCIATION: THREATENED RISING OF PAPISTS IN NORFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 117.]

Two Committee-Letters, both of Oliver's writing; illustrations of his diligent procedure in the birth-time of the Eastern Association.

To our noble Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, 'Sir' John Spelman, Knights and Baronets, and the rest of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the County of Norfolk: Present these.

'Cambridge, 26th January 1642.'

GENTLEMEN,

The Parliament and the Lord General have taken into their care the peace and protection of these Eastern parts of the Kingdom; and to that end have sent down hither some part of their Forces,—as likewise a Commission, with certain Instructions to us and others directed; all which do highly concern the peace and safety of your County. Therefore we entreat that some of you would give us a meeting at Mildenhall¹ in Suffolk, on Tuesday the 31st of this instant January. And in the mean time that you would make all possible speed to have in a readiness, against any notice shall be given, a considerable force of Horse and Foot to join with us, to keep any Enemy's force from breaking-in upon your yet peaceable Country. For we have certain intelligence that some of Prince Rupert's forces are come as far as Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, and that the Papists in Norfolk are solicited to rise presently upon you.

Thus presenting all our neighbourly and loving respects, we rest, your respective friends to serve you,

TERRELL JOCELYN.
WILLM. MARCHE.
EDW. CLENCHE.
JAMES THOMPSON.

MILES SANDYS.
FRANC. RUSSELL.
OLIVER CROMWELL.
THOMAS SYMONS.
ROBERT CLERKE.²

Whelocke on the other fly-leaves): Volume now in possession of Dr. Lee, Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, who has kindly given me sight of it.—Next year, under this Pass of Oliver's, lower half of the same fly-leaf, there is a Renewal of it, or Copy in almost precisely the same terms, written and signed by the Earl of Manchester (in ink now grown very pale, while Oliver's has changed to strong red-brown), of date '27th February 1643'-4, when his Lordship again for a time (see antea, vol. i. p. 160) had become chief Authority in Cambridge. (*Note of 1857.*)

¹ 'Millnall' he writes.

² Original in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 116.

To our worthy Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, Sir John Spelman, Knights and Barons. Present these :

GENTLEMEN,

Cambridge, 27th January 1642.

The grounds of your Jealousies are real. They concur with our intelligences from Windsor; the sum whereof we give unto you :

From a prisoner taken by Sir Samuel Luke (one Mr. Gandy, a Captain of Dragoons) this confession was drawn, That the Papists by direction from Oxford should rise in Norfolk. Whereupon it was desired from thence That Sir Henry Benningfield and Mr. Gandy, their persons should be seized, and that we should do our endeavour to make stay of the Person and Letter which contained this encouragement to them,—he being described by his horse and clothes. But we believe 'he' was past us before we had notice, for our Scouts could not light on him.

As for the other consideration of his Majesty's forces being invited into these parts, we have confirmation thereof from all hands;—and there is this reason to doubt it will be so, Because his Majesty is weary of Oxford; there being little in those parts left to sustain his Army,—and surely the fulness of these parts and fitness of them for Horse are too-too good arguments to invite him hither. Thus we agree in the grounds of our doubt and fear.

The next thought is of Remedy. And in this we account it our happiness to consult with you of common safety, to be had either by the Association you speak of, or by¹ any other consideration by communication of assistance, according to necessity. Wherein I hope you shall find all readiness and cheerfulness in us, to assist you to break any strength that shall be gathered; or to prevent it, if desired,—having timely notice given from you thereof. The way will be best settled, if you give us a meeting, according to our desire by a Letter particularly prepared² before we received yours, and now sent unto you for that purpose together with these.

This is all we can say for the present; but that we are, your friends and servants,

THOM. MARTYN.
OLIVER CROMWELL.
WILLM. MARCHE.
EDW. CLENCHE.

MILES SANDYS.
FRANC. RUSSELL. TERRELL JOCELYN.
THOS. SYMONS.
ROBERT CLERKE.
JAMES THOMPSON.

¹ Comes to the end of the sheet, and turns to the margin.

² Preceding Letter, seemingly, or rather Copy of it.

'P.S.' We sent to Sir William Spring to offer him our assistance for the apprehension of Sir H. Benningfield, &c. We have not yet received any answer.—We knew not how to address ourselves to you. It's our desire to assist you in that or any other public service.¹

No. 5.

GAINSBOROUGH FIGHT.

[Vol. i. p. 140.]

HERE are other details concerning Gainsborough Fight; Two Letters upon it that have successively turned up.

1. The first is a Letter two days earlier in date; evidently not written by Cromwell, though signed by him and two chief Lincolnshire Committee-men, as he passes through their City on his way to Huntingdon. Sir Edward Ayscough, or 'Ayscoghe' as he here signs himself,—probably a kinsman of Sir George the Sailor's, possibly the father of the 'Captain Ayscoghe' mentioned here,—he and John Broxholme, Esq., both of the Lincolnshire Committee,² are clearly the writers of the present Letter.

"For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

"Lincoln, 29th July 1643 (Six o'clock at night).

"NOBLE SIR,—We, having solicited a conjunction of Forces towards the raising of the Siege of Gainsborough, did appoint a general rendezvous at North Scarle to be upon Thursday the 27th of July. To the which place, Sir John Meldrum with about Three-hundred Horse and Dragoons, and Colonel Cromwell with about Six or Seven Troops of Horse and about One-hundred Dragoons, came. With these they marched towards Gainsborough; and meeting with a good party of the Enemy about a mile from the Town, beat them back,—but not with any commendations to our Dragoons. We advanced still towards the Enemy, all along under the Cony-Warren, which is upon a high Hill above Gainsborough. The Lincoln Troops had the van, two Northampton, and three small Troops of Nottingham the battle, and Colonel Cromwell the rear; the Enemy in the mean time with his body keeping the top of the Hill.

"Some of the Lincoln Troops began to advance up the Hill; which were opposed by a force of the Enemy; but our men repelled them, until all our whole body was got up the Hill. The Enemy kept his ground; which he chose for his best advantage, with a body of Horse of about Three Regiments of Horse, and a reserve behind them consisting of General Cavendish his Regiment, which was a very full regiment. We presently put our Horse in order; which we could hardly do by reason of the cony-holes and the difficult ascent up the Hill; the Enemy being within musket-shot of us, and advancing towards us before we could get ourselves into any good order. But with those

¹ Original, in Cromwell's own hand throughout, in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 129.

² Husband, ii. 171.

Troops we could get up, we charged the greater body of the Enemy ; came-up to the sword's point ; and disputed it so a little with them, that our men pressing heavily upon them, they could not bear it, but all their Body ran away, some on the one side of their Reserve, others on the other. Divers of our Troops pursuing had the chase about six miles.

"General Cavendish with his Regiment standing firm all the while, and facing some of our Troops that did not follow the chase,—Colonel Cromwell, with his Major Whalley and one or two Troops more, were following the chase, and were in the rear of that Regiment. When they saw the body stand unbroken, 'they' endeavoured, with much ado, to get into a body those three or four Troops which were divided. Which when they had done,—perceiving the Enemy to charge two or three of the Lincoln scattered Troops, and to make them retire by reason of their being many more than they in number ; and the rest being elsewhere engaged and following the chase,—Colonel Cromwell with his three Troops followed them in the rear ; brake this Regiment ; and forced their General, with divers of their men, into a quagmire in the bottom of the Hill. Where one of Colonel Cromwell his men cut General Cavendish on the head ; by reason whereof he fell off his horse ; and the Colonel's¹ Captain-Lieutenant thrust him into the side, whereof within two hours he died ;—the rest chasing his Regiment quite out of the field, having execution of them, so that the field was left wholly unto us, not a man appearing. Upon this, divers of our men went into the Town, carrying-in to my Lord Willoughby some of the Ammunition we brought for him ;—believing that our work was at an end ; saving to take care how to bring farther provisions into the Town, to enable it to stand a siege in case my Lord Newcastle should draw-up with his Army to attempt it.

"Whilst we were considering of these things, word was brought us That there was a small remainder of the Enemy's force not yet meddled with, about a mile beyond Gainsborough, with some Foot, and two pieces of Ordnance. We having no Foot, desired to have some out of the Town ; which my Lord Willoughby granted, and sent us about Six-hundred Foot : with these we advanced towards the Enemy. When we came thither to the top of the hill, we beat divers Troops of the Enemy's Horse back : but at the bottom we saw a Regiment of Foot ; after that another (my Lord Newcastle's own Regiment, consisting of nineteen colours) appearing also, and many Horse ;—which indeed was his Army. Seeing these there so unexpectedly, we advised what to do.

"Colonel Cromwell was sent to command the Foot to retire, and to draw-off the Horse. By the time he came to them, the Enemy was marching up the hill. The Foot did retire disorderly into the Town, which was not much above a quarter of a mile from them ; upon whom the Enemy's Horse did some small execution. The Horse also did retire in some disorder, about half a mile,—until they came to the end of a field where a passage was ; where, by the endeavour of Colonel Cromwell, 'of' Major Whalley and Captain Ayscoghe, a body was drawn up. With these we faced the Enemy ; stayed their pursuit ; and opposed them with about four Troops of Colonel Cromwell's and four Lincoln Troops ; the Enemy's body in the mean time increasing very much from the Army. But such was the goodness of God, giving courage and valour to our men and officers, that whilst Major Whalley and Cap-

¹ Original has 'his ;' and for 'General Cavendish' in the foregoing line 'him.'

tain Ayscoghe, sometimes the one with four Troops faced the Enemy, sometimes the other, to the exceeding glory of God be it spoken, and the great honour of those two Gentlemen, they with this handful forced the Enemy so, and dared them to their teeth in at the least eight or nine several removes,—the Enemy following at their heels; and they, though their horses were exceedingly tired, retreating in order, near carbine-shot of the Enemy, who thus followed them, firing upon them; Colonel Cromwell gathering-up the main body and facing them behind those two lesser bodies,—that, in despite of the Enemy, we brought-off our Horse in this order, without the loss of two men.

“Thus have you a true relation of this notable service: wherein God is to have all the glory. And care must be taken speedily to relieve this noble Lord from his and the State’s Enemies, by a speedy force sent unto us,—and that without any delay; or else he will be lost, and that important Town, and all those parts; and way made for this Army instantly to advance into the South. Thus resting upon your care in speeding present Succours hither, we humbly take our leaves, and remain, your humble servants,

“EDW. AYSCOGHE.

“JO. BROXOLME.

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”¹

2. The Second Letter, the Original of which still exists, is of much greater interest; being from Cromwell’s own hand, and evidently thrown-off in a quite familiar and even hasty fashion. Written, as would appear, on the march from Lincoln to Huntingdon; no mention precisely where; but probably at the Army’s quarters on the evening of their first day’s march homewards. In the original the *surname* of the ‘Sir John’ to whom the Letter addresses itself has been, probably by some royalist descendant (of mixed emotions), so industriously crossed out with many strokes of the pen, that not only is it entirely illegible, but the polite possessor of the Autograph cannot undertake to guess for me how many letters may have been in the word. On other grounds I pretty confidently undertake, nevertheless, to read *Wray*: Sir John Wray of Glentworth, Member for Lincolnshire, and on the Committee of that County; at present, I suppose, attending his duty in London. Glentworth House is almost within sight and sound of these transactions; the well-affected Knight of the Shire, for many reasons, may fitly hear a word of them, while we rest from our march. Sir John’s Mother, I find by the Dryasdust records² was a Montague of Boughton; so that ‘your noble Kinsman’ near the end of this Letter will mean my Lord of Manchester, ‘Sergeant-Major of the Association,’ a man well qualified to give information.

To my noble Friend Sir John ‘Wraye,’ Knight and Baronet: Present these.

‘Eastern Association,’ 30th July 1643.

SIR,

The particular respects I have received at your hands do much oblige me, but the great affection you bear to the public much more: for that cause I am bold to acquaint you with

¹ Tanner MSS. lxii. 194; and, with little or no variation, Baker MSS. xxviii. 424.

² Burke’s Extinct Baronetage, § Wray.

some late Passages wherein it hath pleased God to favour us ;— which, I am assured, will be welcome to you.

After Burleigh House was taken, we went towards Gainsborough to a general rendezvous, where met us Lincolnshire Troops ; so that we were Nineteen or Twenty Troops, when we were together, of Horse and Foot, and about Three or Four Troops of Dragoons. We marched with this force to Gainsborough. Upon Friday morning, being the 28th of July, we met with a forlorn-hope of the Enemy, and with our men brake it in. We marched on to¹ the Town's end. The Enemy being upon the top of a very steep Hill over our heads, some of our men attempted to march up that Hill ; the Enemy opposed ; our men drove them up, and forced their passage. By the time² we came up, we saw the Enemy well set in two bodies : the foremost a large fair body, the other a reserve consisting of six or seven brave Troops. Before we could get our force into order, the great body of the Enemy advanced ; they were within musket-shot of us when we came to the pitch of the Hill : we advanced likewise towards them ; and both charged, each upon the other : Thus advancing, we came to pistol and sword's point, both in that close order that it was disputed very strongly who should break the other. But our men pressing a little heavily upon them, they began to give back ; which our men perceiving, instantly forced them,—brake that whole body ; some of them flying on this side, some on the other side, of the reserve. Our men, pursuing them in great disorder, had the execution about four, or some say six miles. With much ado, this done, and all their force being gone, not one man standing, but all beaten out of the field,—we drew-up our body together, and kept the field, —the half of our men being well worn in the chase of the Enemy.

Upon this we endeavoured the Business we came for ; which was the relief of the Town with Ammunition. We sent-in some Powder, which was the great want of that Town. Which done, word was brought us that the Enemy had about Six Troops of Horse, and Three-hundred Foot, a little on the other side of the Town. Upon this we drew some musketeers out of the Town, and with our body of horse marched towards them. We saw two Troops towards the Mill ; which my men drove down into a little village at the bottom of the Hill : when *we* [*we* emphatic] came with our horse to the top of that Hill, we saw in the bottom a whole regiment of Foot, after that another and another,—and,

¹ Means ' towards.'

² ' that time ' in orig.

as some counted, about Fifty Colours of Foot. Which indeed was my Lord Newcastle's Army ;—with which he now besieges Gainsborough.

My Lord Willoughby commanded me to bring-off the Foot and Horse : which I endeavoured ; but the Foot (the Enemy pressing on with the Army) retreated in some disorder into the Town, being of that Garrison. Our Horse also, being wearied, and unexpectedly pressed by this new force, so great,—gave off, not being able to brave the charge. But, with some difficulty, we got our Horse into a body, and with them faced the Enemy ; and retreated in such order that though the Enemy followed hard, they were not able to disorder us, but we got them off safe, to Lincoln, from this fresh force, and lost not one man. The honour of this retreat, equal to any of late times, is due to Major Whalley and Captain Ayscough, next under God.

This Relation I offer you for the honour of God (to whom be all the praise) ; as also to let you know you have some servants faithful to you, to incite to action. I beseech you let this good success quicken your countrymen to this engagement ! It's great evidence of God's favour. Let not your business be starved. I know, if all be of your mind, we shall have an honourable return. It's your own business :—a reasonable strength now raised speedily may do that which much more will not do after some time. Undoubtedly, if they succeed here, you will see them in the bowels of your Association ! 'As' for the time, you will hear it from your noble Kinsman and Colonel Palgrave : if we be not able in ten days to relieve Gainsborough, a noble Lord will be lost, many good Foot, and a considerable Pass over Trent in these parts.—The Lord prosper your endeavours and ours. I beseech you present my humble service to the high Honourable Lady. Sir, I am your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S.—I stayed, 'from the chase after our first encounter,' two of my own Troops, and my Major stayed his ; in all three. There were in front of the Enemy's reserve three or four of the Lincoln Troops yet unbroken : the Enemy charged those Troops ; utterly broke and chased them ; so that none of the Troops on our part stood, but my three. Whilst the Enemy was following our flying Troops, I charged him on the rear with my three Troops ; drove him down the Hill, brake him all to pieces ; forced Lieutenant-General Cavendish into a Bog, who fought in this reserve : one Officer cut him on the head ; and, as he lay, my Captain-Lieuten-

ant Berry thrust him into the short ribs, of which he died, about two hours after, in Gainsborough.¹

By this Postscript is at last settled the question, Who killed Charles Cavendish? It was 'my Captain-Lieutenant Berry;' he and no other, if any one still wish to know. Richard Baxter's friend once; and otherwise a known man.

No. 6.

LETTER TWO DAYS PRIOR TO THAT CAMBRIDGE ONE.

[Vol. i. p. 160.]

'To Sir Samuel Luke' (Member for Bedford, leading Committee-man, &c.): 'These.'

NOBLE SIR,

[No date of Place] 8 March 1643.

I beseech you cause Three-hundred Foot, under a Captain, to march to Buckingham upon Monday morning, there to quarter with Four-hundred Foot of Northampton, which Mr. Crew sends thither upon Monday next. There will be the Major-General 'Crawford' to command them. I am going for a Thousand Foot more at least to be sent from Cambridge and out of the Associations. If any man be come to you from Cambridge, I beseech you send him to me to Bedford with all speed; let him stay for me at the Swan. Sir, I am your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Present my humble service to Colonel Aylife, and tell him he promised me his coat of mail.²

No. 7.

TWO LETTERS: ACTION AT ISLIP-BRIDGE AND BLETCHINGTON. DITTO AT BAMPTON-IN-THE-BUSH.

[Vol. i. pp. 177, 180.]

1. WRITTEN the night before that in the Text, on the same subject.

'For the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: These.'

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

'Bletchington,' 24th April 1645.

I met at my rendezvous at Watlington, on Wednesday last; where I stayed somewhat long for the coming-up of the

¹ Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archaeological Society (Norwich, Jan. 1848), pp. 45-50.

² Ellis, Original Letters illustrative of English History (London, 1846), iv. 225.

Body of Horse, which your Honour was pleased to give me the command of. After the coming whereof, I marched with all expedition to Wheatley-Bridge; having sent before to Major-General Browne, for what intelligence he could afford me of the state of affairs in Oxford (I being not so well acquainted in those parts),—of the condition, and number, of the Enemy in Oxford. Who himself informed me by letters, That Prince Maurice his forces were not in Oxford, as I supposed; and that,—as he was informed by four very honest and faithful Gentlemen that came out of Oxford to him a little before the receipt of my letter,—there were Twelve pieces of Ordnance with their carriages and wagons, ready for their march; and in another place Five more pieces with their carriages, ready to advance with their Convoy.

After I received this satisfaction from Major-General Browne, I advanced this morning,—being Thursday the twenty-fourth of April,—near to Oxford. There I lay before the Enemy; who perceiving it at Oxford, and being in readiness to advance, sent out a party of Horse against me: part of the Queen's Regiment, part of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, and part of the Lord Wilmot's Regiment;—who made an infall upon me.

Whereupon I drew forth your Honour's Regiment,—lately mine own,—against the Enemy (who had drawn themselves into several Squadrons, to be ready for action);—and commanded your Honour's own Troop therein, to charge a Squadron of the Enemy. Who performed it so gallantly that, after a short firing, they entered the whole Squadron, and put them to a confusion. And the rest of my Horse presently entering after them, they made a total rout of the Enemy; and had the chase of them three or four miles;—and killed Two-hundred; took as many prisoners, and about Four-hundred Horses. 'Also' the Queen's colours, richly embroidered, with the Crown in the midst, and eighteen flower-de-luces wrought all about in gold, with a golden cross on the top.—Many escaped to Oxford, and divers were drowned.

Part of them likewise betook themselves to a strong House in Bletchington; where Colonel Windebank kept a Garrison, with near Two-hundred horse and foot therein. Which, after surrounding it, I summoned:—but they seemed very dilatory in their answer. At last, they sent out Articles to me of Surrender,—which I have sent your Honour enclosed:¹—and after a large treaty thereupon, the Surrender was agreed upon between us.

¹ Given in Rushworth, vi. 24.

They left behind them between Two and Three hundred muskets, Seventy horses; besides other arms and ammunition.—I humbly rest, your honour's humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

2. A few months since, in 1868, there has incidentally turned up, among the *Manuscripts of the House of Lords*, and been reawakened into daylight and publicity, from its dark sleep of 223 years, the 'contemporaneous Copy' of a Letter by Oliver himself; which curiously adjusts itself to its old combination here, completely elucidating for us those small Bletchington-Bampton transactions; and is of itself otherwise worth reading. It is of date the day *before* that Farringdon Affair.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House,

'Farringdon,' April 28th, 1645.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Since my last it has pleased God to bless me with more success in your service. In pursuance of your commands I marched from Bletchington to Middleton Stonies, and from thence towards Witney, as privately as I could, believing that to be a good place for interposing between the King and the West, whether he intended Goring and Grenville, or the two Princes.

In my march I was informed of a body of foot which were marching towards Farringdon; which indeed were a commanded party of three hundred, which came a day before from Farringdon, under Colonel Richard Vaughan, to strengthen Woodstock against me, and were now returning.

I understood they were not above three-hours march before me. I sent after them. My forlorn overtook them as they had gotten into enclosures not far from Bampton Bush, and skirmished with them. They killed some of my horses, mine killed and got some of them; but they recovered the town ('*Bampton*, i. e.') before my body came up, and my forlorn not being strong enough was not able to do more than they did. The Enemy presently barricaded-up the town, got a pretty strong house: my body coming up about eleven in the night, I sent them a summons. They slighted it. I put myself in a posture that they should not escape me, hoping to deal with them in the morning. My men charged them up to their barricades in the night; but truly they were of so good resolution that we could not force them from it; and indeed they killed some of my horses, and I was forced to wait until the morning: besides they had got a pass over a brook. In the night they strengthened themselves as well as they could

¹ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 203, § 7.

in the storehouse. In the morning I sent a drum to them ; but their answer was, they would not quit except they might march out upon honourable terms. The terms I offered were, to submit all to mercy. They refused with anger. I insisted upon them, and prepared to storm. I sent them word to desire them to deliver out the gentleman and his family ; which they did ; for they must expect extremity, if they put me to a storm. After some time spent, all was yielded to mercy. Arms I took, muskets near 200, besides other arms, about two barrels of powder, soldiers and officers near 200. Nine score besides officers, the rest being scattered and killed before. The chief prisoners were Colonel Sir Richard Vaughan, Lieutenant-Colonel Littleton, and Major Lee, two or three Captains, and other Officers.

As I was upon my march, I heard of some horse of the Enemy which crossed me towards Evesham. I sent Colonel Fiennes after them ; whom God so blessed that he took about thirty prisoners, 100 horse, and three horse colours. Truly his diligence was great ; and this I must testify, that I find no man more ready to all services than himself. I would not say so, if I did not find it : if his men were at all considered, I should hope you might expect very real service from them. I speak this rather because I find him a gentleman of that fidelity to you, and so conscientious, that he would all his troop were as religious and civil as any, and makes it a great part of his care to get them so.

In this march my men also got one of the Queen's troopers, and of them and others about 100 horses. This morning Colonel John Fiennes sent me in the gentleman that waits upon the Lord Digby in his chamber, who was going to General Goring about exchange of a prisoner. He tells me the King's forces were drawn out the last night to come to relieve Sir Richard Vaughan, and Legge commanded them ; they were about 700 horse and 500 foot ; but I believe they are gone back. He saith many of the horse were volunteer gentlemen ; for I believe I have left him few others here.

I looked upon his letters, and found them directed to Marlborough. He tells me Goring is about the Devizes. I asked him what farther orders he had to him. He tells me he was only to bid him follow former orders. I pressed him to know what they were ; and all that I could get was, that it was to hasten with all he had up to the King to Oxford. He saith he has about 3000 horse and 1000 foot ; that he is discontented that Prince Rupert commanded away his foot.

I am now quartered up to Farringdon. I shall have an eye

towards him. I have that which was my regiment, and a part of Colonel Sydney's five troops 'that' were re-created, and a part of Colonel Vermuyden's, and five troops of Colonel Fiennes's; three whereof and Sir John 'Browne's'¹ and Captain Hammond's I sent with the first prisoners to Aylesbury. It's great pity we want dragoons. I believe most of their petty garrisons might have been taken in, and other services done; for the Enemy is in high fear. God does terrify them. It's good to take the season; and surely God delights that you have endeavoured to reform your armies; and I beg it may be done more and more. Bad men and discontented say it's faction. I wish to be of the faction that desires to avoid the oppression of the poor people of this miserable Nation, upon whom who can look without a bleeding heart? Truly it grieves my soul, our men should still be upon free quarters, as they are. I beseech you help it what and as soon as you can. My Lords, pardon me this boldness; it is because I find in these things wherein I serve you, that He does all. I profess His very hand has led me. I preconsulted none of these things.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I wait your farther pleasure, subscribing myself,
OLIVER CROMWELL.²

No. 8.

BATTLE OF NASEBY. BURIAL OF COLONEL PICKERING. TWO LETTERS CONCERNING ELY.

[Vol. i. pp. 88, 186, 203.]

(a.) THE following very rough Notes of a studious Tourist will perhaps be acceptable to some readers. Notes dashed down evidently in the most rough-and-ready manner, but with a vigilant eye both on the Old Books and on the actual Ground of Naseby; taken, as appears, in the year 1842.

'Battle of Naseby, 14th June 1645: From Sprigge (London, 1647); Rushworth, vi. (London, 1701); Old Pamphlets; and the Ground.

'Fairfax's Stages towards Naseby (Sprigge, p. 30 et seqq.). Wednesday 11th June, a rainy day: Marched "from Stony Stratford to Wootton,"—three miles south of Northampton. Bad quarters there: "but the Mayor

¹ Orig. illegible.

² Notes and Queries, 8 Aug. 1868;—printed there, as I learn on inquiry, 'from a contemporaneous Copy' found among the House of Lords mss. in the course of some official examination going on there: corrected and investigated into clearness for me by the kindness of John Forster, Esq., most obliging of Friends, whose final remark on it is: 'As to Farrington' (Letter xxvii. of Text), 'though Cromwell had now crossed the river, and was quartered up to the place, he was not in adequate force for reducing it. "It's great pity we want dragoons," is his remark in this Letter; and, according to Rushworth's statement, he had already sent to Abingdon for four or five companies of infantry. Burgess knew very well, their is little doubt, the real state of affairs.' (Note of 1869.)

came," &c.—Thursday 12th June: From Wootton to (not "Guilsborough four miles west of Northampton," as Sprigge writes, but evidently) Kissingbury and the Farmsteads round. The King "lies encamped on Burrough Hill" (five miles off); has been "hunting," this day: "his horses all at grass." The night again wet; Fairfax, riding about, all night, on the spy is stopped by one of his own sentries, &c.: "at Flower" (near Weedon), sees the King's Forces all astir on the Burrough Hill, about four in the morning; "firing their huts;" rapidly making off,—Northward, as it proved. At six, a Council of War. Cromwell, greatly to our joy, has just come-in from the Associated Counties,—“received with shouts.” Major Harrison, with horse, is sent towards Daventry to explore; Ireton, also with horse, to the Northward, after the King's main-body. "We," Fairfax's main-body, now set forward "towards Harborough," flanking the King; and that night,—Friday 13th June,—arrive (not at "Gilling," as Sprigge has it,—is there any such place?—but) at Guilsborough.¹ Which is the last of the *Stages*.

The King's van is now, this Friday night, at Harborough; his rear is quartered in Naseby,—where Ireton beats them up (probably about half-past nine), "taking prisoners," &c.: and so the fugitives rouse the King out of his bed "at Lubenham;"²—who thereupon drives-off to Prince Rupert at Harborough; arrives about midnight; calls a Council ("resting himself in a chair in a low room," till Rupert and the rest get on their clothes); and there, after debate,³ determines on turning back to beat the Roundheads for this affront.—Ireton lies at Naseby, therefore; "we" (Fairfax and the Army), at Guilsborough all this night.

'Battle of Naseby. Saturday 14th June 1645. Starting at three in the morning, we arrive about five at Naseby. King "reported to be at Harborough," uncertain whitherward next: behold, "great bodies of his troops are seen coming over the Hill from Harborough towards us,"—he has turned, and is for fighting us, then! We put our Army in order,—“large fallow field northwest of Naseby,” “the brow of the Hill running east and west” “for something like a mile:” King has sunk out of sight in a hollow; but comes up again nearer us,⁴ and now evidently drawn-out for battle. We fall back, “about a hundred paces, from the brow of the Hill,” to hide ourselves and our plans: he rushes on the faster, thinking we run (“much of his ordnance left behind”): the Battle joins on the very brow of the Hill. Their word, *Queen Mary*; ours, *God is our Strength*.

‘About Three-hundred Musketeers of ours on the Left Wing, are advanced a little, as a forlorn, down the *steep* of the Hill; they retire firing, as Rupert charges up: Ireton and Skippon command in this quarter; “Lantfort Hedges,” a kind of thicket which runs right down the Hill, is lined with Colonel Okey and his dragoons,—all on *foot* at present, and firing lustily on Rupert as he gallops past.—Cromwell is on the extreme Right (easternmost part of the Hill): he, especially Whalley under him, dashes down *before* the Enemy's charge upwards (which is led by Langdale) can take effect; scatters said charge to the winds; not without hard cutting: a good deal impeded “by furze-bushes” and a “cony-warren.” These Royalist Horse, Langdale's, fled all behind their own Foot, “a quarter of a mile from the Battle-ground,”—*i.e.* near to the present Farm of Dust Hill, or between that and Clipstow;—

¹ Rushworth, vi. 46 (Despatch from the Parliament Commissioners).

² See *Iter Carolinum* too.

³ See Clarendon, &c.

⁴ ‘At Sibbertoft’ (Rushworth).

and never fought again. So that Cromwell had only to keep *them* in check; and aid his own Main-battle to the left of him : which he diligently did.

'Our Right Wing, then, has beaten Langdale. But Rupert, on the other side of the field, beats back our Left :—over "Rutput Hill," "Fenny Hill" (*Fanny Hill*, as the Old Books call it); towards Naseby Hamlet; on to our Baggage-train (which stands on the *northwest side* of the Hamlet, *eastward* of said "Rutput" and "Fenny," but northward of "Leane Leafe Hill," very sober "Hills," I perceive!). Our extreme Left was "hindered by pits and ditches" in charging; at any rate, it lost the charge; fled: and Rupert now took to attacking the Baggage and its Guard,—in vain, and with very wasteful delay. For our Main-battle too was in a critical state; and might have been overset, at this moment. Our Main-battle,—our Horse on the Left of it giving way; and the King's Foot "coming up into sight," over the brow of the Hill, "with one terrible volley," and then with swords and musket-butts,—"mostly all fled." Mostly all: except the Officers, who "snatched the colours," "fell into the Reserves with them," &c. And then, said Reserves now rushing on, and the others rallying to them; and Cromwell being victorious and diligent on the Right, and Rupert idle among the Baggage on the Left,—the whole business was ere long *retrieved*; and the King's Foot and other Force were all driven pell-mell down the Hill: towards Dust Hill (or *eastward* of the present Farm-house, I think). There the King still stood,—joined at last by Rupert, and struggling to rally his Horse for another brush; but the Foot would not halt, the Foot were all off: and the Horse too, seeing Cromwell with all *our* Horse and victorious Foot now again ready for a second charge, would not stand it; but broke; and dissipated, towards Harborough, Leicester, and Infinite Space.

'The Fight began at ten o'clock;¹ lasted three hours:² there were some Five-thousand Prisoners; how many Slain I cannot tell.'

(b.) Colonel Pickering, a distinguished Officer, whose last notable exploit was at the storm of Basing House, has caught the epidemic, 'new disease' as they call it, some ancient *influenza* very prevalent and fatal during those wet winter-operations; and after a few days' illness, 'at Autree' (St. Mary *Ottery*) where the headquarter was, is dead. Sir Gilbert, his brother, is a leading man in Parliament, with much service yet before him;—Cousin Dryden, one day to be Poet Dryden, is in Northamptonshire, a lad of fourteen at present. Sprigge (p. 156) has a pious copy of 'sorrowful verse over dear Colonel Pickering's hearse;' and here is a Note concerning his funeral.

To Colonel Cicely, at Pendennis Castle: These.

Tiverton, 10th December 1645.

SIR,

It's the desire of Sir Gilbert Pickering that his deceased Brother, Colonel Pickering, should be interred in your Garrison; and to the end his Funeral may be solemnised with as much honour as his memory calls for, you are desired to give all possible assistance therein. The particulars will be offered to

¹ Clarendon,

² Cromwell's Letter,

you by his Major, Major Jubbs,¹ with whom I desire you to concur herein.

And believe it, Sir, you will not only lay a huge obligation upon myself and all the Officers of this Army, but I dare assure you the General himself will take it for an especial favour, and will not let it go without a full acknowledgment.—But what need I prompt him to so honourable an action whose own ingenuity will be argument sufficient herein? Whereof rests assured your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

(c.) A Couple of very small Letters, which have now (May, March, 1846) accidentally turned up, too late for insertion in the Text, may find their corner here.

1. The First, which is fully dated (just eight days before the Battle of Naseby), but has lost its specific Address, may without much doubt be referred to Ely and the 'Fortifications' going on there.³

'To Captain Underwood, at Ely: These.'

Huntingdon, 6th June 1645.

CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD,

I desire the guards may be very well strengthened and looked unto. Let a new breastwork be made about the gravel,⁴ and a new work half-musket-shot behind the old work; all storm-ground⁵ stuff. Tell Colonel Fothergill to take care of keeping strong guards.—Not having more, I rest, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.⁶

2. 'Sir Dudley North,' Baronet, of Catlidge Hall near Newmarket, is Member for Cambridgeshire; sits too, there is small doubt, in the Ely Committee at London;—is wanted now for a small County business.

The '30th of March,' as we know, is but the fifth day of the then New Year: Oliver,—I find after some staggering, for his date will not suit with other things,—takes the cipher of the Old Year, as one is apt to do, and for 1647 still writes '1646.' As this Entry, abridged from the Commons Journals,⁷ will irrefragably prove, to readers of his Letter: 'John Hobart Esq. dismissed from being Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon Shires, and *Tristram Diamond Esq. appointed in his place*, 1st January 1646,' which, for us, and for Cromwell too on the 30th of March following, means 1647.

¹ 'Gubbs' he writes.

² Polwhele's *Traditions and Recollections* (London, 1826), i. 22: with a Note on Cicely, and reference to 'the Original among the Family Papers of the Rev. G. Moore, of Gram-pound.'

³ Commons Journals, iv. 161, 5: Cromwelliana, p. 16.

⁴ Word uncertain to the Copyist.

⁵ Word uncertain to the Copyist.

⁶ Original now (May 1846) in the Baptist College, Bristol.

⁷ v. 36 (1st Jan. 1646-7).

For the Honourable Sir Dudley North: These.

'London,' 30th March 1646 [error for 1647].

SIR,

It being desired to have the Commission of the Peace renewed in the Isle of Ely,—with some addition, as you may perceive; none left out; only Mr. Diamond, now High Sheriff of the County, and my Brother Desborow, added, there being great want of one in that part of the Isle where I live,—I desire you to join with me in a Certificate; and rest, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 9.

LANGPORT BATTLE (10th July 1645). SUMMONS TO WINCHESTER.

[Vol. i. p. 201.]

HERE is Oliver's own account of the Battle of Langport, mentioned in our Text:

'To ——— ———.'

'Langport, — July 1645.'

DEAR SIR,

I have now a double advantage upon you, through the goodness of God, who still appears for us. And as for us, we have seen good things in this last mercy,—it is not inferior to any we have had;—as followeth.

We were advanced to Long-Sutton, near a very strong place of the Enemy's, called Langport; far from our Garrisons, without much ammunition, in a place extremely wanting in provisions,—the Malignant Clubmen interposing, who are ready to take all advantages against our parties, and would undoubtedly take them against our Army, if they had opportunity.—Goring stood upon the advantage of strong passes, staying until the rest of his recruits came up to his Army, with a resolution not to engage until Grenville and Prince Charles his men were come up to him. We could not well have necessitated him to an Engagement, nor have stayed one day longer without retreating to our ammunition and to conveniency of victual.

In the morning, word was brought us, That the Enemy drew out. He did so, with a resolution to send most of his cannon and

¹ Original in the possession of the Rev. W. S. Spring Casborne, of Pakenham, Suffolk; a descendant of the North Family.

baggage to Bridgewater,—which he affected,—but with a resolution not to fight, but, trusting to his ground, thinking he could make away at pleasure.

The pass was straight between him and us; he brought two cannons to secure his, and laid his Musketeers strongly in the hedges. We beat-off his cannon, fell down upon his Musketeers, beat them off from their strength, and, where our Horse could scarcely pass two abreast, I commanded Major Bethel to charge them with two Troops of about one-hundred-and-twenty Horse. Which he performed with the greatest gallantry imaginable;—beat back two bodies of the Enemy's Horse, being Goring's own Brigade; brake them at sword's-point. The Enemy charged him with near 400 fresh Horse; set them all going,—until, oppressed with multitudes, he brake through them, with the loss not of above three or four men. Major Desborow seconded him, with some other of those Troops, which were about three. Bethel faced about; and they both routed, at sword's-point, a great body of the Enemy's Horse. Which gave such an unexpected terror to the Enemy's Army, that it set them all a-running. Our Foot, in the mean time, coming on bravely, and beating the Enemy from their strength, we presently had the chase to Langport and Bridgewater. We took and killed about 2000,—brake all his Foot. We have taken very many Horses, and considerable Prisoners. What are slain we know not. We have the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; Colonel Preston, Colonel Heveningham, Colonel Slingsby, we know of, besides very many other Officers of quality. All Major-General Massey's party was with him ('Massey'), seven or eight miles from us,—and about twelve-hundred of our Foot, and three Regiments of our Horse. So that we had but Seven Regiments with us.

Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us. Can any creature ascribe anything to itself? Now can we give the glory to God, and desire all may do so, for it is all due unto Him!—Thus you have Long-Sutton mercy added to Naseby mercy. And to see this, is it not to see the face of God! You have heard of Naseby: it was a happy victory. As in this, so in that, God was pleased to use His servants; and if men will be malicious, and swell with envy, we know Who hath said, If they will not see, yet they shall see, and be ashamed for their envy at His people.—I can say this of Naseby, That when I saw the Enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle,—the General having commanded me to order all the Horse,—I could not, rid-

ing alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance; and God did it. O that men would therefore praise the Lord, and declare the wonders that He doth for the children of men!

I cannot write more particulars now. I am going to the rendezvous of all our Horse, three miles from Bridgewater; we march that way.—It is a seasonable mercy. I cannot better tell you than write, That God will go on!—We have taken two guns, three carriages of ammunition. In the chase, the Enemy quitted Langport; when they ran out of one end of the Town, we entered the other. They fired that at which we should chase; which hindered our pursuit: but we overtook many of them. I believe we got near Fifteen-hundred Horse.

Sir, I beg your prayers. Believe, and you shall be established.
I rest, your servant, ‘OLIVER CROMWELL.’¹

A couple of months after this battle, Oliver is before Winchester, and makes this Summons:

To the Mayor of the City of Winchester.

‘Before Winchester,’ 28th September 1645,
5 o’clock at night.

SIR,

I come not to this City but with a full resolution to save it, and the Inhabitants thereof, from ruin.

I have commanded the soldiers, upon pain of death, That no wrong be done:—which I shall strictly observe; only I expect you give me Entrance into the City, without necessitating me to force my way; which if I do, then it will not be in my power to save you or it. I expect your Answer within half an hour; and rest, your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.²

No. 10.

ARMY TROUBLES IN 1647.

[Vol. i. p. 234.]

THE Vote ‘that Field-Marshal Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Commissary-General Ireton and Colonel Fleetwood,’ all Members of this House, ‘shall proceed to their charges in the Army,’ and endeavour to quiet

¹ Pamphlet in Lincoln College, Oxford; no. 10, “Battles and Sieges,”—title of it, “The Copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell’s Letter to a worthy Member of the House of Commons; published by Authority, London, 1645.”

² History and Antiquities of Winchester (London, 1773), ii. 127.

all distempers there,—was passed on the 30th of April day of the Three Troopers and Army-Letter, and directly on the back of that occurrence.¹ They went accordingly, perhaps on the morrow, and proceeded to business; but as nothing specific came of them, or could come, till the 8th of May, that day is taken as the date of the Deputation.—Here are Three Letters from them; one prior and one posterior; which, copied from the Tanner MSS., have got into print, but cannot throw much light on the affair.

1. “*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House : These.*”

“Saffron Walden, 3d May 1647.

“SIR,—We have sent out orders to summon the Officers of the several Regiments to appear before us on Thursday next; to the end we may understand from them the true condition and temper of the Soldiers in relation to the discontents lately represented; and the better to prepare and enable them,—by speaking with them, and acquainting them with your Vctes,²—to allay any Discontents that may be among the Soldiers.

“We judged this way most likely to be effectual to your service; though it asks some time, by reason of the distance of the quarters. When we shall have anything worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent it;—and in the mean time study to approve ourselves, your most humble servants,

“PH. SKIPPON.

“OLIVER CROMWELL.

“H. IRETON.”³

2. “*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House : These.*”

“Saffron Walden, 8th May 1647.

“SIR,—According to our orders sent out to the Officers of the Army, many of them appeared at the time appointed. The greatest failing was of Horse Officers; who, by reason of the great distance of their quarters from this place (being some of them above three-score miles off), could not be here: yet there were, accidentally, some of every Regiment except Colonel Whalley's present at our Meeting;—which was upon Friday morning,⁴ about ten of the clock.

“After some discourse offered unto them, About the occasion of the Meeting, together with the deep sense the Parliament had of some Discontents which were in the Army, and of our great trouble also that it should be so,—We told them, We were sent down to communicate the House of Commons' Votes unto them; whereby their, ‘the Parliament's,’ care of giving the Army satisfaction might appear: desiring them ‘furthermore’ ‘To use their utmost dili-

¹ Commons Journals, v. 158: see antea, vol. i. p. 233.

² Votes passed that same 30th of April: That the Soldiers shall have Indemnity; that they shall have Pay—and in short, Justice (Commons Journals, v. 158). ‘Thursday next’ is the 6th of May.

³ ‘A Letter from Major-General’ (elsewhere called Field-Marshal) ‘Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell and Commissary-General Ireton, was this day read’ (Commons Journals, 14th May 1647).

⁴ Friday, yesterday; not ‘Thursday,’ as at first proposed.

gence with all good conscience and effect, by improving their interests in the Soldiers, *for* their satisfaction; and that they would communicate to their Soldiers the Votes, together with such informations as they received then from us, to the end their distemper might be allayed.—After this had been said, and a Copy of the Votes delivered to the Chief Officer of every respective Regiment, to be communicated as aforesaid, we desired them To give us a speedy account of the success of their endeavours; and if in anything they needed our advice or assistance for furthering the work, we should be ready here at Saffron Walden to give it them, upon notice from them.

“We cannot give you a full and punctual account of the particular distempers, with the grounds of them: because the Officers were desirous to be spared therein by us, until they might make a farther inquiry amongst the Soldiers, and see what effect your Votes and their endeavours might have with them. We desire as speedy an account of this business as might well be; but, upon the desire of the Officers, thought it necessary for the service to give them until Saturday next¹ to bring us an account of their business, by reason the Regiments were so far distant.

“As anything falls out worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent it; and in the mean time study to approve ourselves, your most humble servants,

“PH. SKIPPON.

“OLIVER CROMWELL.

“H. IRETON.

“CHARLES FLEETWOOD.”²

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3. “‘*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*’

“Walden, 17th May 1647.

“SIR,—We having made some progress in the Business you commanded us upon, we are bold to give you this account. Which, although it come not with that expedition you may expect and your other affairs require, yet we hope you will be pleased to excuse us with the weight of the Affair: in comparison whereof nothing that ever yet we undertook was, at least to our apprehension, equal; and wherein, whatever the issue prove, our greatest comfort is, That our consciences bear us witness we have, according to our abilities, endeavoured faithfully to serve you and the Kingdom.

“The Officers repaired to us at Saffron Walden upon Saturday last, according to appointment, to give us a return of³ what they had in charge from us at our last Meeting; which was, To read your Votes to the Soldiers under their respective commands for their satisfaction, and to improve their interest faithfully and honestly with them to that end; and ‘then’ to give us a perfect account of the effect of their endeavours, and a true representation of the temper of the Army.

“At this Meeting we received what they had to offer to us. Which they delivered to us in writing, by the hands of some chosen by the rest of the

¹ This day week; the 15th.

² ‘Letter from the General Officers,’ ‘from Walden, of 8th Maii 1647, was this day read’ (Commons Journals, Tuesday 11th May 1647). The Letter seems to be of Cromwell’s writing.

³ Means ‘response to.’

Officers then present, and in the name of the rest of the Officers and of the Soldiers under their commands. Which was not done till Sunday in the evening. At which time, and likewise before upon Saturday, we acquainted them all with a Letter from the Earl of Manchester, expressing that an Act of Indemnity, large and full, had passed the House of Commons;¹ and that two weeks' more pay was voted to those that were disbanded, as also to them that undertook the service of Ireland. And, thinking fit to dismiss the Officers to their several commands,—all but some that were to stay here about farther business,—we gave them in charge To communicate these last Votes to their Soldiers, and to improve their utmost diligence and interest for their best satisfaction.

"We must acknowledge, we found the Army under a deep sense of some sufferings, and the common Soldiers much unsettled; whereof, that which we have to represent to you will give you a more perfect view. Which, because it consists of many papers, and needs some more method in the representation of them to you than can be done by letter, and forasmuch as we were sent down by you to our several charges *to do our best to keep the Soldiers in order*,—we are not well satisfied, any of us, to leave the place nor duty you sent us to, until we have the signification of your pleasure to us. To which we shall most readily conform; and rest, your most humble servants,

"PH. SKIPPON.

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"H. IRETON.

"CHARLES FLEETWOOD." "

No. 11.

WELSH DISTURBANCES IN 1648.

[Vol. i. p. 275.]

1. SOME charge of Welsh misbehaviour, perhaps treachery, in the late May revolt; charge which, if founded, ought to be made good against 'Edwards'! Colonel Hughes has been Governor of Chepstow, from the time when it was first taken, in autumn 1645;² and, we may infer, has returned to his post since Ewers (25th May 1648) retook the Castle. Of Edwards, and his misdeeds, and his accusers, no other clear trace has occurred to me. But in Moyne's Court, Monmouthshire, the seat of this Colonel Thomas Hughes, the following old Note had turned up, and was printed in 1791.

'To Colonel Hughes, Chepstow Castle.

'Before Pembroke,' 26th June 1648.

COLONEL HUGHES,

It's of absolute necessity that Collington and Ashe do attend the Council of War, to make good what they say of Edwards. Let it be your especial care to get them into Monmouth-

¹ Commons Journals, v. 174 (14th May 1647).

² Tanner MSS. (in Cary, i. 205-16).

³ Commons Journals, iv. 321 and v. 115.

shire thereunto. What Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Cradock hath (*sic*) promised to them in point of indemnity, I will endeavour to have it performed; and I desire you to certify as much to them for their encouragement. I pray do this speedily after receipt hereof, and I shall remain your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

2. A short Letter to the Committee of Carmarthen. The ancient 'Iron-furnaces' at Carmarthen, the 'Committee' sitting there, the 'Paper' or Proclamation from the Leaguer: these, and the other points of this Letter, will be intelligible to the reader.

For my noble Friends the Committee of Carmarthen: These.

The Leaguer before Pembroke, 9th June 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I have sent this Bearer to you to desire we may have your furtherance and assistance in procuring some necessities to be cast in the Iron furnaces in your county of Carmarthen, which will the better enable us to reduce the Town and Castle of Pembroke.

The principal things are: Shells for our Mortarpiece; the depth of them we desire may be of fourteen inches and three-quarters of an inch. That which I desire at your hands is, To cause the service to be performed, and that with all possible expedition; that so, if it be the will of God, the service being done, these poor wasted countries may be freed from the burden of the Army.

In the next place, we desire some D cannon-shot, and some culverin-shot, may with all possible speed be cast for us, and hasted to us also.

We give you thanks for your care in helping us with bread and [*word lost*]. You do herein a very special service to the State; and I do most earnestly desire you to continue herein, according to our desire in the late Letters. I desire that copies of this Paper² may be published throughout your county, and the effects thereof observed; for the ease of the county, and to avoid the wronging of the country men.

Not doubting the continuance of your care to give assistance to the Public in the services we have in hand, I rest, your affectionate servant,

O. CROMWELL.³

¹ The *Topographer*, edited by Sir E. Brydges (London, March 1791), iv. 125-9.

² Some *Proclamation* seemingly,—of the conceivable sort.

³ Brayley's *Graphic and Historical Illustrator* (London, 1824), p. 355. 'Original in the hands of Richard Williams, Esq., Stapleton Hall, Hornsey.'

3. Letter found, some years ago, among the lumber of 'St. Jillian's' (Julian's) 'old Castle of the Lords Herbert in Monmouthshire.' Address gone, and not conjecturable with any certainty; Letter evidently genuine,—and still hanging curiously as postscript to Letter LX. (vol. i. p. 279) of date the day before.

"For the Honourable Richard Herbert, at St. Jillian's: These.

Leaguer before Pembroke, 18th June 1648.

SIR,

I would have you to be informed that I have good report of your secret practices against the public advantage; by means whereof that arch-traitor Sir Nicholas Kemeys, with his Horse, did surprise the Castle of Chepstow: but we have notable discovery, from the papers taken by Colonel Ewer¹ on recovering the Castle, That Sir Trevor Williams of Llangibby was the Malignant who set on foot the plot.

Now I give you this plain warning by Captain Nicholas and Captain Burges, That if you harbour or conceal either of the parties or abet their misdoings, I will cause your treasonable nest to be burnt about your ears.

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

4. In the Town Archives of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, are the following three Papers; footmarks, still visible, of Oliver's transit through those parts. Twelfth July, date of the first Paper, is the morrow after Pembroke surrendered.

(a.) *"To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

"We being authorised by Parliament to view and consider what Garrisons and Places of Strength are fit to be demolished; and we finding that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the services of the State, and yet that it may be possessed by ill-affected persons, to the prejudice of the peace of these parts: These are to authorise you to summon-in the Hundred of Roose and the inhabitants of the Town and County of Haverfordwest; and that they forthwith demolish the several walls and towers of the said Castle; so as that the said Castle may not be possessed by the Enemy, to the endangering of the peace of these parts.

"Given under our hands this 12th of July 1648.

"ROGER LORT.

JOHN LORT.

"SAMSON LORT.

THOMAS BARLOWE.

¹ 'Hewer' he spells.

² 'Monmouthshire Merlin' (Welsh Newspaper) 'for September 1845.' Inserted there, it would appear, along with other antiquarian fractions, in very ignorant condition, by one Mr. W. M. Townshend, an Attorney in Newport, who is now (1858) dead some years since.—'St. Jillian's,' now a farmhouse near Caerleon, Monmouthshire, was the mansion of the Lords Herbert, of the celebrated Lord Edward of Cherbury for one,—to whom (or to his successor, as the Attorney thinks) this Note was addressed. Note picked up in converting the old Manorhouse into a Farmhouse (which it still is), and published, along with other antiquarian tagraggeries in a very dim and helpless manner, by the Attorney who had been in charge of that operation.

"We expect an account of your proceedings, with effect, in this business, by Saturday being the 15th of July instant."

To which Oliver appends :

If a speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this Warrant, I shall be necessitated to consider of settling a Garrison.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

(b.) "*For the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cromwell, at Pembroke.*

"Haverfordwest, 13th July 1648.

"HONOURED SIR,—We received an Order from your Honour and the Committee, for the demolishing of the Castle of Haverfordwest. According to which we have this day set some workmen about it : but we find the work so difficult to be brought about without powder to blow it by, that it will exhaust an 'huge' sum of money, and will not in a long time be effected.

"Wherefore we become suitors of your Honour that there may a competent quantity of Powder be spared out of the Ships, for the speedy effecting the work, and the County paying for the same. And we likewise desire that your Honour and the Committee be pleased that the whole County may join with us in the work ; and that an Order be considered for the levying of a competent sum of money on the several Hundreds of the County, for the paying for the Powder, and defraying the rest of the charge.

"Thus being over-bold to be troublesome to your Honour ; desiring to know your Honour's resolves,—we rest, your Honour's humble servants,

"JOHN PRYNNE, *Mayor.*

"JENKIN HOWELL. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

"WILLIAM BOWEN. JOB DAVIES.

"ROGER BEVANS. ETHELDRED DAVIES."

Gunpowder cannot be spared on light occasion ; and 'levying of competent sums' have had their difficulties before now : here is the handier method :

(c.) *To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

Whereas upon view and consideration with Mr. Roger Lort, Mr. Samson Lort, and the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest, it is thought fit, for the preserving of the peace of this County, that the Castle of Haverfordwest should be speedily demolished :

These are to authorise you to call to your assistance, in the performance of this exercise (?), the Inhabitants of the Hundreds of Dungleddy, Dewisland, Kemis, Roose and Kilgerran ; who are hereby required to give you assistance.

Given under our hands this 14th of July 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL

[' and the two Lorts in ■ corner of the Paper.']*¹

¹ Printed in Welshman Newspaper (Carmarthen, 29th Dec. 1848).

No. 12.

LETTER TO THE DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE AFTER PRESTON BATTLE.

[Vol i. p. 306.]

SAME day with that Letter in the Text, urging the York Committee to help in pursuit of Duke Hamilton, Oliver writes home for Supplies.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby House: These. Haste, haste.

Wigan, 23d Aug. 1648.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I did not (being straitened with time) send you an Account of the great blessing of God upon your Army:—I trust it is satisfactory to your Lordships that the House had it so fully presented to them.¹

My Lords, it cannot be imagined that so great a business as this could be without some loss;—although I ‘confess’ very little compared with the weightiness of the Engagement; there being on our part not an Hundred Slain, yet many Wounded. And to our little it is a real weakening, for indeed we are but a handful. I submit to your Lordships, whether you will think fit or no To recruit our Loss; we having but Five poor Regiments of foot, and our horse so exceedingly battered as I never saw them in all my life.

It is not to be doubted but your Enemy’s designs are deep: this Blow will make them very angry: the principles they went on were such as should a little awaken Englishmen; for I have heard it from very good hands of their own party, that the Duke made this the argument to his Army, That the Lands of the Country and —[*illegible the next line or two, from ruin of the paper; the words lost mean clearly, “That the Scots were to share our lands among them, and come to inhabit the conquered country:” a very high figure of rumour indeed!*]—which accordingly is done in part, there being a Transplantation of many women and children and of whole families in Westmoreland and Cumberland, as I am credibly informed [*for the moment!*]—Much more might be said; but I forbear. I offer it to your Lordships that Money may be ‘sent’ to pay the foot and horse to some equality. Some of those that are here seventy days before I marched from Windsor into Wales have not had any pay; and amongst the horse, my own Regiment and some others are much behind. I wish your Lordships may manage it for the best advantage, and not be wanting to yourselves in what is necessary: which is the end of my offering these things to you.

¹ In Letter LXIV. (supra, vol. i. pp. 296–303).

My Lords, Money is not for Contingencies so as were to be wished ; we have very many things to do which might be better done if we had wherewithal. Our Foot want Clothes, Shoes, and Stockings ; these ways and weather have shattered them all to pieces : that which was the great blow to our Horse was (beside the weather and incessant marches) our March ten miles to fight with the Enemy, and a Fight continuing four hours in as dirty a place as ever I saw horse stand in ; and, upon the matter, the continuance of this Fight two days more together in our following the Enemy, and lying close by him in the mire—[*moths again and mildew* until at length we broke him at a near a great party of our horse having miles towards Lancaster ; who came up to us, and were with us in all the Action].—These things I thought fit to intimate, not knowing what is fit to ask, because I know not how your Affairs stand, nor what you can supply.

I have sent Major-General Lambert, upon the day I received the Enclosed, with above Two-Thousand horse and dragoons and about Fourteen-Thousand foot in prosecution of the Duke and the Nobility of Scotland with him ; who will, I doubt not, have the blessing of God with him in the business. But indeed his horse are exceeding weak and weary.—I have sent to Yorkshire and to my Lord Grey to alarm all parts to a prosecution : and if they be not wanting to the work, I see not how many can escape. I am marched myself back to Preston ;—and so on towards Monro or otherwise, as God shall direct.

As things fall out, I shall represent them to you ; and rest, my Lords and Gentlemen, your most humble ‘servant,’

OLIVER CROMWELL. ¹

No. 13.

LETTER TO THE DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE IN 1648.

[Vol. i. p. 326.]

RECAPITULATING what is already known in the Text ; finds its place here.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby-House.

Norham, 20th Sept. 1648.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I did, from Alnwick, write to Sir William Armyn ² an account of our condition ; and recommended to him divers par-

¹ Tanner MSS. lvii. (1.) 229. Original, signed inside and out by Cromwell : much injured by mildew and moths.

² Original Member for Grantham ; one of the Committee, and from of old busy in those International concerns.

ticular considerations about your affairs here in the North,—with a desire of particular things to be done by your Lordships' appointment, in order to the carrying-on of your affairs. I send you here a copy of the Summons that was sent to Berwick ¹ when I was come as far as Alnwick; as also of a Letter written to the Committee of Estates of Scotland: ²—I mean those who we did presume were convened as Estates, and were the men that managed the business of the War. But there being, as I learned since, none such; the Earl of Roxburgh and some others having deserted, so that they are not able to make a Committee;—I believe the said Letter is suppressed, ³ and retained in the hands of Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe. For whom we 'had' obtained a safe Convooy to go to the Estates of that Kingdom with our said Letter; the Governor of Berwick's Answer to our Summons leading us thereunto. By advantage whereof we did instruct them to give all assurances to the Marquis of Argyle and the Honest Party in Scotland,—who we heard were gathered together in a considerable Body about Edinburgh, to make opposition to the Earl of Lanark, Monro, and their Armies,—of our good affection to them. Where-with they went the 16th of this month.

Upon the 17th of this month Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan, with divers other Scots Gentlemen, brought me this enclosed Letter, signed by the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, as your Lordships will see. They also showed me their Instructions, and a Paper containing the matter of their Treaty with Lanark and Monro; as also an Expostulation upon Lanark's breach with them,—in falling upon Argyle and his men, contrary to agreement, wherein the Marquis hardly escaped, they having hold of him, but Seven-hundred of his men were killed and taken. ⁴ These Papers I also send here enclosed to your Lordships.

So soon as those Gentlemen came to me, I called a Council of War; the result whereof was the Letter directed to the Lord Chancellor; ⁵ a Copy whereof your Lordships have here enclosed. Which I delivered to Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan; with which they returned upon the 18th, being the next day.

Upon private discourse with these Gentlemen, I do find the condition of their Affairs and their Army to be thus: The Earl of Lanark, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, Monro, and their Army, hearing of our advance, and understanding the condition and endeavours of their Adversaries,—marched with all speed to

¹ Letter LXX. (vol. i. p. 315).

² Letter LXXII. (vol. i. p. 317).

³ Not 'suppressed'; though it cannot be received except unofficially (vol. i. p. 318).

⁴ Bishop Guthry's Memoirs.

⁵ Letter LXXIII. (vol. i. p. 319).

get possession of Stirling-Bridge; that so they might have three parts in four of Scotland at their backs, to raise men, and to enable themselves to carry on their designs. They were about 5,000 Foot, and 2,500 Horse. The Earl of Leven, who is chosen General; the Marquis of Argyle, with the Honest Lords and Gentlemen, David Lesley being the Lieutenant-General: 'these,' having about 7,000 Foot, but very weak in Horse,—lie about six miles this side the Enemy. I hear that their Infantry consists of men who come to them out of conscience; and are generally of the Godly People of that Nation, which they express by their piety and devotion in their quarters; and indeed I hear they are a very godly and honest body of men.

I think it is not unknown to your Lordships what directions I have received from you for the prosecution of our late victory. Whereof I shall be bold to remember a clause of your Letter; which was, "That I should prosecute the remaining Party in the North, and not leave any of them, wheresoever they go, to be a beginning of a new Army; nor cease to pursue the Victory till I finish and fully complete it with the rendition of those Towns of Berwick and Carlisle, which most unjustly, and against all obligations, and the Treaties then in force, they surprised and garrisoned against us."

In order whereunto, I marched to the Borders of Scotland: where I found the whole Country so harassed and impoverished by Monro and the Forces with him, that the Country was no way able to bear us on the English side; but we must necessarily have ruined both your Army and the Subjects of this Kingdom, who would not have had bread for a day if we had continued among them. In prosecution of your Orders, and in answer to the necessities of your friends in Scotland, and their desires; and considering the necessity of marching into Scotland, to prevent the Governor of Berwick from putting of provisions into his Garrisons on the Scots side, whereof he is at present in some want, as we are informed,—I marched a good part of the Army over Tweed yesterday about noon, the residue being to come after as conveniently as we may.

Thus have I given your Lordships an account of our present condition and engagement. And having done so, I must discharge my duty in remembering to your Lordships the Desires formerly expressed in my Letters to Sir William Armysn and Sir John Evelyn, for supplies; and in particular for that of Shipping to be

upon these Coasts, who may furnish us with Ammunition or other necessaries wheresoever God shall lead us ; there being extreme difficulty to supply us by land, without great and strong convoys, which will weary-out and destroy our Horse, and cannot well come to us if the Tweed be up, without going very far about.

Having laid these things before you, I rest, your Lordships' most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Whilst we are here, I wish there be no neglect of the Business in Cumberland and Westmoreland. I have sent Orders both into Lancashire and to the Horse before Pontefract. I should be glad your Lordships would second them, and those other considerations expressed in my Desires to Sir William Armyne thereabouts.¹

No. 14.

LETTER ON BEHALF OF YOUNG CHOLMELY.

[Vol. i. p. 337.]

WRITTEN on the march from Carlisle to Pontefract.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons : These.

Boroughbridge, 28th October 1648.

SIR,

I do not often trouble you in particular businesses ; but I shall be bold now, upon the desire of a worthy Gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely, to entreat your favour in his behalf.

The case stands thus. His son Major Cholmely, who was bold in the Fight against the Scots at Berwick,² was Custom-master at Carlisle ;—the Gentleman 'had' merited well from you. Since his death, his aged Father, having lost this his Eldest Son in your service, did resolve to use his endeavours to procure the place for a Younger Son, who had likewise been in your service. And resolving to obtain my Letter to some friends about it, did acquaint an *undertenant* of the place for his Son with this his purpose To come to me to the borders of Scotland to obtain the said Letter ;—which the said servant 'or undertenant' did say, Was very well.

¹ Old Pamphlet (in Parliamentary History, xvii. 481).

² Against Monro, I suppose, when he ended his maraudings in that quarter (vol. i. p. 311).

And when the said Lieutenant-Colonel was come for my Letter, this tenant immediately hastens away to London ; where he, in a very circumventing and deceitful way, prefers a Petition to the House of Commons ; gets a reference to the Committee of the Navy ; who approve of the said man, 'the undertenant,' by the mediation of some gentlemen :—But I hear there is a stop of it in the House.

My humble suit to you is, That if Colonel Morgan do wait upon you about this business, —I having given you this true information of the state of it, as I have received it,—you would be pleased to further his desire concerning Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely's youngest Son, that *he* may have the place conferred upon him ; and that you would acquaint some of my friends herewith.

By which you will very much oblige, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 15.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MAYOR OF WATERFORD.

[Vol. ii. p. 101.]

PRESERVED in the anonymous Fragment of a Narrative, more than once referred to, are these Letters and Replies :

LETTER 1. *To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

Kilbarry, near Waterford, 21st Nov. 1649.

GENTLEMEN,

I have received information that you hitherto refuse a Garrison of the Enemy to be imposed upon you ; as also that some Factions in the Town are very active still, notwithstanding your refusal, to persuade you to the contrary.

Being come into these parts, not to destroy people and places, but to save them, that men may live comfortably and happily by their trade, if the fault be not in themselves ; and purposing also, by God's assistance, to reduce this City of Waterford to its due obedience, as He shall dispose the matter, by Force, or by Agreement with you upon Terms wherein your own good and happiness, and that of your wives, children and families may consist, notwithstanding 'what' some busy-headed persons may pretend to the contrary ; 'and' knowing that if after all this you shall receive a Garrison, it will probably put you out of a capacity to make any such Accord for yourselves, which was the cause of the ruin of the

¹ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 46).

Town and People of Wexford,—I thought fit to lay these things before you; leaving you to use your own judgment therein.

And if any shall have so much power upon you as to persuade you that these are the counsels of an enemy, I doubt it will hardly prove, in the end, that *they* gave you better. You did once live flourishingly under the power (*sic*) and in commerce with England. It shall be your own faults if you do not so again. I send these intimations timeously to you: weigh them well, it so behoves you. I rest, your loving friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

REPLY 1. "*For General Cromwell, General of the Parliament Forces in Ireland.*"

"Waterford, 23d November 1649.

"MY LORD,—Your Letter of the 21st, directed to me and my Aldermen, we have, by your Trumpet, received. Your Lordship's advice, as we do all others, we weigh with the condition of our safety; and so far shall make use thereof as it contributes to the same.

"For your intentions of reducing this City, by Force or Agreement;—as we will by all possible means endeavour our natural defence against the first, so happily will we not be averse to the latter,—if we shall find it not dishonourable nor destructive. And for that purpose 'we' do desire your Lordship will grant us a Cessation, for fifteen days, from all acts of hostility; and send us Safe-conducts, with blanks for the men we shall employ, to treat with your Lordship; and in the interim bring your Army no nearer this City than now it is.

"We have learned not to slight advice, if we find it wholesome, even from an enemy's hand; nor to deny him such thanks as it merits. And if your Lordship should deny us the time we look for, we doubt not,—with the men we have already in Town, though we should receive no more,—to make good this Place, till the Power of the Kingdom relieves us.

"To signify which to your Lordship, the Council and Commons have laid their commands on me, my Lord, your very loving friend,

"JOHN LYVETT, Mayor of Waterford."

LETTER 2. *For the Mayor, Aldermen, or other Governor or Governors of the City of Waterford.*

GENTLEMEN,

From my Camp before Waterford,
24th November 1649.

I expected to have heard from you before this, by my Trumpet; but he not coming to me, I thought fit to send, That I might have an account given me, how you have disposed of him. And to save farther trouble, I have thought fit—

Hereby to summon you To surrender the City and Fort into my hands, to the use of the State of England.

I expect to receive your answer to these things; and rest, your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

REPLY 2. "*For the Lieutenant-General Cromwell.*"

"Waterford, 24th November 1649.

"MY LORD,—Your Letter of the 24th I have received even now; in which you desire an account of your Lordship's Trumpeter, sent with a former Letter to us; and summon us to deliver your Lordship this City and Fort.

"Your Lordship's former Letter by your Trumpeter we have answered yesterday morning; and do doubt, by the Trumpeter's not coming to you, he might have suffered some mischance by going the County-of-Kilkenny way. We therefore now send you a Copy of that Answer;¹ to which we desire your Lordship's resolution. Before we receive which, we cannot make farther answer to the rest of your Letter.

"We therefore desire you will despatch the Safe-conduct desired, and forbear acts of hostility during the Treaty;—and you shall be very soon attended by Commissioners from, my Lord, your Lordship's servant,

"JOHN LYVETT, Mayor of Waterford."

LETTER 3. *To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

'Before Waterford,' 24th Nov. 1649.

SIRS,

My first Trumpet not being yet come to me, makes me suspect that, as you say, he has suffered some mischance going by the way of the County of Kilkenny.

If I had received your Letter sooner, I should nevertheless, by the help of God, have marched up to this place as I have done. And as for your desire of a Treaty, I am more willing to that way, for the prevention of blood and ruin, than to the other of Force;—although if necessitated thereunto, you and we are under the overruling Power of God, who will dispose of you and us as He pleaseth.

As to a Cessation for Fifteen Days, I shall not agree thereunto; because a far shorter time may bring this Business to a conclusion as well. But for Four or Five Days I am content that there be a Cessation of all acts of hostility betwixt your City and this Army:—provided you give me assurance That, in the mean time, no soldiers not now in your City be received into it, during the Cessation, nor for Twenty-four hours after.

I expect to have your present answer hereto: because, if this be agreed-to, I shall forbear any nearer approach during the said Cessation. Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I have by this Bearer returned a Safe-convoy, as you desire, for what Commissioners you think fit to send out to me.²

¹ Reply 1; already given.² Fragment of Narrative: in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, p. 95 et seqq.

No. 16.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS : RENEGADO WOGAN.

[Vol. ii. p. 106.]

THE Narrative Fragment above cited has these words, in reference to the affair at Passage and its consequences: 'At that time, there being one Captain Caufield a prisoner at Clonmel, a stranger to the General, but being a prisoner on an English account, the Army concerned themselves for him, and at a Council of War certain Votes were passed,' which we shall soon read:

'For Lieutenant-General Farrell, Governor of Clonmel.

'Cork, 4th January 1649.'

"At the Council of War held at the City of Cork, the Fourth day of January, Anno Domini 1649, whereat the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Lord President of Munster,¹ Sir Hardress Waller knight, and divers other chief Officers of the Army were present, it was resolved as followeth:

"1. That a Letter be sent, by Lieutenant-General Farrell's Trumpet, to let him know, That for every private Foot-soldier of our party, prisoner with him, whom he shall release, he shall have so many of his private soldiers, prisoners with us, released for them; and for every Trooper of ours which he shall release, he shall have Two private Foot-soldiers released for him.

"2. That the Lord-Lieutenant is ready to release Officers of like quality for such Officers of ours as are in their power; and that he will deliver a Major of Foot for a Captain of Horse, and two Captains of Foot for a Captain of Horse; and so proportionably.

"3. Or that he will deliver Major-General Butler, the Earl of Ormond's Brother, for those Officers of ours now in their custody."

SIR,

Having lately received an advertisement, that some of the principal Officers of the Irish Army did send menacing Orders to the Governor of Clonmel, to be communicated to the Lord Broghil, That if we did put to death Colonel Wogan, they were ready to put Captain Caufield to death,—I thought fit to offer to you the equal Exchanges before mentioned; leaving you to your election. Which when you perform, there shall be just and honest performance on my part. And withal to let you know, That if any shall think to put such conditions on me that I may not execute a Person so obnoxious as Wogan,—who did not only betray his trust in England, but counterfeited the General's hand, thereby to carry his men (whom he had seduced) into a Foreign Nation,² to invade England, under whom he had taken pay, and from whose service he was not discharged; and with the said Nation did invade Eng-

¹ Ireton.

² Scotland: to join Hamilton and his *Engagement*.

land ; and hath since, contrary to the said trust, taken up arms here :—That ‘then, I say,’ as I am willing to the Exchanges aforesaid ; so, ‘if’ that equality be denied me, I would that all concerned should understand, That I am resolved to deal with Colonel Wogan as I shall see cause, and be satisfied in my conscience and judgment to do. And if anything thereupon shall be done to Captain Caufield as is menaced, I think fit to let you know, That I shall, as God shall enable me, put all those that are with me at mercy for life, into the same condition. Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 17.

IRELAND : ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE THERE.

[Vol. ii. p. 107.]

For my very worthy Friend John Sadler, Esq., one of the Masters of the Chancery in England : These.

Cork, 31st December 1649.

SIR,

To put a business of weight suddenly to your consideration may perhaps beget so much prejudice as may cause you either not to think of it at all, or to incline to the worser part when you resolve. The thing I have to offer hath been thought upon by us, as you will perceive by the reasons wherewith we enforce it ; and we do willingly tender it to you ; desiring God not you, may give us the answer.

That a Divine Presence hath gone along with us in the late great transactions in this Nation, I believe most good men are sensible of, and thankful to God for ; and are persuaded that He hath a farther end ; and that as by this dispensation He hath manifested His severity and justice, so there will be a time wherein He will manifest grace and mercy, in which He so much delights. To us who are employed as instruments in this work the contentment that appears is, That we are doing our Master’s work ; that we have His presence and blessing with us ;—and that we live in hope to see Him cause wars to cease, and bringing in that Kingdom of Glory and Peace which He hath promised. This being so, as the hope thereof occasions our comfort, so the seeing some way made already cannot but ‘raise’ hope that goodness and mercy intends

¹ Fragment of Narrative : in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, ubi supra.

to visit this poor Island. Therefore in what we may as poor instruments, 'we' cannot but be endeavouring to answer the mind of God as any opportunity offers itself.

First let me tell you, in divers places where we come, we find the people very greedy after the Word, and flocking to Christian meetings; much of that prejudice that lies upon poor people in England being a stranger to their minds. And truly we have hoped much of it is done in simplicity; and I mind you the rather of this because it is a sweet symptom, if not an earnest, of the good we expect.

In the next place, our condition was such at our arrival here,—by reason of the War, and prevalency of the Enemy,—that there was a dissolution of the whole frame of Government; there being no visible authority residing in persons intrusted to act according to the forms of law, except in two corporations [*Dublin and Derry at our arrival*], in this whole Land. And although it hath pleased God to give us much territory, yet how to fall suddenly into that way again, I see not; nor is it for the present practicable. Wherefore I am constrained, of my own authority, to issue out Commissions to persons to hear and determine the present controversies that do arise, as they may.

Sir, it seems to me we have a great opportunity to set up, until the Parliament shall otherwise determine, a way of doing justice amongst these poor people, which, for the uprightness and cheapness of it, may exceedingly gain upon them,—who have been accustomed to as much injustice, tyranny and oppression from their landlords, the great men, and those that should have done them right, as (I believe) any people in that which we call Christendom. And indeed 'they' are accounted the bribing'st [*so to speak*!] people that are; they having been inured thereto. Sir, if justice were freely and impartially administered here, the foregoing darkness and corruption would make it look so much the more glorious and beautiful; and draw more hearts after it!—I am loath to write what the consequences might be, or what may be said upon this subject;—and therefore I shall let you know my desire in a word.

There uses to be a Chief-Justice in the Province of Munster, who having some others with him in assistance uses to hear and determine Causes depending there: you are desired by me to accept of that employment. I do believe that nothing will suit your mind better than having ■ standing Salary for the same; that so you may not be troubled within common allowances, which have been to others (I doubt) but a colour to their covetous prac-

tices. I dare assure you 'of' £1,000 a-year, half-yearly, to be paid by even parts, as your allowance;—and although this be more than hath usually been allowed, yet shall we have wherewith readily to make performance, if you accept.

I know not how far this desire of mine will be interpreted by you as a call: but sure I am I have not done anything with a clearer breast, nor wherein I do more approve my heart to the Lord and His people in sincerity and uprightness;—the Lord direct you what to do. I desire a few things of you: let my Letter be as little seen as you may;—you know what constructions are usually put upon some men's actings; and (were it fit to be committed to paper) would 'be' if I should say That this business, by the blessing of God, might be so managed as might abate much superfluity. I desire you not to discourse of the allowance but to some choice friends. Next I could desire, if you have any acquaintance with Mr. Graves the Lawyer, you would move him to the acceptance of a place here, which should be honourable, and not to his outward disadvantage. And any other godly and able man you know of. Let me have your mind so soon as conveniently you may; and whether you have tried any as is desired, and whom, and what return they make.

Desiring your prayers, I rest, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

Sadler did not go; John Cooke, Advocate famed in the King's trial, went. Of Graves I know nothing. Sadler has left some Books; indicating a strange corner of dreamy imaginativeness in his otherwise solid, lucid and pious mind. A man much esteemed by Hartlib, Milton's friend, and by the world legal and other. He continued one of the Masters in Oliver's new Chancery, when the number was reduced to six.

No. 18.

IRELAND: OPERATIONS IN TIPPERARY.

[Vol. ii. p. 134.]

COLONEL PHAYR is in Cork, 'with near Five-hundred foot,' since November last; Broghil, Fenton, and their relation to him, were also indicated in the Text.²

For Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork: These. Haste, haste.

SIR,

Fethard, 9th of February 1649.

It hath pleased God to be very gracious to us hitherto, in the possessing of Cashel, Fethard and Roghill Castle,

¹ General Dictionary (by Birch, Bernard, &c. London, 1739), vol. ix. pp. 19-20, § Sadler (materials furnished by 'Thos. Sadler, Deputy Clerk of the Pells,' a descendant of this Sadler's).

² Letters CXIV. CXV. vol. ii. pp. 91, 92.

without any blood. Callan cost us at least four or five men ; but we are possessed of it also, and of divers other places of good importance. We are in the very bowels of Tipperary ; and hope, will lie advantageously (by the blessing of God) for farther attempts.

Many places take up our men : wherefore I must needs be earnest with you to spare us what you can. If you can send Two Companies more of your Regiment to Mallow,¹ do it. If not, One at the least ; that so my Lord Broghil may spare us Two or Three of Colonel Ewers's, to meet him with the rest of his² Regiment at Fermoy.

Give Colonel Ewers what assistance you can in the Business I have sent to him about. Salute all my Friends with you. My service to Sir William Fenton. Pray for us. I rest, your very loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, if you think that we draw you too low in men whilst we are inactive,—I presume you are in no danger ; however, I desire you would make this use of it, To rid the Town of Cork of suspicious and ill-affected persons as fast as you can. And herein deal with effect.³

No. 19.

HASELRIG AND DUNBAR BATTLE.

[Vol. ii. p. 206.]

HERE, by the kindness of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, are now (for our *Third* and all other *Editions*) the Letters themselves. This Gentleman, Grandson of the 'Steward of the Haselrigs' mentioned in vol. iii. p. 47, possesses all the Four Cromwell Letters alluded to by Brand ; and has now (May 1847) beneficently furnished an exact copy of them, privately printed. Letter CXXXIX. alone is autograph ; the other Three are in a Clerk's hand. Letter CXXXIX., Letter CXLI., these and the Two which follow here, it appears, Mr. O.'s Grandfather 'begged from the fire, on a day when much destruction of old Letters and waste Papers was going on at Nosely Hall,'—Letter CXXXIX. and all England are somewhat obliged to him ! Here are the other Two :

¹ 'Mayallo' in orig.

² i. e. Colonel Ewers's.

³ Gentleman's Magazine for March 1843, p. 266. Endorsed, by Phayr, 'The Lo. Len't Letter to mee the ninth of Febi 1649 ; About sending men.' By another hand there is also written on the outside 'Mallo posest,'—meaning, probably for Phayr's information, *Mallow possessed* (got, laid hold of).

1. *For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle :
These.*

Dunbar, 5th September 1650.

SIR,

After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends (to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur) but by sending them into England; where the Council of State may exercise their wisdom and better judgment in so dispersing and disposing of them, as that they may not suddenly return to your prejudice.

We have despatched away near 5,000 poor wretches of them; very many of which, it's probable, will die of their wounds, or be rendered unserviceable for time to come by reason thereof. I have written to the Council of State, desiring them to direct how they shall be disposed of: and I make no question but you will hasten the Prisoners up Southwards, and second my desires with your own to the Council. I know you are a man of business. This, not being every-day's work, will willingly be performed by you; especially considering you have the commands of your Superior.

Sir, I judge it exceeding necessary you send us up what Horse and Foot you can, with all possible expedition; especially considering that indeed our men fall very sick; and if the Lord shall please to enable us effectually to prosecute this Business, to the which He hath opened so gracious a way, no man knows but that it may produce a Peace to England, and much security and comfort to God's People. Wherefore I pray you, continue to give what furtherance you can to this Work, by speeding such supplies to us as you can possibly spare.—Not having more at present, I rest, your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

2. *For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle :
These. Haste, haste.*

Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

SIR,

I cannot but hasten you in sending-up what Forces, possibly you can. This enclosed was intended to you on Saturday, but could not come.

We are not able to carry-on our business as we would, until we have wherewith to keep Edinburgh and Leith,—until we attempt,

¹ Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

and are acting, forwards. We have not, in these parts, 'at such a season of the year,' above two months to keep the field. Therefore expedite what you can! And I desire you to send us free Masons;—you know not the importance of Leith.

I hope your Northern Guests are come to you, by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them; I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.

I have no more; but rest, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire, as forces come up, I may hear from time to time what they are, how their marches are laid, and when I may expect them.

My service to the dear Lady.¹

No. 20.

FOUR LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER, IN BEHALF OF INDIVIDUAL MILITARY GENTLEMEN, AND THEIR CLAIMS.

[Vol. ii. pp. 251, 279, 282, 283.]

Letter 1st, in behalf of Colonel Maleverer's Family (vol. ii. p. 251).

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Edinburgh, 28th Dec. 1650.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

It having pleased God to take away by death Colonel John Maleverer, a very useful member of this Army, I thought it requisite to move you on the behalf of his sad Widow and seven small Children.

I need not say much. His faithfulness in your service, and his cheerfulness to be spent in the same, is very well known. And truly, he had a spirit very much beyond his natural strength of body, having undergone many fits of sickness during this hard service in your field, where he was constant and diligent in his charge; and, notwithstanding the weakness of his body, thought himself bound in conscience to continue to the utmost, preferring the Public service before his private relations. And (as I have

¹ Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. Besides the Signature, "My service to the dear Lady" is also autograph.

been credibly informed) his losses by the Royal and Malignant Party have been very great; being occasioned by his appearing with the first in his Country for the Parliament.

I have therefore made bold to represent these things before you, that you may timely consider of those that he hath left behind him, and bestow some mark of favour and respect upon them towards their comfortable subsistence. I rest, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

Letter 2d, in behalf of John Arundel of Trecice (vol. ii. p. 279).

Oliver is now in Scotland, busy enough with great matters; must not neglect the small either. Military Gentlemen, Ex-Royalist even, applying to the Lord-General in their distress, seem to be a frequent item just now. To whom how can he be deaf, if it is undeserved distress?—‘This Enclosed’² is from an Ex-Royalist Gentleman, Mr. John Arundel of Trecice in Cornwall; and relates to what is now an old story, the Surrender of Pendennis Castle to Fairfax’s people (August 1646); in which Mr. John, by the arbitrary conduct of a certain Parliamentary Official, suffers huge damage at this time,—a fine of no less than £10,000, ‘quite ruinous to my poor estate,’ and clear against bargain at the rendition of Pendennis, being now laid upon him by the arbitrary Parliamentary Official in those parts. As not only human justice, but the honour of the Army is concerned, Mr. John has written to the Lord General,—the Trecice Arundels, he alleges furthermore, having once ‘had the honour to stand in some friendship, or even kinship, with your noble family.’ Oliver, during that hurried first visit to Glasgow, writes in consequence:

‘To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.’

Glasgow, 25th April 1651.

SIR,

Receiving this Enclosed, and finding the contents of it to expostulate for justice and faith-keeping, and the direction not improper to myself from the Party interested, forasmuch as it is the word and the faith of the Army engaged unto a performance; and understanding by what steps it hath proceeded, which this enclosed Letter of the Gentleman’s will make manifest unto you:—I make bold humbly to present the Business to the Parliament.

If he desires that which is not just and honourable for you to grant, I shall willingly bear blame for this trouble, and be glad to be denied: but if it be just and honourable, and tends to make

¹ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 243.)

² Ibid, ii. 258.

good the faith of your servants, I take the boldness then to pray he may stand or fall according to that. And this desire, I hope, is in faithfulness to you ; and will be so judged. I take leave ; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

Letter 3d, in behalf of Colonel Clayton (vol. ii. p. 282).

‘ To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.’

Edinburgh, 10th May 1651.

SIR,

I am very desirous to make an humble motion unto you on the behalf of Colonel Randall Clayton ;—who, being taken prisoner² when I was in Ireland, was with some other Officers judged to die, as those that had formerly served the Parliament, but were then partakers with the Lord Inchiquin in his Revolt : and although the rest suffered, according to the sentence passed upon them, yet, with the advice of the chief Officers, I thought meet to give him, the said Colonel Randall Clayton, his life, as one that is furnished with large abilities for the service of his Country : and indeed there was the appearance of such remorse, and of a work of grace upon his spirit, that I am apt to believe he will hereafter prove an useful member unto the State, upon the best account.

Having thus given him his release, and observing his Christian candour, I then promised him to negotiate with the Parliament for the taking-off the sequestration that is upon his estate, which indeed is but very small. I do therefore humbly entreat you To pass such a special act of favour towards him, whereby he will be engaged and enabled to improve his interest the more vigorously, in his place, for the advantage of the Public.

I would not address such an overture to you, did I not suppose that the placing of this favour upon this person will be of very good use, and an act of much charity and tenderness. I rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

Letter written (what may be noted) just in the beginning of that dangerous Fit of Sickness ;—following Letter just about the end of it.

¹ Tanner MSS. (in Cary. ii. 270.)

² Supra, vol. ii. p. 148, and Whitlocke, p. 432.

³ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 272.)

Letter 4th, in behalf of Colonel Borlace (vol. ii. p. 283).

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Edinburgh, 13th June 1651.

SIR,

Having received the enclosed Petition and Letter from the Officers of a Court of War at Whitehall, representing unto me that the faith of the Army concerning the Articles of Truro,¹ in the particular case of Colonel Nicholas Borlace, is violated; and the Petitioner himself having come hither to Scotland, desiring me to be instrumental that the said Articles be performed, and that the faith of the Army thereupon given might be made good:—I do therefore humbly desire That the Parliament will take his case into consideration, and that his Business may receive a speedy hearing (he being already almost quite exhausted in the prosecution thereof); that so justice may be done unto him, and that the faith of the Army may be preserved.

I crave pardon for this trouble; and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

No. 20*.

[Vol. iii. p. 133.]

GENERAL HARRISON, with some force, is on the Border, keeping open our communications. Along with that Letter to Mrs. Cromwell goes another, dated the same day.

For the Honourable Major-General Harrison: These.

Edinburgh, May 3d, 1651.

DEAR HARRISON,

I received thine of the 23d of April. Thy Letters are always very welcome to me.

Although your new militia forces are so bad as you mention, yet I am glad that you are in the head of them; because I believe God will give you a heart to reform them; a principal means whereof will be, by placing good Officers over them, and putting out the bad; whereunto you will not want my best furtherance and concurrence. I have had much such stuff to deal withal, in

¹ Hopton's Surrender, 14th March 1645-6 (antea, vol. i. p. 201); a hurried Treaty which gave rise to much doubting and pleading, in other instances than this.

² Tanner mss. (in Cary, ii. 276.)

³ Ibid, 276.

those sent to me into Scotland ; but, blessed be the Lord, we have 'been' and are reforming them daily, finding much encouragement from the Lord therein ; only we do yet want some honest men to come to us to make Officers. And this is the grief, that this being the cause of God and of His people, so many saints should be in their security and ease, and not come out to the work of the Lord in this great day of the Lord.

I hear nothing of the men you promised me. Truly I think you should do well to write to friends in London and elsewhere, to quicken their sense in this great business. I have written this week to Sir Henry Vane, and given him a full account of your affairs. I hope it will not be in vain.

I think it will be much better for you to draw nigher to Carlisle, where 'are' twelve troops of horse ; whereof six are old troops, and five or six of dragoons. Besides, the troops you mention upon the Borders will be ready upon a day's notice to fall into conjunction with you ; so that if any parties should think to break into England (which, through the mercy of God, we hope to have an eye to), you will be, upon that conjunction, in a good posture to obviate 'them.' Truly I think that if you could be at Penrith and those parts, it would do very well. And I do therefore desire you, as soon as you can, to march thither. Whereby also you and we shall have the more frequent and constant correspondency one with another. And it will be better, if a party of the enemy should happen to make such an attempt, to fight him before he hath an opportunity to get far into our country.

I have offered a consideration also to our friend at London, that you might have two regiments of foot sent too, 'of' which I am not without hope.

The Lord bless you and keep you, and increase the number of His faithful ones. Pray for us, and for him who assures you he is your affectionate faithful Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 21.

MARCH TO WORCESTER.

[Vol. ii. p. 295.]

OLIVER, in his swift March from Scotland towards Worcester, takes Ripon and Doncaster as stages : Provision for us must be 'in readiness against our coming.'

¹ Letter in possession of B. S. Elcock, Esq., of Prior-Park Buildings, Bath (Note of 1869).

'To the Mayor and Corporation of Doncaster: These.'

Ripon, 18th August, 1651.

GENTLEMEN,

I intend, God willing, to be at Doncaster with the Army on Wednesday¹ night or Thursday morning; and forasmuch as the Soldiers will need a supply of victual, I desire you to give notice to the country, and to use your best endeavours to cause bread, butter, cheese and flesh to be brought in, and to be in readiness there against our coming; for which the country shall receive ready money. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest, your very loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

No. 22.

AFTER WORCESTER BATTLE: LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER.

[Vol. ii. p. 301-304.]

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Evesham, 8th September 1651.

SIR,

The late most remarkable, seasonable, and signal Victory, which our good God (to whom alone be ascribed all the glory) was pleased to vouchsafe your servants against the Scottish Army at Worcester, doth, as I conceive, justly engage me humbly to present in reference thereunto this consideration: That as the Lord appeared so wonderfully in His mercies towards you, so it will be very just to extend mercy to His people, our Friends that suffered in these parts upon this occasion; and that some reparation may be made them out of the Sequestration or Estates of such as abetted this Engagement against you. The town being entered by storm, some honest men, promiscuously and without distinction, suffered by your Soldier;—which could not at that time possibly be prevented, in the fury and heat of the battle.

I also humbly present to your charity the poor distressed Wife and Children of one William Guise, of the City of Worcester, who was barbarously put to death by the Enemy for his faithfulness to the Parliament. The man (as I am credibly informed) feared the Lord; and upon that account likewise deserveth more considera-

¹ Wednesday is 20th.

² Original in the possession of Pudsey Dawson, Esq., Hornby Castle, Lancashire (communicated, 19th October, 1850).

tion. Really, Sir, I am abundantly satisfied, that divers honest men, both in city and country, suffered exceedingly (even to the ruin of their families), by these parts being the seat of the War: and it will be an encouragement to honest men, when they are not given over to be swallowed-up in the same destruction with enemies.

I hope the Commissioners of the Militia will be very careful and discerning in the distribution of your charity. I cannot but double my desires, that some speedy course may be taken herein.

I have sent the Mayor and Sheriff of Worcester to Warwick Castle, there to attend the pleasure of Parliament concerning their Trial; I having not opportunity to try them by Court Martial. I have also taken security of the other Aldermen who remained in the city, to be forthcoming when I shall require them.

It may be well worthy your consideration, That some severity be shown to some of those of this Country, as well of quality as meaner ones, who, having been engaged in the former War, did now again appear in arms against you. I rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

'To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Chipping Norton, 8th September 1651.

SIR,

I have sent this Bearer, Captain Orpyn, with the Colours taken in the late Fight;—at least as many of them as came to my hands, for I think very many of them have miscarried. I believe the number of these sent will be about an Hundred; the remainder also being Forty or Fifty, which were taken at the Engagement in Fife.² I ask pardon for troubling you herewith: and rest, Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

No. 23.

LETTER TO SISTER ELIZABETH.

[Vol. ii. p. 321 note; ii. p. 291.]

By accident, another curious glimpse into the Cromwell family. 'Sister Elizabeth,' of whom, except the date of her birth and that she died unmarried,⁴ almost nothing is known, comes visibly to light here; 'living at Ely,'

¹ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 378).

² Inverkeithing Fight in July: see Letter CLXXV.

³ Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 380).

⁴ Antea, vol. i. p. 30.

in very truth (as Noble had guessed she did) ; quietly boarded at some friendly Doctor's there, in the scene and among the people always familiar to her. She is six years older than Oliver ; now and then hears from him, we are glad to see, and receives 'small tokens of his love' of a substantial kind. For the rest, sad news in this Letter ! Son Ireton is dead of fever in Ireland ; the tidings reached London just ■ week ago.

For my dear Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, at Doctor Richard Stand¹ his house at Ely: These.

' Cockpit,' 15th December 1651.

DEAR SISTER,

I have received divers Letters from you ; I must desire you to excuse my not writing so often as you expect : my burden is not ordinary, nor are my weaknesses a few to go through therewith ; but I have hope in a better Strength.—I have herewith sent you Twenty Pounds as a small token of my love. I hope I shall be mindful of you. I wish you and I may have our rest and satisfaction where all saints have theirs. What is of this world will be found transitory ; a clear evidence whereof is my Son Ireton's death. I rest, dear Sister, your affectionate Brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

'P.S.'³ My Mother, Wife, and your friends here remember their loves.

No. 24.

LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FOR SEQUESTRATIONS, IN BEHALF OF
MR. AND MRS. FINCHAM.

[Vol. ii. p. 324.]

THOMAS FINCHAM, Esquire, of Oatwell, Isle of Ely, is on the List of Delinquents : Oliver, ■ an old friend or at least neighbour, will do what he can for him.

To the Commissioners for Sequestration, at Goldsmiths' Hall: These.

Cockpit, — December 1651.

GENTLEMEN,

I formerly recommended unto you the Petition of one Mr. Fincham and his Wife, desiring that if it were in your

¹ Query, not *Hand*?

² Original shown me, and copied for me (26th October 1853), by Mr. Puttick, Auctioneer, 191 Piccadilly,—who sold it, with another (Letter to Dick, 2d April 1650, Carrick, our Letter CLXXXII.), next day, 'for 9 guineas, to Mr. Holloway, Bedford Street ;' the Dick, a long letter, in very good keeping, went 'for 26 guineas, to Mr. John Young, 6 Size Lane, Bucklersbury.'

³ On the margin.

power to give remedy in their case, you would be pleased to hear them, according to the equity of their case. And forasmuch as they have waited long in Town for a hearing, to their great charge and expenses, which their present condition will not well bear, I again earnestly desire that you will grant them your favour of a speedy hearing of their business, and to relieve them according to the merits and justice of their case : whereby you will very much oblige, Gentlemen, your very loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 25.

TO OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

[Vol. ii. p. 325.]

FROM those nine months of 1652 remain certain other small vestiges or way-marks ; relating, as it happens, to the Universities, of one of which Oliver was Chancellor. The first is a Letter to Oxford.

'Greenwood' we have already seen : 'Goodwin' is the famed Independent, at this time President of Magdalen College. Of 'Zachary Maine,' and his wishes and destinies, the reader can find an adequate account in Wood, with express allusion to the Letter which follows.² Zachary's desire was complied-with. A godly young man from Exeter City ; not undeserving such a favour ; who lived seven years in profitable communion with Goodwin, Owen and the others ; then, at the Restoration, fell into troubles, into waverings ; but ended peaceably as Master of the Free School of Exeter, the Mayor and Chamber favouring him there.

1. *To the Reverend my very loving Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

'Cockpit,' 12th April 1652.

SIR,

Mr. Thomas Goodwin hath recommended unto me one Zachary Maine, Demy of Magdalen College, to have the favour To be dispensed-with for the want of two or three terms in the taking of his Degree of Bachelor. I am assured that he is eminently godly, of able parts, and willing to perform all his exercises. Upon which account (if it will not draw along with it too great an inconvenience) I desire that he may have the particular favour to be admitted to the said Degree. Which I intend not to draw into a precedent, but shall be very sparing therein. I remain, Sir, your very loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

¹ Composition Papers, in State-Paper Office.

² Athenæ, iv. 411.

³ From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

The Second an official Protection to Cambridge:

2. *To all Officers, Soldiers under my command, and others whom it may concern.*

These are to charge and require you, upon sight hereof: Not to quarter any Officers or Soldiers in any of the Colleges Halls or other Houses belonging to the University of Cambridge; Nor to offer any injury or violence to any of the Students or Members of any of the Colleges or Houses of the said University. As you shall answer the contrary at your peril.

Given under my hand and seal, the First of July 1652.

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

Note. In the Archives of Trinity College Cambridge is a patent duly signed, and superscribed "Oliver P.," of date "Whitehall, 21st October 1654;" appointing Richard Pratt, "who, as we are informed, is very poor and necessitous," a *Bedesman* (small pensioner for life) of that College. Which merely official Piece, as Richard Pratt too, except this of being poor, is without physiognomy for us, we do not insert here.²

The Third and Fourth are for Oxford again:

3. *By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

Whereas divers applications have been made unto me, from several of the Members of the University of Oxford, concerning differences which have arisen between the Members of the said University about divers matters which fall under my cognisance as Chancellor: And forasmuch as differences and complaints of the like nature may 'again' happen and arise between them: And considering that it would be very troublesome and chargeable to the parties concerned to attend me at this distance about the same: And the present burden of public affairs not permitting me so fully to hear and understand the same as to be able to give my judgment and determination therein:

I do hereby desire and authorise Mr. John Owen, now Vice-chancellor of the University, and the Heads of the several Colleges and Halls there, or any Five or more of them (Whereof the said Vicechancellor to be one), To hear and examine all such differences and complaints which have 'arisen,' or shall arise, between any of the said Members; giving them as full power and authority as in me lies to order and determine therein as, in their judgments, they shall think meet and agreeable to justice and

¹ Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, iii. 452.

² Copy penes me.

equity. And this Power and Commission to continue during the space of Six Months now next ensuing.

Given under my hand and seal, this 16th day of October 1652.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

4. *By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

Whereas within the University of Oxford there frequently happen several things to be disposed, granted and confirmed, where-with the Vicechancellor, Doctors-Regent, Masters and others of the said University, in their Delegacies and Convocations, cannot by their statutes dispense, grant or confirm, without the assent of their Chancellor : And forasmuch as the present weighty affairs of the Commonwealth do call for and engage me to reside, and give my personal attendance, in or near London ; so that the Scholars of the said University and others are put to much charge and trouble by coming to London to obtain my assent in the cases before mentioned : Therefore, taking the premises into consideration, For the more ease and benefit of the said Scholars and University, and that I may with less avocation and diversion attend the councils and service of the Commonwealth :

I do by these presents ordain, authorise, appoint and delegate Mr. John Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vicechancellor of the said University ; Dr. Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College ; Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Warden of Merton College ; Mr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College ; and Mr. Peter French, Prebend of Christchurch, or any Three or more of them. To take into consideration all and every matter of dispensation, grant or confirmation whatsoever which requires my assent as Chancellor to the said University, and thereupon to dispense, grant, confirm, or otherwise dispose thereof, as to them shall seem meet ; and to certify the same to the Convocation. And all and every such dispensation, grant, confirmation or disposition made by the aforesaid Mr. John Owen, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Mr. Thomas Goodwin, and Mr. Peter French, or any Three or more of them, shall be to all intents and purposes firm and valid, in as full, large and ample manner as if to every such particular act they had my assent in writing under my hand and seal, or I had been personally present and had given my voice and suffrage thereunto.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the 16th day of October 1652.

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

¹ From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

No. 26.

LETTER TO LORD WHARTON ABOUT HENRY CROMWELL'S MARRIAGE.

[Vol. iii. p. 48.]

'POOR foolish Mall,' whom we guessed in the Text to be on ■ visit at Winchington, was then busy there, it would seem, and is now again busy, on a very important matter : scheme of marriage between her brother Henry, now in Ireland, and her fair Friend here, Lord Wharton's Daughter,—the Lady Elizabeth, his eldest, as may be clearly inferred from the genealogies.¹ The Lord General approves ; match most honourable ; shall not fail for want of money on his part. Unless, indeed, 'the just scruples of the Lady' prove unsurmountable ? Which, apparently, they did. Both parties afterwards married : the Lady Elizabeth to 'the third Earl Lindsay ;' Henry Cromwell ■ 'Russel of Chippenham ;' on which latter event, the 'Dalby and Broughton,' here mentioned, were actually settled upon Henry. Burleigh and Pakham went to his brother Richard.

'For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton : These.'

'Cockpit,' 30th June 1652.

MY DEAR LORD,

Indeed I durst not suddenly make up any judgment what would be fit for me to do or desire, in the Business you know of. But being engaged to give you an account upon our last conference, I shall be bold to do that, and add a word or two therewith.

For the Estate I mentioned, I cannot now (by reason my Steward is not here) be so exact as I would : but the Lands I design for this occasion are Burleigh, Oakham, and two other little things not far distant ; in all about 1900*l.* per annum. Moreover Dalby 'and' Broughton, 1600*l.* per annum. Burleigh hath some charge upon it, which will in convenient time be removed. This is near twice as much as I intended my Son : yet all is unworthy of the honourable Person.

My Lord, give me leave to doubt that the Lady hath so many just scruples, which if not very freely reconciled may be too great a tentation to her spirit, and also have after-inconveniences. And although I know your Lordship so really,² yet I believe you may have your share of difficulties to conflict with ; which may make the Business uneasy :—wherefore, good my Lord, I beg it, If there be not freedom and cheerfulness in the noble Person, let this Affair slide easily off, and not a word more be spoken about it,—as

¹ Lipscomb's History and Antiquities of Buckinghamshire (London, 1847), i. 544.

² 'reallilye' in orig.

your Lordship's 'own' thoughts are. So hush all, and save the labour of little Mall's fooling,—lest she incur the loss of a good Friend indeed. My Lord, I write my heart plainly to you, as becomes, my Lord, your most affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

No. 27.

SCRAPS FROM 1653.

[Vol. ii. p. 372, note.]

1. IN a volume of the *Annual Register* are given certain Letters or Petitions concerning the printing of Dr. Walton's Polyglot Bible. At the end of the Petitions is the following :

'Whitehall,' 16th May 1653.

I think fit that this work of printing the Bible in the Original and other Languages go on without any let or interruption.

OLIVER CROMWELL.²

'By favour of whose Government,' as Walton in his Preface furthermore records, 'we had our paper free of duty, *quorum favore chartam a vectigalibus immunem habuimus*,'—with perhaps other furtherances. See Irwell's *Life of Pocock* (reprint. London, 1816), pp. 209-211.

2. Here, lest any one should be again sent hunting through 'Pegge's Manuscripts,' take the following highly insignificant Official Note. Date, four weeks after the Dismissal of the Rump; when the 'Committee of the Army,' and Oliver 'Commander of all the Forces raised and to be raised,' are naturally desirous to know the state of the Army-Accounts. Where Mitchell commands at present, I do not know; nor whether he might be the 'Captain Mitchell' who was known some years ago in a disagreeable transaction with the Lord-General's Secretary,³ and whose Accounts may be rather specially a matter of interest.

For Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell.

Whitehall, 18th May 1653.

SIR,

You are desired with all expedition to prepare and send to the Committee for the Army an Account of all Moneys by you received upon their Warrants between the Fifteenth of Jan-

¹ Original in Bodleian Library; endorsed by Lord Wharton, "My Lord Generall to mee about his Sonne." Printed in *Illustrated London News*, 7th November 1856.

² *Annual Register*, xxxvi. 373-4.

³ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 61), 22d-29th June 1649.

uary 1647 and the Twentieth of October 1651, for the use of the Forces within the time aforesaid under your command, or for the use of any other Regiment, Troop or Company, by or for whom you were intrusted or appointed to receive any money.

And in case you cannot perfect your Account, and send the same, as you are hereby directed, before the Seventh of June next, you are desired by that time at the farthest to send in writing under your hand to the said Committee, What Moneys by you received as aforesaid do remain in your hands.

Hereof you are not to fail.

OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

3. Among the State-Papers in Paris there have lately been found Three small Notes to Mazarin, not of much, if indeed of almost any moment, but worth preserving since they are here. Two of them belong to this Section. The first, which exists only in French, apparently as translated for Mazarin's reading, would not be wholly without significance if we had it in the original. It is dated just three days after that Summons to the Puritan Notables;²—and the Lord General, we see, struggles to look upon himself as a man that has done with Political Affairs.

'A Son Eminence, Monsieur le Cardinal Mazarin.'

De Westminster, ce 9-19 Juin 1653.

MONSIEUR

J'ai été surpris de voir que votre Eminence ait voulu penser d'une personne si peu considérable que moi, vivant en quelque façon retiré du reste du monde. Cet honneur a fait avec juste raison une si forte impression sur moi, que je me sens obligé de servir votre Eminence en toutes occasions; et comme je m'estimerai heureux de les pouvoir rencontrer, j'espère que M. de Bourdeaux en facilitera les moyens à celui qui est, Monsieur, de votre Eminence le très-humble serviteur,

OLIVER CROMWELL.³

Of which take this Version :

Westminster, 9th June, 1653.

"SIR,—I have been surprised that your Eminency was pleased to remember ■ person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, withdrawn from the rest of the world. This honour has justly such ■ resentment with me that I feel myself bound, by all opportunities, to be serviceable to your Eminency; and as I shall be happy to meet with such, so I hope M. de Bourdeaux," the Ambassador, "will help to procure them to, Sir, your Eminency's most humble servant,

" OLIVER CROMWELL."

¹ Pegge's MSS. (in the College of Arms, London), vii. 425.

² Antea, vol. ii. p. 329.

³ From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

Nay here now (*Edition 1857*) is the Original itself; politely forwarded to me, three years ago, by the Translator of M. Guizot's *English Commonwealth*, where doubtless it has since appeared in print:

Westminster, the 9th of June 1653.

It's surprise to me that your Eminence should take notice of a person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, separate from the world. This honour has, as it ought, 'made' a very deep impression upon me, and does oblige 'me' to serve your Eminency upon all occasions: and as I shall be happy to find out 'such,' so I trust that very honourable person, Monsieur Burdow, will therein be helpful to, your Eminency's thrice-humble servant,

O. CROMWELL.

4. The negotiations with Whitlocke for going on that perilous Embassy to Sweden have left for us the following offhand specimen of an Official Note from Oliver. Oliver and Pickering had already been earnestly dealing with the learned man that he would go: at their subsequent interview, Oliver observed to Whitlocke, "Sir Gilbert" Pickering "would needs write a very fine Letter; and when he had done, did not like it himself. I then took pen and ink, and straightway wrote that to you:"

'To Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal.'

Whitehall, 2d September 1653.

MY LORD,

The Council of State having thoughts of putting your Lordship to the trouble of being Extraordinary Ambassador to the Queen of Swedeland, did think fit not to impose that service upon you without first knowing your own freedom thereunto. Wherefore they were pleased to command our service to make this address to your Lordship; and hereby we can assure you of a very large confidence in your honour and abilities for this employment. To which we begging your answer, do rest, my Lord, your humble servants,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

GILBERT PICKERING.¹

5. The Little Parliament has now dismissed itself, and Oliver has henceforth a new Signature.

'To his Eminency Cardinal Mazarin.'

'Whitehall,' 26th January 1653.

MY LORD,

Monsieur de Baas² hath delivered me the Letter which your Eminency hath been pleased to write to me; and also

¹ From Whitlocke's Account of his Embassy (quoted in Forster, iv. 319).

² The new Envoy or Agent; of whom in the next No.

communicated by word of mouth your particular affections and good disposition towards me, and the affairs of these Nations as now constituted. Which I esteem a very great honour; and hold myself obliged, upon the return of this Gentleman to you, to send my thanks to your Eminency for so singular a favour; my just resentment whereof I shall upon all occasions really demonstrate; and be ready to express the great value I have of your person and merits, as your affairs and interest shall require from, your very affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER P.¹

6. 'The Corporation of Lynn Regis,' it appears, considered that the navigation of their Port would be injured by the works now going on for Draining the great Bedford Level of the Fens. They addressed the Protector on the subject; and this is his Letter in answer thereto. Nothing came of it farther.

To the Mayor and Aldermen of Lynn Regis.

Whitehall, 30th January 1653.

GENTLEMEN,

I received yours; and cannot but let you know the good resentments I have of your respects;—assuring you that I shall be always ready to manifest a tender love and care of you and your welfare, and in particular of that concernment of yours relating to navigation.

Commending you to the grace of God, I remain, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.²

No. 28.

From 1654–1655: VOWEL'S PLOT; RECTORY OF HOUGHTON CONQUEST; PENRUDDOCK'S PLOT; LETTER TO THE POET WALLER; NEW ENGLAND.

[Vol. ii. p. 391; iii. pp. 14, 21.]

1. ANOTHER wholly insignificant Official Note to Mazarin, in regard to Vowel's Plot, and the dismissal of M. de Baas for his complicity in it. De Baas, whom some call Le Baas, or rightly Le Bas, was a kind of subsidiary

¹ From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

² History of the Ancient and Present State of the Navigation of the Port of King's Lynn and of Cambridge (London, fol. 1766), p. 55.

Agent despatched by Mazarin early in the Spring of 1653-4 'to congratulate the new Protector,'—that is, to assist Bourdeaux, who soon after got the regular title of Ambassador, in ascertaining how a Treaty could be made with the new Protector, or, on the whole, what was to be done with England and him. Hitherto, during the Dutch War and other vicissitudes, there had been a mixed undefinable relation between the two Countries, rather hostile than neutral. The 'Treaty and firm Amity,' as we know, had its difficulties, its delays; in the course of which it occurred to M. Le Bas that perhaps the Restoration of Charles Stuart, by Vowel and Company, might be a shorter cut to the result. Examination of Witnesses in consequence; examination of Le Bas himself by the Protector and Council, in consequence; mild hint to Le Bas that he must immediately go home again.¹

'Eminentissimo Cardinali Mazarino.'

EMINENTISSIME CARDINALIS,

In Litteris Nostris ad Regem datis, causas et rationes recensuimus quare Dominum De Baas ex hac Republicâ excedere iussumus, et Majestatem Suam certam fecimus, Nos, non obstante hâc dicti de Baas machinatione, cujus culpam ei solummodo imputamus, in eâdem adhuc sententiâ perstare, firmam arctamque Pacem et Amicitiam cum Galliâ colendi et paciscendi. Atque hâc occasione gratum nobis est priora illa propensæ nostræ erga vos et res vestras voluntatis indicia et testimonia renovare; quam etiam, datâ subinde occasione, palam facere et luculenter demonstrare parati erimus. Interea Eminentiam vestram Divinæ benignitatis præsidio commendamus.

Dab. ex Albâ Aulâ, vicesimo nono Junii an. 1654.

OLIVERIUS P.²

Of which, if it be worth translating, this is the English:

"MOST EMINENT CARDINAL,—In our Letter to the King we have set forth the grounds and occasions moving us to order M. de Baas to depart from this Commonwealth; and have assured his Majesty, that notwithstanding this deceit of the said De Baas, the blame of which is imputed to him alone, we persist as heretofore in the same purpose of endeavouring and obtaining a firm and intimate Peace and Amity with France. And it gives us pleasure, on this occasion, to renew those former testimonies of our good inclination towards you and your interests; which also, ■ opportunity offers, we shall in future be ready to manifest and clearly demonstrate. In the mean while, we commend your Eminency to the keeping of the Almighty.

OLIVER P.

"Whitehall, 29th June 1654."

¹ Depositions concerning him (April, May, 1654), Thurloe, ff. 309, 351-3: notice of his first arrival (February 1653-4), ib. 113. See also ib. 379, 437.

² From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

2. PRESENTATION TO THE RECTORY OF HOUGHTON CONQUEST.

'Communicated to me' (Thomas Baker, the Cambridge Antiquary) 'by my worthy friend Brown Willis Esq. of Whaddon Hall in Com. Bucks, from the original Presentation, in the hands of a friend of his.'

OLIVER P.

Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, to the Commissioners authorised by a late Ordinance for Approbation of Public Preachers, or 'to' any five of them, greeting. We present John Pointer to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest in the county of Bedford, void by the death of the late Incumbent, and to our presentation belonging; to the end he may be approved-of by them, and admitted thereunto, with all its rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever, according to the tenor of the aforesaid Ordinance.

Given at Whitehall, the 29th of September 1654.¹

3. DESIGN AGAINST THE SPANISH WEST INDIES.

[Vol. ii. p. 445; iii. p. 21.]

Our great Design against the Spaniards in the West Indies is still called only ■ 'Design by Sea,' and kept very secret. Proper, however, as the rumours probably are loud, to give the Parliament, now sitting, some hint of it. Hence this Letter; of no moment otherwise. Unluckily 'the right-hand border of the Paper is now much worn away;' so that several words are wanting,—conjecturally supplied here, *in italics*.

*To Our right trusty and well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire,
Speaker of the Parliament.*

Whitehall, 22d September 1654.

MR. SPEAKER,

I have, by advice of the Council, undertaken a Design by Sea, very much (as we hope and judge) for the honour and advantage of the Commonwealth; and have already made the preparations requisite for such an undertaking. But before I proceed to the execution thereof, the Parliament being now convened, I thought it agreeable to my trust to communicate to them the aforesaid resolution, and not to desire the delay thereof any longer

¹ Harl. mss. no. 7053, f. 153.

(although I suppose you may be engaged, at the present, in matters of greater weight); because many *miscarriages* will fall out in this Business through delay, as well in *providing* of the charge as otherwise; the well-timing of such a *Design* being as considerable as anything about it. And therefore I desire you to take your first opportunity to acquaint *the House* with the contents of this Letter, wherein I have *foreborne* to be more particular, because there are several *persons* in Parliament who know this whole Business, and can *inform* the House of all particulars, if the House do judge *it* to be consistent with the nature of the Design to have it *offered* to them particularly:—which I refer to their consideration; and rest, your assured friend,

OLIVER P.¹

4. NEW APPOINTMENTS; ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEM TO THE PARLIAMENT.

OLIVER P.

*To Our right trusty and right well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire,
Speaker of the Parliament.*

RIGHT TRUSTY AND RIGHT WELL-BELOVED,

We greet you well. It being expressed in the Thirty-fourth Article of the Government, That the Chancellor, Keeper or Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Treasurer, Admiral, Chief Governors of Ireland and Scotland, and the Chief Justices of both the Benches, shall be chosen by the approbation of Parliament, and in the intervals of Parliament by the approbation of the major part of the Council,—to be afterwards approved by the Parliament; and several persons of integrity and ability having been appointed by Me (with the Council's approbation) for some of those Services before the meeting of the Parliament; —I have thought it necessary to transmit unto you, in the enclosed Schedule, the names of those Persons, to the end that the resolution of the Parliament may be known concerning them: which I desire may be with such speed as the other public occasions of the Commonwealth will admit. And so I bid you heartily farewell.

Given at Whitehall, this Fifth day of October 1654.²

¹ 'Autograph Letter throughout.' Copy *pene*s me; reference (Tanner mss. no doubt) is unfortunately lost. See Commons Journals, vii. 369 (22d September, 1654), for the Return made.

² Original, with the Great Seal attached, in Tanner mss., lii. 135. See Commons Journals, vii. 378 (24th October 1654).

Enclosure is endorsed: "The Schedule inclosed in his Highness Letter of y^e 5th of October 1654."—"Read October 5th 1654; and again, 6th Oct."

CHARLES FLEETWOOD, Esquire.....	Deputy of Ireland.
BULSTRODE WHITLOCKE, Esquire.....	} Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.
SIR THOMAS WIDDINGTON, Knt.....	
JOHN LISLE, Esquire.....	
The Three Commissioners of the Great Seal above-named.....	} Commissioners of the Treasury.
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ROLLE.....	
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ST. JOHN.....	
EDWARD MONTAGUE, Esquire.....	
WILLIAM SYDENHAM, Esquire.....	
HENRY ROLLE.....	} Chief Justice of the Court of Up- per Bench.
OLIVER ST. JOHN.....	
	} Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

5 and 6. The following Two Letters, one of which is clearly of Thurloe's composition, have an evident reference to Penruddock's affair: they find their place here.

Sergeant Wilde, now more properly Lord Chief Baron Wilde, is a Worcester man; sat in the Long Parliament for that City, very prominent all along in Law difficulties and officialities,—in particular, directly on the heel of the Second Civil War, Autumn 1648, he rode circuit, and did justice on offenders, without asking his Majesty's opinion on the subject; which was thought a great feat on his part.¹ Shortly after which he was made Chief Baron, and so continues,—holding even now the Spring Assizes at Worcester, I think. Thurloe, as we said, appears to have shaped this Letter into words; only the signature and meaning can be taken as Oliver's. Unluckily too, either Mrs. Warner the Editress must have misread the date '25th' for 24th, or else Thurloe himself in his haste have miswritten, forgetting that it was New Year's Day overnight, that it is not now 1654 but 1655. We will take the former hypothesis; and correct Mrs. Warner's '25th,' which in this case makes a whole year of difference.

¹ Thanked by the Parliament (Commons Journals, vi. 49, 10th October 1648).

For Sir John Wilde, Sergeant-at-Law, and the rest of the Justices of Peace for the County of Worcester, or any of them, to be communicated to the rest; or, in his absence, to Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., Worcester.

Whitehall, 24th March 1654.

GENTLEMEN,

We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the hand of God going along with us, in defeating the late rebellious Insurrection. And we hope that, through His blessing upon our labours, an effectual course will be taken for the total disappointment of the whole Design. Yet knowing the resolution of the common Enemy to involve this Nation in new calamities, we conceive ourselves, and all others intrusted with preserving the peace of the Nation, obliged to endeavour in their places to prevent and defeat the Enemy's intentions: and therefore, as a measure especially conducting to that end,

We do earnestly recommend to you To take order that diligent Watches (such as the Law hath appointed) be daily kept, for taking a strict account of all strangers in the Country. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons; but may probably cause some of those who come from abroad to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized-upon—especially if care be taken to secure all them that cannot give a good account of their business;—and may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. Herein we do require, and shall expect, your effectual endeavours; knowing that, if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the contrivance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in their bud, or kept from growing to a maturity. I rest, your affectionate friend,

OLIVER P.¹

This second Letter, to the Gloucester Authorities, on the same subject, we judge by the style of it to be mostly or altogether the Protector's own.

For Major Wade, Major Creed, and the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Gloucester.

Whitehall, 24th March 1654.

GENTLEMEN,

We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the good hand of God going along with us in defeating the late rebellious Insurrection; so that, as we have certain intelligence

¹ Rebecca Warner's *Epistolary Curiosities*, First Series (Bath, 1818), pp. 51-3.

from all parts, the Risings are everywhere suppressed and dissolved, and some hundreds of prisoners in custody, and daily more are discovered and secured. And we hope that, through the blessing of God upon our labours, an effectual course will be taken for the total of disappointment of the whole Design.

The readiness of the Honest People to appear hath been a great encouragement to us, and of no less discouragement to the Enemy; who, had he prevailed, would, without doubt, have made us the most miserable and harassed Nation in the world. And therefore we hold ourselves obliged to return you our hearty thanks for your zeal and forwardness in so readily appearing and contributing your assistance; wherein, although your Country and your own particular as to outward and inward happiness were concerned, yet we are fully persuaded that a more general Principle respecting the glory of God, and the good of all these Nations, hath been the motive to incite you: and therefore your action goes upon the higher and more noble account.

You have desired that we would consider of ways how to find money to carry-on this work. If the Business had not been allayed, we *must* have found out a way and means to allay that want. But otherwise indeed we make it, as we hope we ever shall, our design to ease this Nation, and not to burden it; and are tender, —as we conceive yourselves have been,—of putting the good people thereof to any unnecessary charge. And therefore, as you shall have fitting opportunity, you may recommend our thankfulness to your honest willing Countrymen, as we hereby do to yourselves, for this their forwardness; and let them know That when any danger shall approach, as we shall be watchful to observe the Enemy's stirrings, we will give you timely notice thereof: and we trust those good hearts will be ready, 'on' being called out by you, to appear upon all such occasions. In the mean time they may continue at their homes, blessing God for His mercy, and enjoying the fruit and comfort of this happy deliverance, and the other benefits of Peace.

And I do hereby let you know that Letters are directed to the Justices of Peace of several Counties,¹ That Watches be kept, such as the Law hath appointed for taking a strict account of all strangers, especially near the Coast. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons, but may probably cause some of those that come from abroad 'in order' to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized,—especially if care be taken to secure all them that cannot give a good account; and

¹ Foregoing Letter, To Wilde, for one.

may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. And indeed if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the continuance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in the birth, or kept from growing to maturity.

Having said this,—with remembrance of my hearty love to you,
I rest, your very affectionate friend, OLIVER P.¹

Of the same date, the same Letter (with insignificant variations), bearing the address, *For Colonel Humphrey Brewster and the rest of the Commissioners for the Militia for the County of Suffolk*, and dated as well as signed in Oliver's hand, is now in the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge, a kinsman or representative of this Humphrey Brewster.

The one considerable variation is as follows. Paragraph second, of the Copy given here, and the first two sentences of paragraph third, are suppressed in Brewster's Copy, and there stands instead,—after 'Design:' 'And now forasmuch as it hath pleased God thus to allay this Business, and making it, as we hope we soon (*sic*) shall, our design to ease this Nation:' &c.—after and before which the two Copies almost exactly correspond. (MS. *penes me*.)

By the City Records just cited from, it appears that, on the eve of the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, 'Eighteen Gloucester Bakers had sent to Tewkesbury for the Lord General Cromwell's Army, Thirteen-hundred and odd Dozens of Bread at a Shilling the dozen, amounting to £66. 5s.; and that the Mayor and others, on the 1st September 1651, sent Forty barrels of strong Beer to the Lord General, "praying your favourable acceptance thereof, as an argument of the good affection of this Corporation, who doth congratulate your seasonable coming into these parts, for the relief thereof against the violence of the common Enemy, and wish prosperous success to you and your Army."'²

Furthermore, that on the 11th October 1651, directly after the said Battle, Gloucester did itself the honour of appointing the Lord General Oliver Cromwell, 'in consideration of the singular favour and benevolence which his Excellency hath manifested to us and to this City,' High Steward of the same, 'with an annual rent of 100 shillings, issuing out of our Manors;'—for at least one payment of which there exists the Lord General's receipt, in this form:

23 Novemb 1652.

Reed of the Maior and Burg ^s of Glouc ^r by the hands of Mr. Dorney Townclerke of the said City, the day and year aboves ^d the some of ffive pounds as being a fee due to me as Lord High Steward of the said Citty, I say Reed	} £ s. d. 05 00 00
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O. CROMWELL.³

¹ Bibliotheca Gloucesterensis (Gloucester, 1825;—see antea, vol. iii. p. 14), p. 412;—from the City Records of Gloucester.

² Ib. p. 406.

³ Bibliotheca Gloucesterensis, p. 411. /

7. The following brief Note to the Poet Waller, which has latterly turned up, has a certain peculiar interest, on two grounds: *first*, to all readers, as offering some momentary glimpse, momentary but unique and indisputable, of Oliver's feeling on reading the Poet's noble "*Panegyric to my Lord Protector*;" and *secondly*, to antiquarian people, as fixing what was hitherto left vague, the approximate date of that celebrated Piece.¹ To an audacious guesser it might almost seem, these Verses had reached Oliver, by messenger, a day or two before; and the 'unhappy mistake' were Oliver's, in sending, on the morrow, to have an interview with Waller, and finding him to be at Northampton instead!—

For my very loving Friend Edmund² Waller, Esq., Northampton:
Haste, haste.

'Whitehall,' 13th June 1655.

SIR,

Let it not trouble you that, by so unhappy a mistake, you are, as I hear, at Northampton. Indeed I am passionately affected with it.

I have no guilt upon me unless it be to be revenged for your so willingly mistaking me in your Verses.³ This action 'of mine' will put you to redeem me from yourself, as you have already from the world. Ashamed, I am, your friend and servant,

OLIVER P.⁴

8 and 9. Two poor American scraps, which our New-England friends ought to make more lucent for us; worth their paper and ink in this place.

To Our trusty and well-beloved the President, Assistants and Inhabitants of Rhode Island, together with the rest of the Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay in New England.

'Whitehall,' 29th March 1655.

GENTLEMEN,

Your Agent here hath presented unto us some particulars concerning your Government, which you judge necessary to be settled by us here. But by reason of the other great and worthy affairs of this Commonwealth, we have been necessitated to defer the consideration of them to a farther opportunity.

¹ Fenton, Works of Edmund Waller (London 1730), gives the Panegyric (pp. 113-121): and (ib. p. cix) his Note upon it, in which all he can say as to date is, 'about the year 1654.'

² Copy has "Edward" as yet.

³ Fenton's Waller, pp. 113 and cix.

⁴ In the Waller Archives, Beaconsfield; copied by a 'Rev. L. B. Larking,' Cousin of the now Waller;—printed in Notes-and-Queries Newspaper, 2d Jan. 1858. (Note of 1869.)

In the mean while we were willing to let you know, That you are to proceed in your Government according to the tenor of your Charter formerly granted on that behalf; taking care of the peace and safety of these Plantations, that neither through any intestine commotions, or foreign invasions, there do arise any detriment or dishonour to this Commonwealth or yourselves, as far as you by your care and diligence can prevent. And as for the things which are before us, they shall, as soon as the other occasions will permit, receive a just and fitting determination.

And so we bid you farewell; and rest, your very loving friend,
OLIVER P.¹

Towards the end of the Dutch War, during that undefinable relation with France, 'hostile rather than neutral,' which did not end in Treaty till October 1655,² Oliver's Major Sedgwick, whom we have since known in Jamaica, had laid hold of certain 'French Forts,' and indeed of a whole French region, the region now called *Nova Scotia*, then called *Acadie*; of which Forts and of the region they command, it is Oliver's purpose, for the behoof of his New-Englanders, to retain possession;³—as the following small document will testify:

To Captain John Leverett, Commander of the Forts lately taken from the French in America.

We have received an account from Major Sedgwick of his taking several Forts from the French in America, and that he hath left you to command and secure them for Us and this Commonwealth: And although We make no doubt of your fidelity and diligence in performance of your trust, yet We have thought it necessary to let you know of how great consequence it is, that you use your utmost care and circumspection, as well to defend and keep the Forts abovesaid, as also to improve the regaining of them into Our hands to the advantage of Us and this State, by such ways and means as you shall judge conducive thereunto. And as We shall understand from you the state and condition of those places, We shall from time to time give such directions as shall be necessary.

Given at Whitehall, this 3d of April 1655.

OLIVER P.⁴

¹ Original in the Rhode-Island Archives: Printed in Hutchinson's Collection, and elsewhere.

² Thurloe, iv. 75.

³ In Bancroft's History of the United States (Boston, 1837), i. 445, is some faint and not very exact notice of the affair.

⁴ Original in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Printed in their Third Series, vii. 121.—In vol. ii. of the same Work (Boston, 1820), pp. 323-364, is an elaborate Notice of certain fragmentary ms. Records of the Long Parliament still extant at New York,—which Notice ought to be cancelled in subsequent editions! The amaz-

To which there are now, from this side of the Water, the following small Excerpts to be added :

Grant of Privy Seal: '6th June 1655, to Major Robert Sedgwick, £1,793. 7s. 8d., in full of his Account for service done against the French.' And

Ditto, '28th July 1656, to Captain John Leverett, £4,482. 3s. 11½d., in full satisfaction of all sums of money due to him upon Account of his receipts and disbursements about the Forts taken from the French in America, and of his Salary for 760 days, at 15s. *per diem*.'¹

Oliver kept his Forts and his *Acadie*, through all French Treaties, for behoof of his New-Englanders: not till after the Restoration did the country become French again, and continue such for a century or so.

10. Is ■ small domestic matter :

For Colonel Alban Cox, in Hertfordshire.

Whitehall, 24th April 1655.

SIR,

Having occasion to speak with you upon some Affairs relating to the Public, I would have you, as soon as this comes to your hands, to repair up hither; and upon your coming, you shall be acquainted with the particular reasons of my sending for you. I rest, your loving friend,

OLIVER P.²

At Blackdown House in Sussex, now and for long past the residence of a family named Yaldwin, are preserved two Letters Patent signed 'Oliver P.,' of date 3d December 1656, appointing 'William Yaldwin Esq.,' High Sheriff of Sussex. Printed in Dallaway's *Rape of Arundel* (p. 363); need not be reprinted here.

No. 29.

SUFFOLK YEOMANRY.

[Vol. iii. p. 34.]

THE Suffolk Commission for a select mounted County-Militia, still remains; one remaining out of many that have perished. Addressed to the Humphrey Brewster whom we have occasionally met with before.³

ingly curious 'Records' at New York turn-out to be nothing but some odd volumes of the Commons Journals of that period; the entire Set of which, often enough copied in *manuscript*, was *printed* here about fifty years ago, and is very common indeed, in the Butter-shops and elsewhere!

¹ Fourth Report of Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (London, 1843), Appendix ii. p. 192; Fifth Report (London, 1844), Appendix ii. p. 260.

² Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1788), lviil. 379.

³ Antea, p. 22.

Instructions unto Colonel Humphrey Brewster, commissioned by his Highness the Lord Protector to be Captain of a Troop of Horse to be raised within the County of Suffolk, for the service of his Highness and the Commonwealth.

1. You shall forthwith raise, enlist, and have in readiness under your command as Captain, and such Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master as his Highness shall commissionate for that purpose, One-hundred able Soldiers, the three Corporals included, well mounted for service, and armed with one good sword and case of pistols, holsters, saddle, bridle, and other furniture fit for war, to serve as a Troop of Horse in the service of the Commonwealth, as is hereafter required.

2. You shall use your utmost endeavour that the said Troops shall be men of good life and conversation; and before their being listed shall promise that they will be true and faithful to his Highness the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, against all who shall design or attempt anything against his Highness's Person, or endeavour to disturb the Public Peace. And the like engagement shall be taken by the Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master of the said Troop.

3. You shall be ready to draw forth and muster the said Troop, armed and fitted as aforesaid, upon the 25th day of December next ensuing, from which time the said Troop, Officers and Soldiers, shall be deemed to be in the actual service of his Highness and the Commonwealth, and be paid accordingly. And you shall also draw forth the said Troops four times in every year within the County of Suffolk, completely furnished as before mentioned, to be raised and mustered by such persons as shall from time to time be appointed by the Protector.

4. You shall also at all other times have the said Troops in all readiness as aforesaid at forty-eight hours' warning, or sooner if it may be, whensoever his Highness, or such as he shall appoint for that purpose, shall require the same for the suppressing of any invasion, rebellion, insurrection, or tumult, or performing of any other service within England and Wales. And in case that any of the said service shall continue above the space of Twenty-eight days in one year, the said Officers and Soldiers shall, after the expiration of the said Twenty-eight days, be paid according to the establishment of the Army then in force, over and besides what is agreed to be paid unto them by these presents, for so long as they shall continue in the said service.

5. That in case any shall make default in appearance, without

just and sufficient cause, or shall not be mounted, armed and provided as aforesaid, or shall offend against good manners or the laws of war; that every person so offending shall be liable to such punishment as the Captain or chief Officer present with the Troops, with advice of the persons appointed to take the said musters, shall think fit: provided the said punishment extends no farther than loss of place or one year's pay.

6. That in consideration of the service to be performed as aforesaid, you shall receive for the use of the said Troop the sum of One-thousand pounds per annum, to be paid out of the public revenue by quarterly payments, to be distributed according to the proportions following: To yourself, as Captain, one-hundred pounds per annum; to the Lieutenant fifty pounds per annum; to the Cornet twenty-five pounds per annum; to the Quarter-Master thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence per annum; to each of the three corporals, two pounds 'additional' per annum; one Trumpet, five pounds six shillings and four-pence per annum; and to each Soldier eight pounds per annum.

OLIVER P.¹

Whitehall, 26th October 1655.

No. 30.

SPEECH SHOULD-BE 'XV.'

[Vol. iii. p. 217.]

FINAL Speech on that matter of the Kingship (concerning *which* it is gracefully altogether silent); that is to say, Speech on *accepting* the Humble Petition and Advice, with the Title of King withdrawn, and that of Protector substituted as he had required: Painted Chamber, Monday 25th May 1657.²

MR. SPEAKER,—I desire to offer a word or two unto you; which shall be but a word. I did well bethink myself, before I came hither this day, that I came not as to a triumph, but with the most serious thoughts that ever I had in all my life, to undertake one of the greatest tasks that ever was laid upon the back of a human creature. And I make no question but you will, and so will all men, readily agree with me that without the support of the Almighty I shall necessarily sink under the burden of it; not only with shame and reproach to myself, but with that that is more a thousand times, and in comparison of which I and my

¹ In the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge; ■ descendant of Brewster's.

² Commons Journals, vii. 536, 537 (last entry there).

family are not worthy to be mentioned,—with the loss and prejudice of these Three Nations. And, that being so, I must ask your help, and the help of all those that fear God, that by their prayers I may receive assistance from the hand of God. His presence, going along, will enable to the discharge of so great a duty and trust as this is : and nothing else 'will.'

Howbeit, I have some other things to desire you, I mean of the Parliament :—That seeing this is but, as it were, an introduction to the carrying-on of the government of these Nations, and forasmuch as there are many things which cannot be supplied, for the enabling to the carrying-on of this work, without your help and assistance, I think it is my duty to ask your help in them. Not that I doubted ; for I believe the same spirit that hath led you to this will easily suggest the rest to you. The truth is, and I can say 'it' in the presence of God, that nothing would have induced me to have undertaken this insupportable burden to flesh and blood, had it not been that I have seen in this Parliament all along a care of doing all those things that might truly and really answer the ends that have been engaged : for you have satisfied¹ your forwardness and readiness therein very fully already.

I thought it my duty, when your Committee which you were pleased to send to me to give the grounds and reasons of your proceedings to help my conscience and judgment,—I was then bold to offer to them several considerations : which were received by them, and have been presented to you. In answer to which, the Committee did bring several resolves of yours, which I have by me. I think those are not yet made so authentic and authoritative as was desired ; and therefore, though I cannot doubt it, yet I thought it my duty to ask it of you, that there may be a perfecting of those things. Indeed, as I said before, I have my witness in the sight of God, that nothing would have been an argument to me, howsoever desirable great places may seem to be to other men ; I say, nothing would have been an argument to me to have undertaken this ; but, as I said before, I saw such things determined by you as makes clearly for the liberty of the Nations, and for the liberty and interest and preservation of all such as fear God,—of all that fear God under various forms. And if God make not these Nations thankful to you for your care therein, it will fall as a sin on their heads. And therefore I say, that hath been one main encouragement.

I confess there are other things that tend to reformation, to the discountenancing of vice, to the encouragement of good men and

¹ Query, testified ?

virtue, and the completing of those things also,—concerning some of which you have not yet resolved anything ; save to let me know by your Committee that you would not be wanting in anything for the good of these Nations. Nor do I speak it as in the least doubting it ; but I do earnestly and heartily desire, to the end God may crown your work and bless you and this Government, that in your own time, and with what speed you judge fit, these things may be provided-for.¹

No. 31.

From 1657. LAST ROYALIST PLOT.

[Vol. iii. p. 25.]

1. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Convocation of our University of Oxford.*

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We greet you well. Amongst the many parts of that Government which is intrusted to us, we do look upon the Universities as meriting very much of our care and thoughts : And finding that the place of Chancellor of our University of Oxford is at present in Ourself ; and withal judging that the continuance thereof in our hands may not be so consistent with the present constitution of affairs,—

We have therefore thought fit to resign the said Office, as we hereby do ; and to leave you at freedom to elect some such other person thereunto, as you shall conceive meet for the execution thereof.

Our will and pleasure therefore is, That you do proceed to the election of a Chancellor with your first conveniency. Not doubting but you will, in your choice, have a just regard to the advancement and encouragement of Piety and Learning, and to the continuing and farther settling of good Order and Government amongst you ; which you may easily find yourselves obliged to have principally in your consideration and design, whether you respect the University itself, or the good of the Commonwealth upon which it hath so great an influence. And although our relation to you may by this means in some sort be changed, yet you may be confident we shall still retain a real affection to you, and be ready upon all occasions to seek and promote your good.

Given at Whitehall, this 3d day of July 1657.²

¹ Commons Journals, vii. 439-40.

² Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss,

2. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Bailiffs and Free Burgesses of our Town of Oswestry: These.*

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We, being informed that the Free School of our Town of Oswestry is now void of a Head Schoolmaster settled there, by reason of the delinquency and ejection of Edward Paine late Schoolmaster thereof,

Have thought fit to recommend unto you Mr. John Evans, the son of Matthew Evans late of Penegos in the County of Montgomery, as a fit person, both for piety and learning, to be Head Schoolmaster of the said School; and That, so far as in yourselves 'is,' the said Mr. Evans may be forthwith settled and invested there accordingly.

Which Act of yours we shall be ready to confirm, if it be adjudged requisite and proper for us. And not doubting of the performance of this our pleasure, we commit you to God.

Given at Whitehall, this 13th day of July 1657.¹

3. *To Our trusty and well-beloved the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of our City of Gloucester: These.*

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We greet you well. I do hear on all hands that the Cavalier party are designing to put us into blood. We are, I hope, taking the best care we can, by the blessing of God, to obviate this danger; but our intelligence on all hands being, that they have a design upon your City, we could not but warn you thereof, and give you authority, as we do hereby.

To put yourselves into the best posture you can for your own defence, by raising your Militia by virtue of your Commissioners formerly sent to you, and putting them in a readiness for the purpose aforesaid. Letting you also know that, for your better encouragement herein, you shall have a troop of horse sent you to quarter in or near your Town.

We desire you to let us hear from you, from time to time, what occurs to you touching the Malignant party: and so we bid you farewell.

Given at Whitehall, this 2d of December 1657.²

¹ Endowed Grammar-Schools, by N. Carlisle (London, 1818), ii. 369, art. Salop.

² City Records of Gloucester (in Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis, p. 419).

A Paper of the same date, of precisely the same purport, directed to the Authorities at Bristol, has come to us ; another out of many then sent ; but of course only one, if even one, requires to be inserted here.

4. Letter written directly on dissolving the Parliament ; probably one of many, to the like effect, despatched that day :

For Colonel Fox, Captain of the Militia Troop in our County of Hertford : These. For our special service.

To be left with the Postmaster of St. Albans : to be speedily sent.

Whitehall, 4th February 1657.

SIR,

By our last Letters to you, we acquainted you what danger the Commonwealth was then in from the old Cavalier Party (who were designing new insurrections within us, whilst their Head and Master was contriving to invade us from abroad) ;—and thereupon desired your care and vigilancy for preserving the peace, and apprehending all dangerous persons.

Our intelligence of that kind still continues. And we are more assured of their resolutions to put in execution their designs aforesaid within a very short time ; ‘ they ’ being much encouraged from some late actings of some turbulent and unquiet spirits, as well in this Town as elsewhere, who, to frustrate and render vain and fruitless all those good hopes of Settlement which we had conceived from the proceedings of Parliament before their Adjournment in June last, framed a treasonable Petition to the House of Commons, by the name of the “ Parliament of the Commonwealth of England ; ” designing thereby not only the overthrow of the late *Petition and Advice* of the Parliament, but of all that hath been done these seven years ; hoping thereby to bring all things into confusion ;—and were in a very tumultuous manner procuring subscriptions thereunto, giving out that they were encouraged to it by some Members of the House of Commons.

And the truth is, the Debates that have been in that House since their last meeting have had a tendency to the stirring-up and cherishing such humours ;—having done nothing in fourteen days but debate Whether they should own the Government of these Nations, as it is contained in the *Petition and Advice*, which the Parliament at their former sitting had invited us to accept of, and had sworn us unto ; they themselves also having taken an Oath upon it before they went into the House. And we, judging these things to have in them very dangerous consequences to the Peace

of this Nation, and to the loosening all the bonds of Government; and being hopeless of obtaining supplies of money, for answering the exigencies of the Nation, from such men as are not satisfied with the Foundation we stand upon,—thought it of absolute necessity to dissolve this present Parliament;—which I have done this day:—And to give you notice thereof; that you, with your Troop, may be most vigilant for the suppressing of any disturbance which may arise from any party whatsoever. And if you can hear of any persons who have been active to promote the aforesaid treasonable Petition, that you apprehend them, and give an account thereof to us forthwith. And we do farther let you know, That we are sensible of your want of pay for yourself and Troop; and do assure you that effectual care shall be taken therein, and that without delay. And so I rest, your loving friend, OLIVER P.¹

5. *For the Commanders of the Militia of the City of Gloucester: These.*

Whitehall, 11th March 1657.

GENTLEMEN,

We are informed that the Enemy from Flanders intend to invade us very suddenly, and to that purpose have Twenty-two Ships of War ready in the Harbour of Ostend, and are preparing others also which they have bought in Holland, and some men are ready to be put on board them. And at the same time an Insurrection is intended in this Nation. And the time for the executing these designs is intended by them to be very sudden.

We have therefore thought fit to give you notice hereof; and to signify to you our pleasure, That you put yourselves into the best posture you can for the securing the City of Gloucester, and put the arms into such hands as are true and faithful to us and this Commonwealth. We desire you to be very careful, and to let us hear from you of the receipt of this, and what you shall do in pursuance of this Letter. I rest, your very assured friend,

OLIVER P.²

No. 32.

TWO MANDATES TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

[Vol. iii. p. 36.]

1. THAT John Castle be made Master of Arts:

¹ Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1788), lviii. 313.

² City Records of Gloucester (in Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis, p. 421).

To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—Whereas by our appointment several Students in our University of Cambridge have been invited abroad to preach the Gospel in our Fleet, and for their encouragement have been by us assured that they should not suffer any prejudice in the University by reason of their absence in the said service : And whereas a petition hath been exhibited on the behalf of Mr. John Castle of Trinity College, showing that whilst he was abroad as Minister in the Newcastle Frigate, he was disappointed of taking his degree of Master of Arts (as by course he ought), and that he cannot now, since his return, commence without the loss of one year's seniority, by reason of a statute of the University denying degrees to any non-resident :

In performance of our said promise, and for the future encouragement of others in the like service, We do hereby signify unto you, That it is our will and pleasure that the said John Castle be by you created Master of Arts, and allowed the same seniority which, according to the custom of your University, he had enjoyed had he been resident at the usual time of taking degrees.

Given at Whitehall, the 22d day of June 1658.¹

Castle, the Books indicate, had entered Trinity at the same time, and been under the same Tutor, with a very famous person, ' *John Driden Northampt. admissus Pens.* '—both, namely, were admitted ' Pensioners, ' in Sept. 1649.

2. That Benjamin Rogers be made Bachelor of Music,—' a Form of Oliver Cromwell's Mandats, ' says Baker, who has excerpted this one.

To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.

OLIVER P.

TRUSTY and well-beloved,—We greet you well. Whereas we are informed that you cannot, by the statutes and according to the customs of your University, admit any to the degree of Bachelor of Music unless he had some years before ' been ' admitted in a college : And whereas we are also certified that Benjamin Rogers hath attained to eminency and skill in that faculty :—We, willing

¹ Cambridge Archives, ' Grace-Book H. p. 181. ' Communicated by Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity College.

to give all encouragement to the studies and abilities of men in that or any other ingenuous faculty, have thought fit to declare our will and pleasure, by these our letters, that, notwithstanding your statutes and customs, you cause Benjamin Rogers to be admitted and created Bachelor in Music, in some one or more of your congregations assembled in that our University; he paying such dues as are belonging to that degree, and giving some proof of his accomplishments and skill in music. And for so doing, these our letters shall be your warrant.

Given at Whitehall, the 28th day of May 1658.¹

¹ Copy in Harl. mss. no. 7053, f. 152 (Baker mss. x. 373);—and as before, in 'Grace-Book H. p. 180.'—The Originals will never turn up. In the same Register of 'Graces,' or Decrees of Senate, is one (of date 1661) for *burning* whatsoever Mandates or Missives there are from Cromwell; whereby doubtless the Originals (with small damage to *them*, and some satisfaction to the Heads of Houses) were destroyed.

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THE LIFE

OF

JOHN STERLING

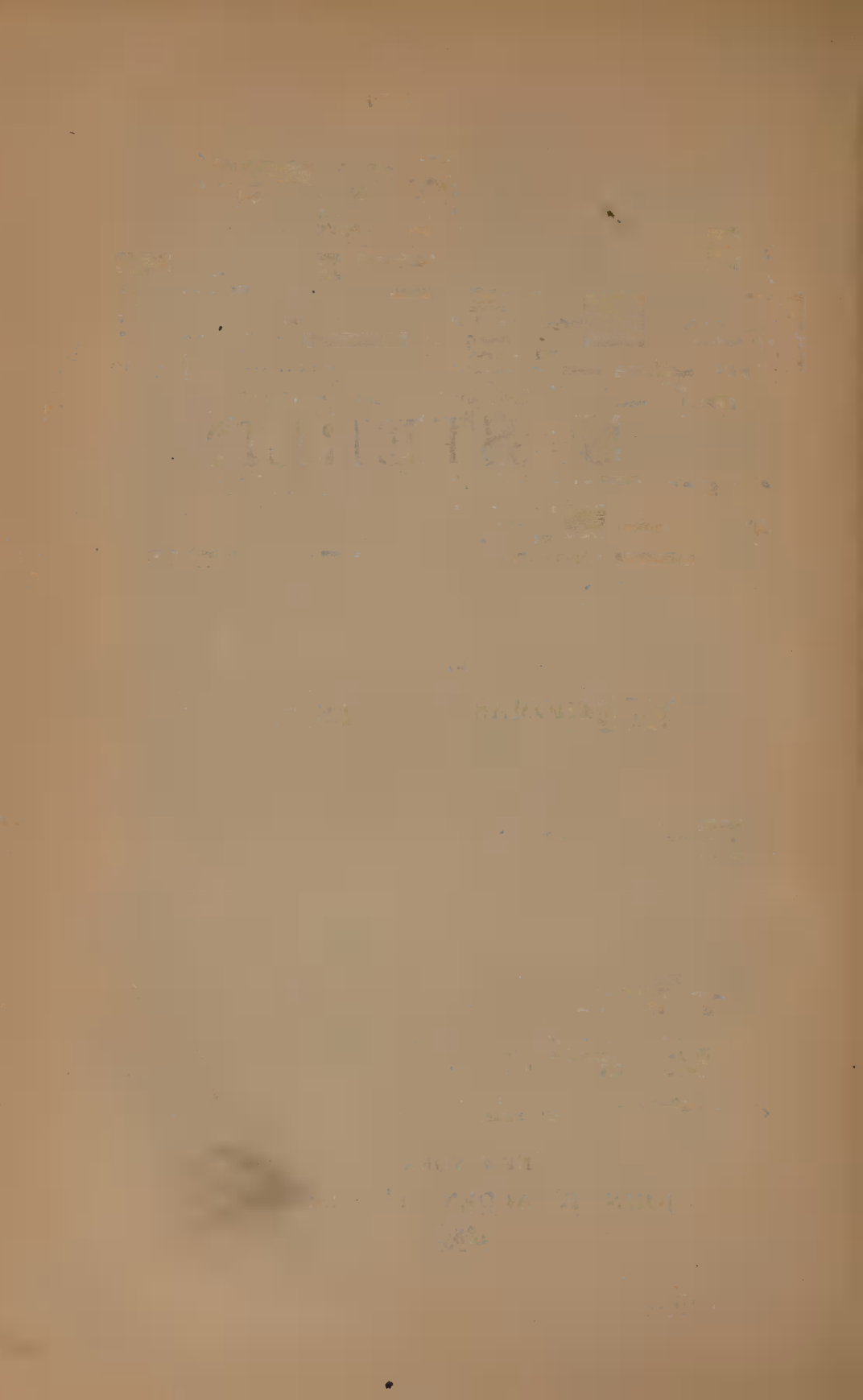
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LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEAR seven years ago, a short while before his death in 1844, John Sterling committed the care of his literary Character and printed Writings to two friends, Archdeacon Hare and myself. His estimate of the bequest was far from overweening; to few men could the small sum-total of his activities in this world seem more inconsiderable than, in those last solemn days, it did to him. He had burnt much; found much unworthy; looking steadfastly into the silent continents of Death and Eternity, a brave man's judgments about his own sorry work in the field of Time are not apt to be too lenient. But, in fine, here was some portion of his work which the world had already got hold of, and which he could not burn. This too, since it was not to be abolished and annihilated, but must still for some time live and act, he wished to be wisely settled, as the rest had been. And so it was left in charge to us, the survivors, to do for it what we judged fittest, if indeed doing nothing did not seem the fittest to us. This message, communicated after his decease, was naturally a sacred one to Mr. Hare and me.

After some consultation on it, and survey of the difficulties and delicate considerations involved in it, Archdeacon Hare and I agreed that the whole task, of selecting what Writings were to be reprinted, and of drawing-up a Biography to in-

roduce them, should be left to him alone ; and done without interference of mine :—as accordingly it was,¹ in a manner surely far superior to the common, in every good quality of editing ; and visibly everywhere bearing testimony to the friendliness, the piety, perspicacity and other gifts and virtues of that eminent and amiable man.

In one respect, however, if in one only, the arrangement had been unfortunate. Archdeacon Hare, both by natural tendency and by his position as a Churchman, had been led, in editing a Work not free from ecclesiastical heresies, and especially in writing a Life very full of such, to dwell with preponderating emphasis on that part of his subject ; by no means extenuating the fact, nor yet passing lightly over it (which a layman could have done) as needing no extenuation ; but carefully searching into it, with the view of excusing and explaining it ; dwelling on it, presenting all the documents of it, and as it were spreading it over the whole field of his delineation ; as if religious heterodoxy had been the grand fact of Sterling's life, which even to the Archdeacon's mind it could by no means seem to be. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* For the Religious Newspapers, and Periodical Heresy-hunters, getting very lively in those years, were prompt to seize the cue ; and have prosecuted and perhaps still prosecute it, in their sad way, to all lengths and breadths. John Sterling's character and writings, which had little business to be spoken of in any Church-court, have hereby been carried thither as if for an exclusive trial ; and the mournfullest set of pleadings, out of which nothing but a misjudgment *can* be formed, prevail there ever since. The noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him,—what is he doing here in inquisitorial *sanbenito*, with nothing but ghastly spectralities prowling round him, and inarticulately screeching and gibbering what they call their judgment on him !

'The sin of Hare's Book,' says one of my Correspondents in those years, 'is easily defined, and not very condemnable,

¹ John Sterling's Essays and Tales, with Life by Archdeacon Hare. Parker ; London, 1848.

but it is nevertheless ruinous to his task as Biographer. He takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months ; during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe, for eight-and-thirty years ; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was severe ; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle ; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed-up in this Book. The truth is, nobody that had known Sterling would recognise a feature of him here ; you would never dream that this Book treated of *him* at all. A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice is presented to us here ; weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call "Hebrew Old-clothes ;" wrestling, with impotent impetuosity, to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life : who in this miserable figure would recognise the brilliant, beautiful and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations ; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went ? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends ; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung-up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-Semitic street-riots,—in scepticisms, agonised self-seekings, that this man appeared in life ; nor as such, if the world still wishes to look at him, should you suffer the world's memory of him now to be. Once for all, it is unjust ; emphatically untrue as an image of John Sterling : perhaps to few men that lived along with him could such an interpretation of their existence be more inapplicable.'

Whatever truth there might be in these rather passionate representations, and to myself there wanted not a painful feeling of their truth, it by no means appeared what help or remedy any friend of Sterling's, and especially one so related to the matter as myself, could attempt in the interim. Perhaps endure in patience till the dust laid itself again, as all dust does if you leave it well alone? Much obscuration would thus of its own accord fall away; and, in Mr. Hare's narrative itself, apart from his commentary, many features of Sterling's true character would become decipherable to such as sought them. Censure, blame of this Work of Mr. Hare's was naturally far from my thoughts. A work which distinguishes itself by human piety and candid intelligence; which, in all details, is careful, lucid, exact; and which offers, as we say, to the observant reader that will interpret facts, many traits of Sterling besides his heterodoxy. Censure of it, from me especially, is not the thing due; from me a far other thing is due!—

On the whole, my private thought was: First, How happy it comparatively is, for a man of any earnestness of life, to have no Biography written of him; but to return silently, with his small, sorely foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge of it or him; and not to trouble the reviewers, and greater or lesser public, with attempting to judge it! The idea of 'fame,' as they call it, posthumous or other, does not inspire one with much ecstasy in these points of view.—Secondly, That Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem, now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man; why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?—Thirdly, That such lot, however, could now no longer be my good Sterling's; a tumult having risen around his name, enough to impress some pretended likeness of him (about as like as the Guy-Fauxes are, on Gunpowder-

Day) upon the minds of many men : so that he could not be forgotten, and could only be misremembered, as matters now stood.

Whereupon, as practical conclusion to the whole, arose by degrees this final thought, That, at some calmer season, when the theological dust had well fallen, and both the matter itself, and my feelings on it, were in a suitabler condition, I ought to give my testimony about this friend whom I had known so well, and record clearly what my knowledge of him was. This has ever since seemed a kind of duty I had to do in the world before leaving it.

And so, having on my hands some leisure at this time, and being bound to it by evident considerations, one of which ought to be especially sacred to me, I decide to fling down on paper some outline of what my recollections and reflections contain in reference to this most friendly, bright and beautiful human soul ; who walked with me for a season in this world, and remains to me very memorable while I continue in it. Gradually, if facts simple enough in themselves can be narrated as they came to pass, it will be seen what kind of man this was ; to what extent condemnable for imaginary heresy and other crimes, to what extent laudable and lovable for noble manful *orthodoxy* and other virtues ;—and whether the lesson his life had to teach us is not much the reverse of what the Religious Newspapers hitherto educe from it.

Certainly it was not as a 'sceptic' that you could define him, whatever his definition might be. Belief, not doubt, attended him at all points of his progress ; rather a tendency to too hasty and headlong belief. Of all men he was the least prone to what you could call scepticism : diseased self-listenings, self-questionings, impotently painful dubitations, all this fatal nosology of spiritual maladies, so rife in our day, was eminently foreign to him. Quite on the other side lay Sterling's faults, such as they were. In fact, you could observe, in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, he was not properly a thinker at all ; his faculties were of the active, not of the passive or contemplative sort. A brilliant *improvisatore* ;

rapid in thought; in word and in act; everywhere the promptest and least hesitating of men. I likened him often, in my banterings, to sheet-lightning; and reproachfully prayed that he would concentrate himself into a bolt, and rive the mountain-barriers for us, instead of merely playing on them and irradiating them.

True, he had his 'religion' to seek, and painfully shape together for himself, out of the abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusion, now filling the world, as all men of reflection have; and in this respect too,—more especially as his lot in the battle appointed for us all was, if you can understand it, victory and not defeat,—he is an expressive emblem of his time, and an instruction and possession to his contemporaries. For, I say, it is by no means as a vanquished *doubter* that he figures in the memory of those who knew him; but rather as a victorious *believer*, and under great difficulties a victorious doer. An example to us all, not of lamed misery, helpless spiritual bewilderment and sprawling despair, or any kind of *drownage* in the foul welter of our so-called religious or other controversies and confusions; but of a swift and valiant vanquisher of all these; a noble asserter of himself, as worker and speaker, in spite of all these. Continually, so far as he went, he was a teacher, by act and word, of hope, clearness, activity, veracity, and human courage and nobleness: the preacher of a good gospel to all men, not of a bad to any man. The man, whether in priest's cassock or other costume of men, who is the enemy or hater of John Sterling, may assure himself that he does not yet know him,—that miserable differences of mere costume and dialect still divide him, whatsoever is worthy, catholic and perennial in him, from a brother soul who, more than most in his day, was his brother and not his adversary in regard to all that.

Nor shall the irremediable drawback that Sterling was not current in the Newspapers, that he achieved neither what the world calls greatness nor what intrinsically is such, altogether discourage me. What his natural size, and natural and accidental limits were, will gradually appear, if my sketching be successful. And I have remarked that a true delineation of

the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls. Monitions and moralities enough may lie in this small Work, if honestly written and honestly read;—and, in particular, if any image of John Sterling and his Pilgrimage through our poor Nineteenth Century be one day wanted by the world, and they can find some shadow of a true image here, my swift scribbling (which shall be very swift and immediate) may prove useful by and by.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

JOHN STERLING was born at Kaimes Castle, a kind of dilapidated baronial residence to which a small farm was then attached, rented by his Father, in the Isle of Bute,—on the 20th July 1806. Both his parents were Irish by birth, Scotch by extraction; and became, as he himself did, essentially English by long residence and habit. Of John himself Scotland has little or nothing to claim except the birth and genealogy, for he left it almost before the years of memory; and in his mature days regarded it, if with a little more recognition and intelligence, yet without more participation in any of its accents outward or inward, than others natives of Middlesex or Surrey, where the scene of his chief education lay.

The climate of Bute is rainy, soft of temperature; with skies of unusual depth and brilliancy, while the weather is fair. In that soft rainy climate, on that wild-wooded rocky coast, with its gnarled mountains and green silent valleys, with its seething rain-storms and many-sounding seas, was young Sterling ushered into his first schooling in this world. I remember one little anecdote his Father told me of those first

years: One of the cows had calved; young John, still in petticoats, was permitted to go, holding by his father's hand, and look at the newly-arrived calf; a mystery which he surveyed with open intent eyes, and the silent exercise of all the scientific faculties he had;—very strange mystery indeed, this new arrival, and fresh denizen of our Universe: "Wull't eat a-body?" said John in his first practical Scotch, inquiring into the tendencies this mystery might have to fall upon a little fellow and consume him as provision: "Will it eat one, Father?"—Poor little open-eyed John: the family long bantered him with this anecdote; and we, in far other years, laughed heartily on hearing it.—Simple peasant labourers, ploughers, house-servants, occasional fisher-people too; and the sight of ships, and crops, and Nature's doings where Art has little meddled with her: this was the kind of schooling our young friend had, first of all; on this bench of the grand world-school did he sit, for the first four years of his life.

Edward Sterling his Father, a man who subsequently came to considerable notice in the world, was originally of Waterford in Munster; son of the Episcopalian Clergyman there; and chief representative of a family of some standing in those parts. Family founded, it appears, by a Colonel Robert Sterling, called also Sir Robert Sterling; a Scottish Gustavus-Adolphus soldier, whom the breaking-out of the Civil War had recalled from his German campaignings, and had before long, though not till after some waverings on his part, attached firmly to the Duke of Ormond and to the King's Party in that quarrel. A little bit of genealogy, since it lies ready to my hand, gathered long ago out of wider studies, and pleasantly connects things individual and present with the dim universal crowd of things past,—may as well be inserted here as thrown away.

This Colonel Robert designates himself Sterling 'of Glorat;' I believe, a younger branch of the well-known Stirlings of Keir in Stirlingshire. It appears he prospered in his soldiering and other business, in those bad Ormond times; being a man of energy, ardour and intelligence,—probably prompt enough both with his word and with his stroke. There sur-

vives yet, in the Commons Journals,¹ dim notice of his controversies and adventures ; especially of one controversy he had got into with certain victorious Parliamentary official parties, while his own party lay vanquished, during what was called the Ormond Cessation, or Temporary Peace made by Ormond with the Parliament in 1646 :—in which controversy Colonel Robert, after repeated applications, journeyings to London, attendances upon committees, and suchlike, finds himself worsted, declared to be in the wrong ; and so vanishes from the Commons Journals.

What became of him when Cromwell got to Ireland, and to Munster, I have not heard : his knighthood, dating from the very year of Cromwell's Invasion (1649), indicates a man expected to do his best on the occasion :—as in all probability he did ; had not Tredah Storm proved ruinous, and the neck of this Irish War been broken at once. Doubtless the Colonel Sir Robert followed or attended his Duke of Ormond into foreign parts, and gave-up his management of Munster, while it was yet time : for after the Restoration we find him again, safe, and as was natural, flourishing with new splendour ; gifted, recompensed with lands ;—settled, in short, on fair revenues in those Munster regions. He appears to have had no children ; but to have left his property to William, a younger brother who had followed him into Ireland. From this William descends the family which, in the years we treat of, had Edward Sterling, Father of our John, for its representative. And now enough of genealogy.

Of Edward Sterling, Captain Edward Sterling as his title was, who in the latter period of his life became well known in London political society, whom indeed all England, with a curious mixture of mockery and respect and even fear, knew well as “ the Thunderer of the *Times* Newspaper,” there were much to be said, did the present task and its limits permit. As perhaps it might, on certain terms ? What is indispensable let us not omit to say. The history of a man's childhood is

¹ Commons Journals, iv. 15 (10th January 1644-5) ; and again, v. 307 &c., 498 (18th September 1647—15th March 1647-8).

the description of his parents and environment : this is his *inarticulate* but highly important history, in those first times, while of articulate he has yet none.

Edward Sterling had now just entered on his thirty-fourth year ; and was already a man experienced in fortunes and changes. A native of Waterford in Munster, as already mentioned ; born in the 'Deanery House of Waterford, 27th February 1773,' say the registers. For his Father, as we learn, resided in the Deanery House, though he was not himself Dean, but only 'Curate of the Cathedral' (whatever that may mean) ; he was withal rector of two other livings, and the Dean's friend,—friend indeed of the Dean's kinsmen the Beresfords generally ; whose grand house of Curraghmore, near by Waterford, was a familiar haunt of his and his children's. This reverend gentleman, along with his three livings and high acquaintanceships, had inherited political connexions ;—inherited especially a Government Pension, with survivorship for still one life beyond his own ; his father having been Clerk of the Irish House of Commons at the time of the Union, of which office the lost salary was compensated in this way. The Pension was of two hundred pounds ; and only expired with the life of Edward, John's Father, in 1847. There were, and still are, daughters of the family ; but Edward was the only son ;—descended, too, from the Scottish hero Wallace, as the old gentleman would sometimes admonish him ; his own wife, Edward's mother, being of that name, and boasting herself, as most Scotch Wallaces do, to have that blood in her veins.

This Edward had picked up, at Waterford, and among the young Beresfords of Curraghmore and elsewhere, a thoroughly Irish form of character : fire and fervour, vitality of all kinds, in genial abundance ; but in a much more loquacious, ostentatious, much *louder* style than is freely patronised on this side of the Channel. Of Irish accent in speech he had entirely divested himself, so as not to be traced by any vestige in that respect ; but his Irish accent of character, in all manner of other more important respects, was very recognisable. An impetuous man, full of real energy, and immensely conscious

of the same ; who transacted everything not with the minimum of fuss and noise, but with the maximum : a very Captain Whirlwind, as one was tempted to call him.

In youth, he had studied at Trinity College, Dublin ; visited the Inns of Court here, and trained himself for the Irish Bar. To the Bar he had been duly called, and was waiting for the results,—when, in his twenty-fifth year, the Irish Rebellion broke-out ; whereupon the Irish Barristers decided to raise a corps of loyal Volunteers, and a complete change introduced itself into Edward Sterling's way of life. For, naturally, he had joined the array of Volunteers ;—fought, I have heard, 'in three actions with the rebels' (Vinegar Hill, for one) ; and doubtless fought well : but in the mess-rooms, among the young military and civil officials, with all of whom he was a favourite, he had acquired a taste for soldier life, and perhaps high hopes of succeeding in it : at all events, having a commission in the Lancashire Militia offered him, he accepted that ; altogether quitted the Bar, and became Captain Sterling thenceforth. From the Militia, it appears, he had volunteered with his Company into the Line ; and, under some disappointments, and official delays of expected promotion, was continuing to serve as Captain there, 'Captain of the Eighth Battalion of Reserve,' say the Military Almanacks of 1803,—in which year the quarters happened to be Derry, where new events awaited him. At a ball in Derry he met with Miss Hester Coningham, the queen of the scene, and of the fair world in Derry at that time. The acquaintance, in spite of some opposition, grew with vigour, and rapidly ripened : and 'at Fehan Church, Diocese of Derry,' where the Bride's father had a country-house, 'on Thursday 5th April 1804, Hester Coningham, only daughter of John Coningham, Esq., Merchant in Derry, and of Elizabeth Campbell his wife,' was wedded to Captain Sterling ; she happiest to him happiest,—as by Nature's kind law it is arranged.

Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty : then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character ; exemplary as a wife, a mother and a friend. A refined female nature ; something tremulous in it,

timid, and with a certain rural freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness ; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes ; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways, the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice too ; with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth on occasion, was characteristic : she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these :—truly a beautiful, much-suffering, much-loving house-mother. From her, chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity ; as from his Father, the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities and the audacities, were also (though in strange new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother ; to have such Parents as both his were.

Meanwhile the new Wife appears to have had, for the present, no marriage-portion ; neither was Edward Sterling rich, —according to his own ideas and aims, far from it. Of course he soon found that the fluctuating barrack-life, especially with no outlooks of speedy promotion, was little suited to his new circumstances : but how change it ? His father was now dead ; from whom he had inherited the Speaker Pension of two hundred pounds ; but of available property little or nothing more. The rents of the small family estate, I suppose, and other property, had gone to portion sisters. Two hundred pounds, and the pay of a marching captain : within the limits of that revenue all plans of his had to restrict themselves at present.

He continued for some time longer in the Army ; his wife undivided from him by the hardships of that way of life. Their first son Anthony (Captain Anthony Sterling, the only child who now survives) was born to them in this position, while lying at Dundalk, in January 1805. Two months later, some eleven months after their marriage, the regiment was broken ; and Captain Sterling, declining to serve elsewhere on

the terms offered, and willingly accepting such decision of his doubts, was reduced to half-pay. This was the end of his soldiering : some five or six years in all ; from which he had derived for life, among other things, a decided military bearing, whereof he was rather proud ; an incapacity for practising law ;—and considerable uncertainty as to what his next course of life was now to be.

For the present, his views lay towards farming : to establish himself, if not as country gentleman, which was an unattainable ambition, then at least as some kind of gentleman-farmer which had a flattering resemblance to that. Kaines Castle with a reasonable extent of land, which, in his inquiries after farms, had turned up, was his first place of settlement in this new capacity ; and here, for some few months, he had established himself when John his second child was born. This was Captain Sterling's first attempt towards a fixed course of life ; not a very wise one, I have understood :—yet on the whole, who, then and there, could have pointed out to him a wiser ?

A fixed course of life and activity he could never attain, or not till very late ; and this doubtless was among the important points of his destiny, and acted both on his own character and that of those who had to attend him on his wayfarings.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS : LLANBLETHIAN ; PARIS ; LONDON.

EDWARD STERLING never shone in farming ; indeed I believe he never took heartily to it, or tried it except in fits. His Bute farm was, at best, a kind of apology for some far different ideal of a country establishment which could not be realised : practically a temporary landing-place from which he could make sallies and excursions in search of some more generous field of enterprise. Stormy brief efforts at energetic husbandry, at agricultural improvement and rapid field-labour,

alternated with sudden flights to Dublin, to London, whithersoever any flush of bright outlook which he could denominate practical, or any gleam of hope which his impatient ennui could represent as such, allured him. This latter was often enough the case. In wet hay-times and harvest-times, the dripping out-door world, and lounging in-door one, in the absence of the master, offered far from a satisfactory appearance ! Here was, in fact, a man much imprisened ; haunted, I doubt not, by demons enough ; though ever brisk and brave withal, —iracund, but cheerfully vigorous, opulent in wise or unwise hope. A fiery energetic soul consciously and unconsciously storming for deliverance into better arenas ; and this in a restless, rapid, impetuous, rather than in a strong, silent and deliberate way.

In rainy Bute and the dilapidated Kaimes Castle, it was evident, there lay no Goshen for such a man. The lease, originally but for some three years and a half, drawing now to a close, he resolved to quit Bute ; had heard, I know not where, of an eligible cottage without farm attached, in the pleasant little village of Llanblethian close by Cowbridge in Glamorganshire ; of this he took a lease, and thither with his family he moved in search of new fortunes. Glamorganshire was at least a better climate than Bute ; no groups of idle or of busy reapers could here stand waiting on the guidance of a master, for there was no farm here ;—and among its other and probably its chief though secret advantages, Llanblethian was much more convenient both for Dublin and London than Kaimes Castle had been.

The removal thither took place in the autumn of 1809. Chief part of the journey (perhaps from Greenock to Swansea or Bristol) was by sea : John, just turned of three years, could in aftertimes remember nothing of this voyage ; Anthony, some eighteen months older, has still a vivid recollection of the gray splashing tumult, and dim sorrow, uncertainty, regret and distress he underwent : to him a ' dissolving-view ' which not only left its effect on the *plate* (as all views and dissolving-views doubtless do on that kind of 'plate'), but remained consciously present there. John, in the close of his

twenty-first year, professes not to remember anything whatever of Bute ; his whole existence, in that earliest scene of it, had faded away from him : Bute also, with its shaggy mountains, moaning woods, and summer and winter seas, had been wholly a dissolving-view for him, and had left no conscious impression, but only, like this voyage, an effect.

Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill ; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan ; a short mile to the south of Cowbridge, to which smart little town it is properly a kind of suburb. Plain of Glamorgan, some ten miles wide and thirty or forty long, which they call the Vale of Glamorgan ;—though properly it is not quite a Vale, there being only one range of mountains to it, if even one : certainly the central Mountains of Wales do gradually rise, in a miscellaneous manner, on the north side of it ; but on the south are no mountains, not even land, only the Bristol Channel, and far off, the Hills of Devonshire, for boundary,—the “English Hills,” as the natives call them, visible from every eminence in those parts. On such wide terms is it called Vale of Glamorgan. But called by whatever name, it is a most pleasant fruitful region : kind to the native, interesting to the visitor. A waving grassy region ; cut with innumerable ragged lanes ; dotted with sleepy unswept human hamlets, old ruinous castles with their ivy and their daws, gray sleepy churches with their ditto ditto ; for ivy everywhere abounds ; and generally a rank fragrant vegetation clothes all things ; hanging, in rude many-coloured festoons and fringed odoriferous tapestries, on your right and on your left, in every lane. A country kinder to the sluggard husbandman than any I have ever seen. For it lies all on limestone, needs no draining ; the soil, everywhere of handsome depth and finest quality, will grow good crops for you with the most imperfect tilling. At a safe distance of a day’s riding lie the tartarean copperforges of Swansea, the tartarean ironforges of Merthyr ; their sooty battle far away, and not, at such safe distance, a defilement to the face of the earth and sky, but rather an en-

couragement to the earth at least ; encouraging the husbandman to plough better, if he only would.

The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant,*but peaceable and well-provided ; much given to Methodism when they have any character ;—for the rest, an innocent good-humoured people, who all drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent homebaked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed ; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy,—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and etceteras, lie about the street : for, as a rule, no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident ; if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever-ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it ; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying.

This is the ordinary Welsh village ; but there are exceptions, where people of more cultivated tastes have been led to settle, and Llanblethian is one of the more signal of these. A decidedly cheerful group of human homes, the greater part of them indeed belonging to persons of refined habits ; trimness, shady shelter, whitewash, neither conveniency nor decoration has been neglected here. Its effect from the distance on the eastward is very pretty : you see it like a little sleeping cataract of white houses, with trees overshadowing and fringing it ; and there the cataract hangs, and does not rush away from you.

John Sterling spent his next five years in this locality. He did not again see it for a quarter of a century ; but retained, all his life, a lively remembrance of it ; and, just in the end of his twenty-first year, among his earliest printed pieces, we find an elaborate and diffuse description of it and its relations to him,—part of which piece, in spite of its otherwise insignificant quality, may find place here :

‘The fields on which I first looked, and the sands which

were marked by my earliest footsteps, are completely lost to my memory ; and of those ancient walls among which I began to breathe, I retain no recollection more clear than the outlines of a cloud in a moonless sky. But of L——, the village where I afterwards lived, I persuade myself that every line and hue is more deeply and accurately fixed than those of any spot I have since beheld, even though borne-in upon the heart by the association of the strongest feelings.

‘My home was built upon the slope of a hill, with a little orchard stretching down before it, and a garden rising behind. At a considerable distance beyond and beneath the orchard, a rivulet flowed through meadows and turned a mill ; while, above the garden, the summit of the hill was crowned by a few gray rocks, from which a yew-tree grew, solitary and bare. Extending at each side of the orchard, toward the brook, two scattered patches of cottages lay nestled among their gardens ; and beyond this streamlet and the little mill and bridge, another slight eminence arose, divided into green fields, tufted and bordered with copsewood, and crested by a ruined castle, contemporary, as was said, with the Conquest. I know not whether these things in truth made-up a prospect of much beauty. Since I was eight years old, I have never seen them ; but I well know that no landscape I have since beheld, no picture of Claude or Salvator, gave me half the impression of living, heartfelt, perfect beauty which fills my mind when I think of that green valley, that sparkling rivulet, that broken fortress of dark antiquity, and that hill with its aged yew and breezy summit, from which I have so often looked over the broad stretch of verdure beneath it, and the country-town, and church-tower, silent and white beyond.

‘In that little town there was, and I believe is, a school where the elements of human knowledge were communicated to me, for some hours of every day, during a considerable time. The path to it lay across the rivulet and past the mill ; from which point we could either journey through the fields below the old castle, and the wood which surrounded it, or along a road at the other side of the ruin, close to the gateway of which it passed. The former track led through two

or three beautiful fields, the sylvan domain of the keep on one hand, and the brook on the other ; while an oak or two, like giant warders advanced from the wood, broke the sunshine of the green with a soft and graceful shadow. How often, on my way to school, have I stopped beneath the tree to collect the fallen acorns ; how often run down to the stream to pluck a branch of the hawthorn which hung over the water ! The road which passed the castle joined, beyond these fields, the path which traversed them. It took, I well remember, a certain solemn and mysterious interest from the ruin. The shadow of the archway, the discolorisations of time on all the walls, the dimness of the little thicket which encircled it, the traditions of its immeasurable age, made St. Quentin's Castle a wonderful and awful fabric in the imagination of a child ; and long after I last saw its mouldering roughness, I never read of fortresses, or heights, or spectres, or banditti, without connecting them with the one ruin of my childhood.

‘It was close to this spot that one of the few adventures occurred which marked, in my mind, my boyish days with importance. When loitering beyond the castle, on the way to school, with a brother somewhat older than myself, who was uniformly my champion and protector, we espied a round sloe high up in the hedge-row. We determined to obtain it ; and I do not remember whether both of us, or only my brother, climbed the tree. However, when the prize was all-but reached,—and no alchymist ever looked more eagerly for the moment of projection which was to give him immortality and omnipotence,—a gruff voice startled us with an oath, and an order to desist ; and I well recollect looking back, for long after, with terror to the vision of an old and ill-tempered farmer, armed with a bill-hook, and vowing our decapitation ; nor did I subsequently remember without triumph the eloquence whereby alone, in my firm belief, my brother and myself had been rescued from instant death.

‘At the entrance of the little town stood an old gateway, with a pointed arch and decaying battlements. It gave admittance to the street which contained the church, and which terminated in another street, the principal one in the town of

C——. In this was situated the school to which I daily wended. I cannot now recall to mind the face of its good conductor, nor of any of his scholars; but I have before me a strong general image of the interior of his establishment. I remember the reverence with which I was wont to carry to his seat a well-thumbed duodecimo, the *History of Greece* by Oliver Goldsmith. I remember the mental agonies I endured in attempting to master the art and mystery of penmanship; a craft in which, alas, I remained too short a time under Mr. R—— to become as great a proficient as he made his other scholars, and which my awkwardness has prevented me from attaining in any considerable perfection under my various subsequent pedagogues. But that which has left behind it a brilliant trail of light was the exhibition of what are called “Christmas pieces;” things unknown in aristocratic seminaries, but constantly used at the comparatively humble academy which supplied the best knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic to be attained in that remote neighbourhood.

‘The long desks covered from end to end with those painted masterpieces, the *Life of Robinson Crusoe*, the *Hunting of Chevy-Chase*, the *History of Jack the Giant-Killer*, and all the little eager faces and trembling hands bent over these, and filling them up with some choice quotation, sacred or profane;—no, the galleries of art, the theatrical exhibitions, the reviews and processions,—which are only not childish because they are practised and admired by men instead of children,—all the pomps and vanities of great cities, have shown me no revelation of glory such as did that crowded school-room the week before the Christmas holidays. But these were the splendours of life. The truest and the strongest feelings do not connect themselves with any scenes of gorgeous and gaudy magnificence; they are bound-up in the remembrances of home.

‘The narrow orchard, with its grove of old apple-trees, against one of which I used to lean, and while I brandished a beanstalk, roar out with Fitzjames,

“Come one, come all; this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!”—

while I was ready to squall at the sight of a cur, and run valorously away from a casually approaching cow ; the field close beside it, where I rolled about in summer among the hay ; the brook in which, despite of maid and mother, I waded by the hour ; the garden where I sowed flower-seeds, and then turned up the ground again and planted potatoes, and then rooted-out the potatoes to insert acorns and apple-pips, and at last, as may be supposed, reaped neither roses, nor potatoes, nor oak-trees, nor apples ; the grass-plots on which I played among those with whom I never can play nor work again : all these are places and employments,—and, alas, playmates,—such as, if it were worth while to weep at all, it would be worth weeping that I enjoy no longer.

‘I remember the house where I first grew familiar with peacocks ; and the mill-stream into which I once fell ; and the religious awe wherewith I heard, in the warm twilight, the psalm-singing around the house of the Methodist miller ; and the door-post against which I discharged my brazen artillery ; I remember the window by which I sat while my mother taught me French ; and the patch of garden which I dug for ——— But her name is best left blank ; it was indeed writ in water. These recollections are to me like the wealth of a departed friend, a mournful treasure. But the public has heard enough of them ; to it they are worthless : they are a coin which only circulates at its true value between the different periods of an individual’s existence, and good for nothing but to keep-up a commerce between boyhood and manhood. I have for years looked forward to the possibility of visiting L—— ; but I am told that it is a changed village ; and not only has man been at work, but the old yew on the hill has fallen, and scarcely a low stump remains of the tree which I delighted in childhood to think might have furnished bows for the Norman archers.’¹

In Cowbridge is some kind of free school, or grammar-school, of a certain distinction ; and this to Captain Sterling was probably a motive for settling in the neighbourhood of it

¹ Literary Chronicle, New Series ; London, Saturday 21st June 1828, Art. 11.

with his children. Of this however, as it turned out, there was no use made: the Sterling family, during its continuance in those parts, did not need more than a primary school. The worthy master who presided over these Christmas galas, and had the honour to teach John Sterling his reading and writing, was an elderly Mr. Reece of Cowbridge, who still (in 1851) survives, or lately did; and is still remembered by his old pupils as a worthy, ingenious and kindly man, "who wore drab breeches and white stockings." Beyond the Reece sphere of tuition John Sterling did not go in this locality.

In fact the Sterling household was still fluctuating; the problem of a task for Edward Sterling's powers, and of anchorage for his affairs in any sense, was restlessly struggling to solve itself, but was still a good way from being solved. Anthony, in revisiting these scenes with John in 1839, mentions going to the spot 'where we used to stand with our Father, looking out for the arrival of the London mail:' a little chink through which is disclosed to us a big restless section of a human life. The Hill of Welsh Llanblethian, then, is like the mythic Caucasus in its degree (as indeed all hills and habitations where men sojourn are); and here too, on a small scale, is a Prometheus Chained? Edward Sterling, I can well understand, was a man to tug at the chains that held him idle in those the prime of his years; and to ask restlessly, yet not in anger and remorse, so much as in hope, locomotive speculation, and ever-new adventure and attempt, Is there no task nearer my own natural size, then? So he looks out from the Hill-side 'for the arrival of the London mail;' thence hurries into Cowbridge to the Post-office; and has a wide web, of threads and gossamers, upon his loom, and many shuttles flying, in this world.

By the Marquis of Bute's appointment he had, very shortly after his arrival in that region, become Adjutant of the Glamorganshire Militia, 'Local Militia,' I suppose; and was, in this way, turning his military capabilities to some use. The office involved pretty frequent absences, in Cardiff and elsewhere. This doubtless was a welcome outlet, though a small one. He had also begun to try writing, especially on public

subjects ; a much more copious outlet,—which indeed, gradually widening itself, became the final solution for him. Of the year 1811 we have a Pamphlet of his, entitled *Military Reform* ; this is the second edition, ‘dedicated to the Duke of Kent ;’ the first appears to have come-out the year before, and had thus attained a certain notice, which of course was encouraging. He now furthermore opened a correspondence with the *Times* Newspaper ; wrote to it, in 1812, a series of Letters under the signature *Vetus* : voluntary Letters I suppose, without payment or preengagement, one successful Letter calling out another ; till *Vetus* and his doctrines came to be a distinguishable entity, and the business amounted to something. Out of my own earliest Newspaper reading, I can remember the name *Vetus*, as a kind of editorial hacklog on which able-editors were wont to chop straw now and then. Nay the Letters were collected and reprinted ; both this first series, of 1812, and then a second of next year : two very thin, very dim-coloured cheap octavos ; stray copies of which still exist, and may one day become distillable into a drop of History (should such be wanted of our poor ‘Scavenger Age’ in time coming), though the reading of them has long ceased in this generation.¹ The first series, we perceive, had even gone to a second edition. The tone, wherever one timidly glances into this extinct cockpit, is trenchant and emphatic : the name of *Vetus*, strenuously fighting there, had become considerable in the talking political world ; and, no doubt, was especially of mark, as that of a writer who might otherwise be important, with the proprietors of the *Times*. The connexion continued : widened and deepened itself,—in a slow tentative manner ; passing naturally from voluntary into remunerated : and indeed proving more and more to be the true ultimate arena, and battlefield and seedfield, for the exuberant impetuosities and faculties of this man.

What the *Letters of Vetus* treated of I do not know ; doubtless they ran upon Napoleon, Catholic Emancipation, true

¹ ‘The Letters of *Vetus* from March 10th to May 10th, 1812’ (second edition, Lon. 1812) : Ditto, ‘Part III., with a Preface and Notes’ (ibid. 1814).

methods of national defence, of effective foreign Antigallicism, and of domestic ditto; which formed the staple of editorial speculation at that time. I have heard in general that Captain Sterling, then and afterwards, advocated 'the Marquis of Wellesley's policy;' but that also, what it was, I have forgotten, and the world has been willing to forget. Enough, the heads of the *Times* establishment, perhaps already the Marquis of Wellesley and other important persons, had their eye on this writer; and it began to be surmised by him that here at last was the career he had been seeking.

Accordingly, in 1814, when victorious Peace unexpectedly arrived, and the gates of the Continent after five-and-twenty years of fierce closure were suddenly thrown open; and the hearts of all English and European men awoke staggering as if from a nightmare suddenly removed, and ran hither and thither,—Edward Sterling also determined on a new adventure, that of crossing to Paris, and trying what might lie in store for him. For curiosity, in its idler sense, there was evidently pabulum enough. But he had hopes moreover of learning much that might perhaps avail him afterwards;—hopes withal, I have understood, of getting to be Foreign Correspondent of the *Times* Newspaper, and so adding to his income in the meanwhile. He left Llanblethian in May; dates from Dieppe the 27th of that month. He lived in occasional contact with Parisian notabilities (all of them except Madame de Staël forgotten now), all summer, diligently surveying his ground;—returned for his family, who were still in Wales but ready to move, in the beginning of August; took them immediately across with him; a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, in the pleasant village of Passy at once town and country, being now ready; and so, under foreign skies, again set-up his household there.

Here was a strange new 'school' for our friend John, now in his eighth year! Out of which the little Anthony and he drank doubtless at all pores, vigorously as they had done in no school before. A change total and immediate. Somniferous green Llanblethian has suddenly been blotted out;

presto, here are wakeful Passy and the noises of paved Paris instead.

Innocent ingenious Mr. Reece in drab breeches and white stockings, he with his mild Christmas galas and peaceable rules of Dilworth and Butterworth, has given place to such a saturnalia of panoramic, symbolic and other teachers and monitors, addressing all the five senses at once. Who John's express tutors were, at Passy, I never heard; nor indeed, especially in his case, was it much worth inquiring. To him and to all of us, the expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing, compared with the un-appointed incidental and continual ones, whose school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence, and whose lessons, noticed or unnoticed, stream-in upon us with every breath we draw. Anthony says they attended a French school, though only for about three months; and he well remembers the last scene of it, 'the boys shouting *Vive l'Empereur* when Napoleon came back.'

Of John Sterling's express schooling, perhaps the most important feature, and by no means a favorable one to him, was the excessive fluctuation that prevailed in it. Change of scene, change of teacher, *both* express and implied, was incessant with him; and gave his young life a nomadic character,—which surely, of all the adventitious tendencies that could have been impressed upon him, so volatile, swift and airy a being as him, was the one he needed least. His gentle pious-hearted Mother, ever watching over him in all outward changes, and assiduously keeping human pieties and good affections alive in him, was probably the best counteracting element in his lot. And on the whole, have we not all to run our chance in that respect; and take, the most victoriously we can, such schooling as pleases to be attainable in our year and place? Not very victoriously, the most of us! A wise well-calculated breeding of a young genial soul in this world, or, alas, of any young soul in it, lies fatally over the horizon in these epochs!—This French scene of things, a grand school of its sort, and also a perpetual banquet for the young soul, naturally captivated John Sterling; he said afterwards, 'New

things and experiences here were poured upon his mind and sense, not in streams, but in a Niagara cataract.' This too, however, was but a scene; lasted only some six or seven months; and in the spring of the next year terminated as abruptly as any of the rest could do.

For, in the spring of the next year, Napoleon abruptly emerged from Elba; and set all the populations of the world in motion, in a strange manner;—set the Sterling household afloat, in particular; the big European tide rushing into all smallest creeks, at Passy and elsewhere. In brief, on the 20th of March 1815, the family had to shift, almost to fly, towards home and the seacoast; and for a day or two were under apprehension of being detained and not reaching home. Mrs. Sterling, with her children and effects, all in one big carriage with two horses, made the journey to Dieppe; in perfect safety, though in continual tremor: here they were joined by Captain Sterling, who had stayed behind at Paris to see the actual advent of Napoleon, and to report what the aspect of affairs was, "Downcast looks of citizens, with fierce saturnalian acclaim of soldiery:" after which they proceeded together to London without farther apprehension;—there to witness, in due time, the tarbarrels of Waterloo, and other phenomena that followed.

Captain Sterling never quitted London as a residence any more; and indeed was never absent from it, except on autumnal or other excursions of a few weeks, till the end of his life. Nevertheless his course there was as yet by no means clear; nor had his relations with the heads of the *Times*, or with other high heads, assumed a form which could be called definite, but were hanging as a cloudy maze of possibilities, firm substance not yet divided from shadow. It continued so for some years. The Sterling household shifted twice or thrice to new streets or localities,—Russell Square or Queen Square, Blackfriars Road, and longest at the Grove, Blackheath,—before the vapours of Wellesley promotions and suchlike slowly sank as useless precipitate, and the firm rock, which was definite employment, ending in lucrative co-proprietorship and

more and more important connexion with the *Times* Newspaper, slowly disclosed itself.

These changes of place naturally brought changes in John Sterling's schoolmasters: nor were domestic tragedies wanting, still more important to him. New brothers and sisters had been born; two little brothers more, three little sisters he had in all; some of whom came to their eleventh year beside him, some passed away in their second or fourth: but from his ninth to his sixteenth year they all died; and in 1821 only Anthony and John were left.¹ How many tears, and passionate pangs, and soft infinite regrets; such as are appointed to all mortals! In one year, I find, indeed in one half-year, he lost three little playmates, two of them within one month. His own age was not yet quite twelve. For one of these three, for little Edward, his next younger, who died now at the age of nine, Mr. Hare records that John copied out, in large school-hand, a *History of Valentine and Orson*, to beguile the poor child's sickness, which ended in death soon, leaving a sad cloud on John.

Of his grammar and other schools, which, as I said, are hardly worth enumerating in comparison, the most important seems to have been a Dr. Burney's at Greenwich; a large day-school and boarding-school, where Anthony and John gave their attendance for a year or two (1818-'19) from Blackheath. 'John frequently did themes for the boys,' says Anthony, 'and for myself when I was aground.' His progress in all school-learning was certain to be rapid, if he even

¹ Here, in a Note, is the tragic little Register, with what indications for us may lie in it:

1. Robert Sterling died, 4th June 1815, at Queen Square, in his fourth year (John being now nine).
2. Elizabeth died, 12th March 1818, at Blackfriars Road, in her second year.
3. Edward, 30th March 1818 (same place, same month and year), in his ninth.
4. Hester, 21st July 1818 (three months later), at Blackheath, in her eleventh.
5. Catherine Hester Elizabeth, 16th January 1821, in Seymour Street.

moderately took to it. A lean, tallish, loose-made boy of twelve; strange alacrity, rapidity and joyous eagerness looking out of his eyes, and of all his ways and movements. I have a Picture of him at this stage; a little portrait, which carries its verification with it. In manhood too, the chief expression of his eyes and physiognomy was what I might call alacrity, cheerful rapidity. You could see, here looked forth a soul which was winged; which dwelt in hope and action, not in hesitation or fear. Anthony says, he was 'an affectionate and gallant kind of boy, adventurous and generous, daring to a singular degree.' Apt enough withal to be 'petulant now and then;' on the whole, 'very self-willed;' doubtless not a little discursive in his thoughts and ways, and 'difficult to manage.'

I rather think Anthony, as the steadier, more substantial boy, was the Mother's favourite; and that John, though the quicker and cleverer, perhaps cost her many anxieties. Among the Papers given me, is an old browned half-sheet in stiff school hand, unpunctuated, occasionally ill spelt,—John Sterling's earliest remaining Letter,—which gives record of a crowning escapade of his, the first and the last of its kind; and so may be inserted here. A very headlong adventure on the boy's part; so hasty and so futile, at once audacious and impracticable; emblematic of much that befell in the history of the man!

'To Mrs. Sterling, Blackheath.

'21st September 1818.

'DEAR MAMMA,—I am now at Dover, where I arrived this morning about seven o'clock. When you thought I was going to church, I went down the Kent Road, and walked on till I came to Gravesend, which is upwards of twenty miles from Blackheath; at about seven o'clock in the evening, without having eat anything the whole time. I applied to an inkeeper (*sic*) there, pretending that I had served a haberdasher in London, who left of (*sic*) business, and turned me away. He believed me; and got me a passage in the coach here, for I said that I had an Uncle here, and that my Father and Mother

were dead ;—when I wandered about the quays for some time, till I met Captain Keys, whom I asked to give me a passage to Boulogne ; which he promised to do, and took me home to breakfast with him : but Mrs. Keys questioned me a good deal ; when I not being able to make my story good, I was obliged to confess to her that I had run away from you. Captain Keys says that he will keep me at his house till you answer my letter.

J. STERLING.'

Anthony remembers the business well ; but can assign no origin to it,—some penalty, indignity or cross put suddenly on John, which the hasty John considered unbearable. His Mother's inconsolable weeping, and then his own astonishment at such a culprit's being forgiven, are all that remain with Anthony. The steady historical style of the young runaway of twelve, narrating merely, not in the least apologising, is also noticeable.

This was some six months after his little brother Edward's death ; three months after that of Hester, his little sister next in the family series to him : troubled days for the poor Mother in that small household on Blackheath, as there are for mothers in so many households in this world ! I have heard that Mrs. Sterling passed much of her time alone, at this period. Her husband's pursuits, with his Wellesleys and the like, often carrying him into Town and detaining him late there, she would sit among her sleeping children, such of them as death had still spared, perhaps thriftily plying her needle, full of mournful affectionate night-thoughts,—apprehensive too, in her tremulous heart, that the head of the house might have fallen among robbers in his way homeward.

CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITIES : GLASGOW ; CAMBRIDGE.

At a later stage, John had some instruction from a Dr. Waite at Blackheath ; and lastly, the family having now removed into Town, to Seymour Street in the fashionable region there, he 'read for a while with Dr. Trollope, Master of Christ's Hospital ;' which ended his school history.

In this his ever-changing course, from Reece at Cowbridge to Trollope in Christ's, which was passed so nomadically, under ferulas of various colour, the boy had, on the whole, snatched successfully a fair share of what was going. Competent skill in construing Latin, I think also an elementary knowledge of Greek ; add ciphering to a small extent, Euclid perhaps in a rather imaginary condition ; a swift but not very legible or handsome penmanship, and the copious prompt habit of employing it in all manner of unconscious English prose composition, or even occasionally in verse itself : this, or something like this, he had gained from his grammar-schools : this is the most of what they offer to the poor young soul in general, in these indigent times. The express school-master is not equal to much at present,—while the *unexpress*, for good or for evil, is so busy with a poor little fellow ! Other departments of schooling had been infinitely more productive, for our young friend, than the gerundgrinding one. A voracious reader I believe he all along was,—had 'read the whole Edinburgh Review' in these boyish years, and out of the circulating libraries one knows not what cartloads ; wading like Ulysses towards his palace 'through infinite dung.' A voracious observer and participator in all things he likewise all along was ; and had had his sights, and reflections, and sorrows and adventures, from Kaines Castle onward,—and had gone at least to Dover on his own score. *Puer bonæ spei*, as the school-albums say ; a boy of whom much may be hoped ? Surely, in many senses, yes. A frank veracity is in him, truth and courage, as the basis of all ; and of wild gifts

and graces there is abundance. I figure him a brilliant, swift, voluble, affectionate and pleasant creature ; out of whom, if it were not that symptoms of delicate health already show themselves, great things might be made. Promotions at least, especially in this country and epoch of parliaments and eloquent palavers, are surely very possible for such a one !

Being now turned of sixteen, and the family economics getting yearly more propitious and flourishing, he, as his brother had already been, was sent to Glasgow University, in which city their Mother had connexions. His brother and he were now all that remained of the young family ; much attached to one another in their College years as afterwards. Glasgow, however, was not properly their College scene : here, except that they had some tuition from Mr. Jacobson, then a senior fellow student, now (1851) the learned editor of *St. Basil*, and Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, who continued ever afterwards a valued intimate of John's, I find nothing special recorded of them. The Glasgow curriculum, for John especially, lasted but one year ; who, after some farther tutorage from Mr. Jacobson or Dr. Trollope, was appointed for a more ambitious sphere of education.

In the beginning of his nineteenth year, 'in the autumn of 1824,' he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. His brother Anthony, who had already been there a year, had just quitted this Establishment, and entered on a military life under good omens ; I think, at Dublin under the Lord Lieutenant's patronage, to whose service he was, in some capacity, attached. The two brothers, ever in company hitherto, parted roads at this point ; and, except on holiday visits and by frequent correspondence, did not again live together ; but they continued in a true fraternal attachment while life lasted, and I believe never had any even temporary estrangement, or on either side a cause for such. The family, as I said, was now, for the last three years, reduced to these two ; the rest of the young ones, with their laughter and their sorrows, all gone. The parents otherwise were prosperous in outward circumstances ; the Father's position more and more developing itself into afflu-

ent security, an agreeable circle of acquaintance, and a certain real influence, though of a peculiar sort, according to his gifts for work in this world.

Sterling's Tutor at Trinity College was Julius Hare, now the distinguished Archdeacon of Lewes:—who soon conceived a great esteem for him, and continued ever afterwards, in looser or closer connexion, his loved and loving friend. As the Biographical and Editorial work above alluded to abundantly evinces. Mr. Hare celebrates the wonderful and beautiful gifts, the sparkling ingenuity, ready logic, eloquent utterance, and noble generousities and pieties of his pupil;—records in particular how once, on a sudden alarm of fire in some neighbouring College edifice while his lecture was proceeding, all hands rushed out to help; how the undergraduates instantly formed themselves in lines from the fire to the river, and in swift continuance kept passing buckets as was needful, till the enemy was visibly fast yielding,—when Mr. Hare, going along the line, was astonished to find Sterling at the river-end of it, standing up to his waist in water, deftly dealing with the buckets as they came and went. You in the river, Sterling; you with your coughs, and dangerous tendencies of health!—"Somebody must be in it," answered Sterling; "why not I, as well as another?" Sterling's friends may remember many traits of that kind. The swiftest in all things, he was apt to be found at the head of the column, whithersoever the march might be; if towards any brunt of danger, there was he surest to be at the head; and of himself and his peculiar risks or impediments he was negligent at all times, even to an excessive and plainly unreasonable degree.

Mr. Hare justly refuses him the character of an exact scholar, or technical proficient at any time in either of the ancient literatures. But he freely read in Greek and Latin, as in various modern languages; and in all fields, in the classical as well, his lively faculty of recognition and assimilation had given him large booty in proportion to his labour. One cannot under any circumstances conceive of Sterling as a steady dictionary philologue, historian, or archæologist; nor

did he here, nor could he well, attempt that course. At the same time, Greek and the Greeks being here before him, he could not fail to gather somewhat from it, to take some hue and shape from it. Accordingly there is, to a singular extent, especially in his early writings, a certain tinge of Grecism and Heathen Classicality traceable in him ;—Classicality, indeed, which does not satisfy one's sense as real or truly living, but which glitters with a certain genial, if perhaps almost meretricious half-japannish splendour,—greatly distinguishable from mere gerundgrinding, and death in longs and shorts. If Classicality mean the practical conception, or attempt to conceive, what human life was in the epoch called classical,—perhaps few or none of Sterling's contemporaries in that Cambridge establishment carried away more of available Classicality than even he.

But here, as in his former schools, his studies and inquiries, diligently prosecuted I believe, were of the most discursive wide-flowing character ; not steadily advancing along beaten roads towards College honours, but pulsing out with impetuous irregularity now on this tract, now on that towards whatever spiritual Delphi might promise to unfold the mystery of this world, and announce to him what was, in our new day, the authentic message of the gods. His speculations, readings, inferences, glances and conclusions were doubtless sufficiently encyclopedic ; his grand tutors the multifarious set of Books he devoured. And perhaps,—as is the singular case in most schools and educational establishments of this unexampled epoch,—it was not the express set of arrangements in this or any extant University that could essentially forward him, but only the implied and silent ones ; less in the prescribed 'course of study,' which seems to tend nowhither, than,—if you will consider it,—in the generous (not ungenerous) rebellion against said prescribed course, and the voluntary spirit of endeavour and adventure excited thereby, does help lie for a brave youth in such places. Curious to consider. The fagging, the illicit boating, and the things *forbidden* by the schoolmaster,—these, I often notice in my Eton acquaintances, are the things that have done them good ;

these, and not their inconsiderable or considerable knowledge of the Greek accidence almost at all! What is Greek accidence, compared to Spartan discipline, if it can be had? That latter is a real and grand attainment. Certainly, if rebellion is unfortunately needful, and you can rebel in a generous manner, several things may be acquired in that operation,—rigorous mutual fidelity, reticence, steadfastness, mild stoicism, and other virtues far transcending your Greek accidence. Nor can the unwisest ‘prescribed course of study’ be considered quite useless, if it have incited you to try nobly on all sides for a course of your own. A singular condition of Schools and High-schools, which have come down, in their strange old clothes and ‘courses of study,’ from the monkish ages into this highly unmonkish one;—tragical condition, at which the intelligent observer makes deep pause!

One benefit, not to be dissevered from the most obsolete University still frequented by young ingenuous living souls, is that of manifold collision and communication with the said young souls; which, to every one of these coevals, is undoubtedly the most important branch of breeding for him. In this point, as the learned Huber has insisted,¹ the two English Universities,—their studies otherwise being granted to be nearly useless, and even ill done of their kind,—far excel all other Universities: so valuable are the rules of human behaviour which from of old have tacitly established themselves there; so manifold, with all its sad drawbacks, is the style of English character, ‘frank, simple, rugged and yet courteous,’ which has tacitly but imperatively got itself sanctioned and prescribed there. Such, in full sight of Continental and other Universities, is Huber’s opinion. Alas, the question of University Reform goes deep at present; deep as the world;—and the real University of these new epochs is yet a great way from us! Another judge in whom I have confidence declares further, That, of these two Universities, Cambridge is decidedly the more catholic (not Roman catholic, but Human catholic) in its tendencies and habitudes; and that in fact, of all the miserable

¹ History of the English Universities. (Translated from the German.)

Schools and High-schools in the England of these years, he, if reduced to choose from them, would choose Cambridge as a place of culture for the young idea. So that, in these bad circumstances, Sterling had perhaps rather made a hit than otherwise?

Sterling at Cambridge had undoubtedly a wide and rather genial circle of comrades; and could not fail to be regarded and beloved by many of them. Their life seems to have been an ardently speculating and talking one; by no means excessively restrained within limits; and, in the more adventurous heads like Sterling's, decidedly tending towards the latitudinarian in most things. They had among them a Debating Society called *The Union*; where on stated evenings was much logic, and other spiritual fencing and ingenuous collision,—probably of a really superior quality in that kind; for not a few of the then disputants have since proved themselves men of parts, and attained distinction in the intellectual walks of life. Frederick Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes and others:—I have heard that in speaking and arguing, Sterling was the acknowledged chief in this Union Club; and that ‘none even came near him, except the late Charles Buller,’ whose distinction in this and higher respects was also already notable.

The questions agitated seem occasionally to have touched on the political department, and even on the ecclesiastical. I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: “Have they not,”—or perhaps it was, Has she (the Church) not,—“a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's-meat, to patrol and battle for these things?” The ‘black dragoon,’ which naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter, points toward important conclusions in respect to Sterling at this time. I conclude he had, with his usual alacrity and impetuous daring, frankly adopted the anti superstitious side of things; and stood scornfully prepared to repel all aggressions or pretensions from

the opposite quarter. In short, that he was already, what afterwards there is no doubt about his being, at all points a Radical, as the name or nickname then went. In other words, a young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning-up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him could be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, to the gallant operator, in his part of it. This was, with modifications such as might be, the humour and creed of College Radicalism five-and-twenty years ago. Rather horrible at that time; seen to be not so horrible now, at least to have grown very universal, and to need no concealment now. The natural humour and attitude, we may well regret to say,—and honourable not dishonourable, for a brave young soul such as Sterling's, in those years in those localities!

I do not find that Sterling had, at that stage, adopted the then prevalent Utilitarian theory of human things. But neither, apparently, had he rejected it; still less did he yet at all denounce it with the damnatory vehemence we were used to in him at a later period. Probably he, so much occupied with the negative side of things, had not yet thought seriously of any positive basis for his world; or asked himself, too earnestly, What, then, *is* the noble rule of living for a man? In this world so eclipsed and scandalously overhung with fable and hypocrisy, what *is* the eternal fact, on which a man may front the Destinies and the Immensities? The day for such questions, sure enough to come in his case, was still but coming. Sufficient for this day be the work thereof; that of blasting into merited annihilation the innumerable and immeasurable recognised deliriums, and extirpating or coercing to the due pitch those legions of 'black dragoons,' of all varieties and

purposes, who patrol, with horse-meat and man's-meat, this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of it.

• Sterling, it appears, after above a year of Trinity College, followed his friend Maurice into Trinity Hall, with the intention of taking a degree in Law ; which intention, like many others with him, came to nothing ; and in 1827 he left Trinity Hall and Cambridge altogether ; here ending, after two years, his brief University life.

CHAPTER V.

A PROFESSION.

HERE, then, is a young soul, brought to the years of legal majority, furnished from his training-schools with such and such shining capabilities, and ushered on the scene of things, to inquire practically, What he will do there ? Piety is in the man, noble human valour, bright intelligence, ardent proud veracity ; light and fire, in none of their many senses, wanting for him, but abundantly bestowed : a kingly kind of man ;—whose 'kingdom,' however, in this bewildered place and epoch of the world will probably be difficult to find and conquer !

For, alas, the world, as we said, already stands convicted to this young soul of being an untrue, unblessed world ; its high dignitaries many of them phantasms and players'-masks ; its worthships and worships unworshipful : from Dan to Beer-sheba, a mad world, my masters. And surely we may say, and none will now gainsay, this his idea of the world at that epoch was nearer to the fact than at most other epochs it has been. Truly, in all times and places, the young ardent soul that enters on this world with heroic purpose, with veracious insight, and the yet unclouded 'inspiration of the Almighty' which has given us our intelligence, will find this world a very mad one : why else is *he*, with his little outfit of heroisms and inspirations, come hither into it, except to make it diligently a

little saner? Of him there would have been no need, had it been quite sane. This is true; this will, in all centuries and countries, be true.

And yet perhaps of no time or country, for the last two thousand years, was it so true as here in this waste-weltering epoch of Sterling's and ours. A world all rocking and plunging, like that old Roman one when the measure of its iniquities was full; the abysses, and subterranean and supernal deluges, plainly broken loose; in the wild dim-lighted chaos all stars of Heaven gone out. No star of Heaven visible, hardly now to any man; the pestiferous fogs, and foul exhalations grown continual, have, except on the highest mountain-tops, blotted-out all stars: will-o'-wisps, of various course and colour, take the place of stars. Over the wild-surfing chaos, in the leaden air, are only sudden glares of revolutionary lightning; then mere darkness, with philanthropic phosphorescences, empty meteoric lights; here and there an ecclesiastical luminary still hovering, hanging on to its old quaking fixtures, pretending still to be a Moon or Sun,—though visibly it is but a Chinese Lantern made of *paper* mainly, with candle-end foully dying in the heart of it. Surely as mad a world as you could wish!

If you want to make sudden fortunes in it, and achieve the temporary hallelujah of flunkies for yourself, renouncing the perennial esteem of wise men; if you can believe that the chief end of man is to collect about him a bigger heap of gold than ever before, in a shorter time than ever before, you will find it a most handy and everyway furthersome, blessed and felicitous world. But for any other human aim, I think you will find it not furthersome. If you in any way ask practically, How a noble life is to be led in it? you will be luckier than Sterling or I if you get any credible answer, or find any made road whatever. Alas, it is even so. Your heart's question, if it be of that sort, most things and persons will answer with a "Nonsense! Noble life is in Drury Lane, and wears yellow boots. You fool, compose yourself to your pudding!"—Surely, in these times, if ever in any, the young heroic soul entering on life, so opulent, full of sunny hope, of noble

valour and divine intention, is tragical as well as beautiful to us.

Of the three learned Professions none offered any likelihood for Sterling. From the Church his notions of the 'black dragoon,' had there been no other obstacle, were sufficient to exclude him. Law he had just renounced, his own Radical philosophies disheartening him, in face of the ponderous impediments, continual uphill struggles and formidable toils inherent in such a pursuit: with Medicine he had never been in any contiguity, that he should dream of it as a course for him. Clearly enough the professions were unsuitable; they to him, he to them. Professions, built so largely on speciosity instead of performance; clogged, in this bad epoch, and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, were hateful not lovable to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent on ideals and human noblenesses. Again, the professions, were they never so perfect and veracious, will require slow steady pulling, to which this individual young radical, with his swift, far-darting brilliances, and nomadic desultory ways, is of all men the most averse and unfitted. No profession could, in any case, have well gained the early love of Sterling. And perhaps withal the most tragic element of his life is even this, That there now was none to which he could fitly, by those wiser than himself, have been bound and constrained, that he might learn to love it. So swift, light-limbed and fiery an Arab courser ought, for all manner of reasons, to have been trained to saddle and harness. Roaming at full gallop over the heaths,—especially when your heath was London, and English and European life, in the nineteenth century,—he suffered much, and did comparatively little. I have known few creatures whom it was more wasteful to send forth with the bridle thrown up, and to set to steeple-hunting instead of running on highways! But it is the lot of many such, in this dislocated time,—Heaven mend it! In a better time there will be other 'professions' than those three extremely cramped, confused and indeed almost obsolete ones: professions, if possible, that are true, and do not require you at the threshold to

constitute yourself an impostor. Human association,—which will mean discipline, vigorous wise subordination and coördination,—is so unspeakably important. Professions, ‘regimented human pursuits,’ how many of honorable and manful might be possible for men ; and which should *not*, in their results to society, need to stumble along, in such an unwieldy futile manner, with legs swollen into such enormous elephantiasis and no *go* at all in them ! Men will one day think of the force they squander in every generation, and the fatal damage they encounter, by this neglect.

The career likeliest for Sterling, in his and the world’s circumstances, would have been what is called public life : some secretarial, diplomatic or other official training, to issue if possible in Parliament as the true field for him. And here, beyond question, had the gross material conditions been allowed, his spiritual capabilities were first-rate. In any arena where eloquence and argument was the point, this man was calculated to have borne the bell from all competitors. In lucid ingenious talk and logic, in all manner of brilliant utterance and tongue-fence, I have hardly known his fellow. So ready lay his store of knowledge round him, so perfect was his ready utterance of the same,—in coruscating wit, in jocund drollery, in compact articulated clearness or high poignant emphasis, as the case required,—he was a match for any man in argument before a crowd of men. One of the most supple-wristed, dextrous, graceful and successful fencers in that kind. A man, as Mr. Hare has said, ‘able to argue with four or five at once ;’ could do the parrying all round, in a succession swift as light, and plant his hits wherever a chance offered. In Parliament, such a soul put into a body of the due toughness might have carried it far. If ours is to be called, as I hear some call it, the Talking Era, Sterling of all men had the talent to excel in it.

Probably it was with some vague view towards chances in this direction that Sterling’s first engagement was entered upon ; a brief connexion as Secretary to some Club or Association into which certain public men, of the reforming sort,

Mr. Crawford (the Oriental Diplomatist and Writer), Mr. Kirkman Finlay (then Member for Glasgow), and other political notabilities had now formed themselves,—with what specific objects I do not know, nor with what result if any. I have heard vaguely, it was ‘to open the trade to India.’ Of course they intended to stir-up the public mind into coöperation, whatever their goal or object was: Mr. Crawford an intimate in the Sterling household, recognised the fine literary gift of John; and might think it a lucky hit that he had caught such a Secretary for three hundred pounds a year. That was the salary agreed upon; and for some months actually worked for and paid; Sterling becoming for the time an intimate and almost an inmate in Mr. Crawford’s circle, doubtless not without results to himself beyond the secretarial work and pounds sterling: so much is certain. But neither the Secretaryship nor the Association itself had any continuance; nor can I now learn accurately more of it than what is here stated;—in which vague state it must vanish from Sterling’s history again, as it in great measure did from his life. From himself in after-years I never heard mention of it; nor were his pursuits connected afterwards with those of Mr. Crawford, though the mutual goodwill continued unbroken.

In fact, however splendid and indubitable Sterling’s qualifications for a parliamentary life, there was that in him withal which flatly put a negative on any such project. He had not the slow steady-pulling diligence which is indispensable in that, as in all important pursuits and strenuous human competitions whatsoever. In every sense, his momentum depended on velocity of stroke, rather than on weight of metal; “beautifullest sheet-lightning,” as I often said, “not to be condensed into thunderbolts.” Add to this,—what indeed is perhaps but the same phenomenon in another form,—his bodily frame was thin, excitable, already manifesting pulmonary symptoms; a body which the tear and wear of Parliament would infallibly in few months have wrecked and ended. By this path there was clearly no mounting. The far-darting, restlessly coruscating soul, equipt beyond all others to shine in the Talking Era, and lead National Palavers with their

spolia opima captive, is imprisoned in a fragile hectic body which quite forbids the adventure. ‘*Es ist dafür gesorgt,*’ says Goethe, ‘Provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky ;’—means are always there to stop them short of the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE : THE ATHENÆUM.

Of all forms of public life, in the Talking Era, it was clear that only one completely suited Sterling,—the anarchic, nomadic, entirely ærial and unconditional one, called Literature. To this all his tendencies, and fine gifts positive and negative, were evidently pointing ; and here after such brief attempting or thoughts to attempt at other posts, he already in this same year arrives. As many do, and ever more must do, in these our years and times. This is the chaotic haven of so many frustrate activities ; where all manner of good gifts go up in far-seen smoke or conflagration ; and whole fleets, that might have been war-fleets, to conquer kingdoms, are *consumed* (too truly, often), amid ‘fame’ enough, and the admiring shouts of the vulgar, which is always fond to see fire going on. The true Canaan and Mount Zion of a Talking Era must ever be Literature : the extraneous, miscellaneous, self-elected, indescribable *Parliamentum*, or Talking Apparatus, which talks by books and printed papers.

A literary Newspaper called *The Athenæum*, the same which still subsists, had been founded in those years by Mr. Buckingham ; James Silk Buckingham, who has since continued notable under various figures. Mr. Buckingham’s *Athenæum* had not as yet got into a flourishing condition ; and he was willing to sell the copyright of it for a consideration. Perhaps Sterling and old Cambridge friends of his had been already writing for it. At all events, Sterling, who had already privately begun writing a Novel, and was clearly looking towards Literature, perceived that his gifted Cambridge friend, Frederic Maurice, was now also at large in a somewhat

similar situation ; and that here was an opening for both of them, and for other gifted friends. The copyright was purchased for I know not what sum, nor with whose money, but guess it may have been Sterling's, and no great sum ;—and so, under free auspices, themselves their own captains, Maurice and he spread sail for this new voyage of adventure into all the world. It was about the end of 1828 that readers of periodical literature, and quidnuncs in those departments, began to report the appearance, in a Paper called the *Athenæum*, of writings showing a superior brilliancy, and height of aim ; one or perhaps two slight specimens of which came into my own hands, in my remote corner, about that time, and were duly recognised by me, while the authors were still far off and hidden behind deep veils.

Some of Sterling's best Papers from the *Athenæum* have been published by Archdeacon Hare : first-fruits by a young man of twenty-two ; crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive ; which will still testify what high literary promise lay in him. The ruddiest glow of young enthusiasm, of noble incipient spiritual manhood reigns over them ; once more a divine Universe unveiling itself in gloom and splendour, in auroral fire-light and many-tinted shadow, full of hope and full of awe, to a young melodious pious heart just arrived upon it. Often enough the delineation has a certain flowing completeness, not to be expected from so young an artist ; here and there is a decided felicity of insight ; everywhere the point of view adopted is a high and noble one, and the result worked-out a result to be sympathised with, and accepted so far as it will go. Good reading still, those Papers, for the less-furnished mind,—thrice-excellent reading compared with what is usually going. For the rest, a grand melancholy is the prevailing impression they leave ;—partly as if, while the surface was so blooming and opulent, the heart of them was still vacant, sad and cold. Here is a beautiful mirage, in the dry wilderness ; but you cannot quench your thirst there ! The writer's heart is indeed still too vacant, except of beautiful shadows and reflexes and resonances ; and is far from joyful, though it wears commonly a smile.

In some of the Greek delineations (*The Lycian Painter*, for example), we have already noticed a strange opulence of splendour, characterisable as half-legitimate, half-meretricious,—a splendour hovering between the raffaelesque and the japanish. What other things Sterling wrote there, I never knew ; nor would he in any mood, in those later days, have told you, had you asked. This period of his life he always rather accounted, as the Arabs do the idolatrous times before Mahomet's advent, the 'period of darkness.'

CHAPTER VII.

REGENT STREET.

On the commercial side the *Athenæum* still lacked success ; nor was like to find it under the highly uncommercial management it had now got into. This, by and by, began to be a serious consideration. For money is the sinews of Periodical Literature almost as much as of war itself ; without money, and under a constant drain of loss, Periodical Literature is one of the things that cannot be carried on. In no long time Sterling began to be practically sensible of this truth, and that an unpleasant resolution in accordance with it would be necessary. By him also, after a while, the *Athenæum* was transferred to other hands, better fitted in that respect ; and under these it did take vigorous root, and still bears fruit according to its kind.

For the present, it brought him into the thick of London Literature, especially of young London Literature and speculation ; in which turbid exciting element he swam and revelled, nothing loath, for certain months longer,—a period short of two years in all. He had lodgings in Regent Street : his Father's house, now a flourishing and stirring establishment, in South Place, Knightsbridge, where, under the warmth of increasing revenue and success, miscellaneous cheerful socialities and abundant speculations, chiefly political (and not John's kind, but that of the *Times* Newspaper and the Clubs), were rife, he

could visit daily, and yet be master of his own studies and pursuits. Maurice, Trench, John Mill, Charles Buller : these, and some few others, among a wide circle of a transitory phantasmal character, whom he speedily forgot and cared not to remember, were much about him ; with these he in all ways employed and disported himself : a first favourite with them all.

No pleasanter companion, I suppose, had any of them. So frank, open, guileless, fearless, a brother to all worthy souls whatsoever. Come when you might, here is he open-hearted, rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, in all kinds of bright activity. If perceptibly or imperceptibly there is a touch of ostentation in him, blame it not ; it is so innocent, so good and childlike. He is still fonder of jingling publicly, and spreading on the table, your big purse of opulences than his own. Abrupt too he is, cares little for big-wigs and garnitures ; perhaps laughs more than the real fun he has would order ; but of arrogance there is no vestige, of insincerity or of ill-nature none. These must have been pleasant evenings in Regent Street, when the circle chanced to be well adjusted there. At other times, Philistines would enter, what we call bores, dullards, Children of Darkness ; and then,—except in a hunt of dullards, and a *bore-baiting*, which might be permissible,—the evening was dark. Sterling, of course, had innumerable cares withal ; and was toiling like a slave ; his very recreations almost a kind of work. An enormous activity was in the man ;—sufficient, in a body that could have held it without breaking, to have gone far, even under the unstable guidance it was like to have !

Thus, too, an extensive, very variegated circle of connexions was forming round him. Besides his *Athenæum* work, and evenings in Regent Street and elsewhere, he makes visits to country-houses, the Bulls' and others ; converses with established gentlemen, with honourable women not a few ; is gay and welcome with the young of his own age ; knows also religious, witty, and other distinguished ladies, and is admiringly known by them. On the whole, he is already locomotive ; visits hither and thither in a very rapid flying manner.

Thus I find he had made one flying visit to the Cumberland Lake-region in 1828, and got sight of Wordsworth ; and in the same year another flying one to Paris, and seen with no undue enthusiasm the Saint-Simonian Portent just beginning to preach for itself, and France in general simmering under a scum of impieties, levities, Saint-Simonisms, and frothy fantasticalities of all kinds, towards the boiling-over which soon made the Three Days of July famous. But by far the most important foreign home he visited was that of Coleridge on the Hill of Highgate,—if it were not rather a foreign shrine and Dodona-Oracle, as he then reckoned,—to which (onwards from 1828, as would appear) he was already an assiduous pilgrim. Concerning whom, and Sterling's all-important connexion with him, there will be much to say anon.

Here, from this period, is a Letter of Sterling's, which the glimpses it affords of bright scenes and figures now sunk, so many of them, sorrowfully to the realm of shadows, will render interesting to some of my readers. To me on the mere Letter, not on its contents alone, there is accidentally a kind of fateful stamp. A few months after Charles Buller's death, while his loss was mourned by many hearts, and to his poor Mother all light except what hung upon his memory had gone-out in the world, a certain delicate and friendly hand, hoping to give the poor bereaved lady a good moment, sought out this Letter of Sterling's, one morning, and called, with intent to read it to her :—alas, the poor lady had herself fallen suddenly into the languors of death, help of another grander sort now close at hand ; and to her this Letter was never read !—

On 'Fanny Kemble,' it appears, there is an Essay by Sterling in the *Athenæum* of this year : '16th December 1829.' Very laudatory, I conclude. He much admired her genius, nay was thought at one time to be vaguely on the edge of still more chivalrous feelings. As the Letter itself may perhaps indicate.

'To Anthony Sterling, Esq., 24th Regiment, Dublin.

'Knightsbridge, 10th Nov. 1829.

'MY DEAR ANTHONY,—Here in the Capital of England and of Europe, there is less, so far as I hear, of movement and

variety than in your provincial Dublin, or among the Wicklow Mountains. We have the old prospect of bricks and smoke, the old crowd of busy stupid faces, the old occupations, the old sleepy amusements; and the latest news that reaches us daily has an air of tiresome, dotting antiquity. The world has nothing for it but to exclaim with Faust, "Give me my youth again." And as for me, my month of Cornish amusement is over; and I must tie myself to my old employments. I have not much to tell you about these; but perhaps you may like to hear of my expedition to the West.

'I wrote to Polvellan (Mr. Buller's) to announce the day on which I intended to be there, so shortly before setting-out, that there was no time to receive an answer; and when I reached Devonport, which is fifteen or sixteen miles from my place of destination, I found a letter from Mrs. Buller, saying that she was coming in two days to a Ball at Plymouth, and if I chose to stay in the meanwhile and look about me, she would take me back with her. She added an introduction to a relation of her husband's, a certain Captain Buller of the Rifles, who was with the *Depôt* there,—a pleasant person, who I believe had been acquainted with Charlotte,¹ or at least had seen her. Under his superintendence'— * * *

'On leaving Devonport with Mrs. Buller, I went some of the way by water, up the harbour and river; and the prospects are certainly very beautiful; to say nothing of the large ships, which I admire almost as much as you, though without knowing so much about them. There is a great deal of fine scenery all along the road to Looe; and the House itself a very unpretending Gothic cottage, stands beautifully among trees, hills and water, with the sea at the distance of a quarter of a mile.

'And here, among pleasant, good-natured, well-informed, and clever people, I spent an idle month. I dined at one or two Corporation dinners; spent a few days at the old Mansion of Mr. Buller of Morval, the patron of West Looe; and during the rest of the time, read, wrote, played chess, lounged, and ate red mullet (he who has not done this has not begun to

¹ Mrs. Anthony Sterling, very lately Miss Charlotte Baird.

live); talked of cookery to the philosophers, and of metaphysics to Mrs. Buller; and altogether cultivated indolence, and developed the faculty of nonsense with considerable pleasure and unexampled success. Charles Buller you know: he has just come to town, but I have not yet seen him. Arthur, his younger brother, I take to be one of the handsomest men in England; and he too has considerable talent. Mr. Buller the father is rather a clever man of sense, and particularly good-natured and gentlemanly; and his wife, who was a renowned beauty and queen of Calcutta, has still many striking and delicate traces of what she was. Her conversation is more brilliant and pleasant than that of any one I know; and, at all events, I am bound to admire her for the kindness with which she patronises me. I hope that, some day or other, you may be acquainted with her.

‘I believe I have seen no one in London about whom you would care to hear,—unless the fame of Fanny Kemble has passed the Channel, and astonished the Irish Barbarians in the midst of their bloody-minded politics. Young Kemble, whom you have seen, is in Germany: but I have the happiness of being also acquainted with his sister, the divine Fanny; and I have seen her twice on the stage, and three or four times in private, since my return from Cornwall. I had seen some beautiful verses of hers, long before she was an actress; and her conversation is full of spirit and talent. She never was taught to act at all; and though there are many faults in her performance of Juliet, there is more power than in any female playing I ever saw, except Pasta’s Medea. She is not handsome, rather short, and by no means delicately formed; but her face is marked, and the eyes are brilliant, dark, and full of character. She has far more ability than she ever can display on the stage; but I have no doubt that, by practice and self-culture, she will be a far finer actress at least than anyone since Mrs. Siddons. I was at Charles Kemble’s a few evenings ago, when a drawing of Miss Kemble, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was brought in; and I have no doubt that you will shortly see, even in Dublin, an engraving of her from it, very unlike the caricatures that have hitherto appeared. I

hate the stage ; and but for her, should very likely never have gone to a theatre again. Even as it is, the annoyance is much more than the pleasure ; but I suppose I must go to see her in every character in which she acts. If Charlotte cares for plays, let me know, and I will write in more detail about this new Melpomene. I fear there are very few subjects on which I can say anything that will in the least interest her.—
Ever affectionately yours,

‘ J. STERLING. ’

Sterling and his circle, as their ardent speculation and activity fermented along, were in all things clear for progress, liberalism ; their politics, and view of the Universe, decisively of the Radical sort. As indeed that of England then was, more than ever ; the crust of old hidebound Toryism being now openly cracking towards some incurable disruption, which accordingly ensued as the Reform Bill before long. The Reform Bill already hung in the wind. Old hidebound Toryism, long recognised by all the world, and now at last obliged to recognise its very self, for an overgrown Imposture, supporting itself not by human reason, but by flunky blustering and brazen lying, superadded to mere brute force, could be no creed for young Sterling and his friends. In all things he and they were liberals, and, as was natural at this stage, democrats ; contemplating root-and-branch innovation by aid of the hustings and ballot-box. Hustings and ballot-box had speedily to vanish out of Sterling’s thoughts : but the character of root-and-branch innovator, essentially of ‘ Radical Reformer,’ was indelible with him, and under all forms could be traced as his character through life.

For the present, his and those young people’s aim was : By democracy, or what means there are, be all impostures put down. Speedy end to Superstition,—a gentle one if you can contrive it, but an end. What can it profit any mortal to adopt locutions and imaginations which do *not* correspond to fact ; which no sane mortal can deliberately adopt in his soul as true ; which the most orthodox of mortals can only, and this after infinite essentially *impious* effort to put-out the eyes

of his mind, persuade himself to 'believe that he believes'? Away with it; in the name of God, come out of it, all true men!

Piety of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, the gift of nature to him which he would not and could not throw away; but I find at this time his religion is as good as altogether Ethnic, Greekish, what Goethe calls the Heathen form of religion. The Church, with her articles, is without relation to him. And along with obsolete spiritualisms, he sees all-manner of obsolete thrones and big-wigged temporalities; and for them also can prophesy, and wish, only a speedy doom. Doom inevitable, registered in Heaven's Chancery from the beginning of days, doom unalterable as the pillars of the world; the gods are angry, and all nature groans, till this doom of eternal justice be fulfilled.

With gay audacity, with enthusiasm tempered by mockery, as is the manner of young gifted men, this faith, grounded for the present on democracy and hustings operations, and giving to all life the aspect of a chivalrous battlefield, or almost of a gay though perilous tournament, and bout of "A hundred knights against all comers,"—was maintained by Sterling and his friends. And in fine, after whatever loud remonstrances, and solemn considerations, and such shaking of our wigs as is undoubtedly natural in the case, let us be just to it and him. We shall have to admit, nay it will behove us to see and practically know, for ourselves and him and others, that the essence of this creed, in times like ours, was right and not wrong. That, however the ground and form of it might change, essentially it was the monition of his natal genius to this as it is to every brave man; the behest of all his clear insight into this Universe, the message of Heaven through him, which he could not suppress, but was inspired and compelled to utter in this world by such methods as he had. There for him lay the first commandment; *this* is what it would have been the unforgivable sin to swerve from and desert: the treason of treasons for him, it were there; compared with which all other sins are venial!

The message did not cease at all, as we shall see; the mes-

sage was ardently, if fitfully, continued to the end: but the methods, the tone and dialect and all outer conditions of uttering it, underwent most important modifications!

CHAPTER VIII.

COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallow-tide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him,

if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill ; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green ; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves ; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum : and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward,—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things ; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps ; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings ; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration ; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute ; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude ; in walking, he rather

shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his ‘object’ and ‘subject,’ terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-mject” and “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself, for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy.¹ Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed,—unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true and half-true observations, and is of course a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge’s way of talking;—this one feature is perhaps the most recognisable, ‘Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three quarters.’ Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenuous desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.

¹ Biography, by Hare, pp. xvi.—xxvi.

To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you!—I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatary gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way,—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

His talk, alas, was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its ‘sum-m-mjects’ and ‘om-m-mjects.’ Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but

they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible :—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words ; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had ; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals ; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognisable as pious though strangely coloured, were never wanting long : but in general you could not call this aimless, cloudcapt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of ‘excellent talk,’ but only of ‘surprising ;’ and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt’s account of it : “Excellent talker, very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion.” Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries ; he had traits even of poetic humour : but in general he seemed deficient in laughter ; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows ! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghost of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.

In close colloquy, flowing within narrower banks, I suppose he was more definite and apprehensible ; Sterling in after-times did not complain of his unintelligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so ! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain : his observations and responses on the trivial matters that occurred

were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. "Ah, your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge!" mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cup.—"It's better than I deserve!" snuffled he, in a low hoarse murmur, partly courteous, chiefly pious, the tone of which still abides with me: "It's better than I deserve!"

But indeed, to the young ardent mind, instinct with pious nobleness, yet driven to the grim deserts of Radicalism for a faith, his speculations had a charm much more than literary, a charm almost religious and prophetic. The constant gist of his discourse was lamentation over the sunk condition of the world; which he recognised to be given-up to Atheism and Materialism, full of mere sordid misbeliefs, mispursuits and misresults. All Science had become mechanical; the science not of men, but of a kind of human beavers. Churches themselves had died away into a godless mechanical condition; and stood there as mere Cases of Articles, mere Forms of Churches; like the dried carcasses of once-swift camels, which you find left withering in the thirst of the universal desert,—ghastly portents for the present, beneficent ships of the desert no more. Men's souls were blinded, hebetated; and sunk under the influence of Atheism and Materialism, and Hume and Voltaire: the world for the present was as an extinct world, deserted of God, and incapable of welldoing till it changed its heart and spirit. This, expressed I think with less of indignation and with more of long-drawn querulousness, was always recognisable as the ground-tone:—in which truly a pious young heart, driven into Radicalism and the opposition party, could not but recognise a too sorrowful truth; and ask of the Oracle, with all earnestness, What remedy, then?

The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it, in this parched-up body, was tragically asleep only.

Atheistic Philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church : but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revived itself into pristine florid vigour,—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how ! By attending to the “reason” of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining-up the “understanding” of man : the *Vernunft* (Reason) and *Verstand* (Understanding) of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them,—which you couldn’t. For the rest, Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various Books, especially was about to write one grand Book *On the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however : Churches, though proved false (as you had imagined), were still true (as you were to imagine) : here was an Artist who could burn you up an old Church, root and branch ; and then as the Alchemists professed to do with organic substances in general, distil you an “Astral Spirit” from the ashes, which was the very image of the old burnt article, its airdrawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get, and draw uses from, if you could. Wait till the Book on the Logos were done ;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, subtilised and spiritualised into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an “om-m-mject.”—The ingenuous young English head, of those days, stood strangely puzzled by such revelations ; uncertain whether it were getting inspired, or getting infatuated into flat imbecility ; and strange effulgence, of new day or else of deeper meteoric night, coloured the horizon of the future for it.

Let me not be unjust to this memorable man. Surely there was here, in his pious, ever-labouring, subtle mind, a precious truth, or prefigurement of truth ; and yet a fatal delusion withal. Prefigurement that, in spite of beaver sciences and temporary spiritual hebetude and cecity, man and his Universe were eternally divine ; and that no past nobleness, or revelation of the divine, could or would ever be lost to him. Most

true, surely, and worthy of all acceptance. Good also to do what you can with old Churches and practical Symbols of the Noble : nay quit not the burnt ruins of them while you find there is still gold to be dug there. But, on the whole, do not think you can, by logical alchymy, distil astral spirits from them ; or if you could, that said astral spirits, or defunct logical phantasms, could serve you in anything. What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible,—that, in God's name, leave uncredited ; at your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus-pocus of 'reason' *versus* 'understanding' will avail for that feat ;—and it is terribly perilous to try it in these provinces !

The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself : in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he "had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity ;" this was evident enough : but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond ; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these.

To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment ; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful ; truly a ray of empyrean light ;—but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances ; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him ; and he had not valiantly grappled with

it, he had fled from it ; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny, shall in no wise be shirked by any brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in this world ; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood, of the tasks laid on him ; and the heavier too, and more tragic, his penalties if he neglect them.

For the old Eternal Powers do live forever ; nor do their laws know any change, however we in our poor wigs and church-tippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into Heaven,—by the modern method, of sticking ostrich-like your head into fallacies on Earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods,—is forever forbidden. High-treason is the name of that attempt ; and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough : here once more was a kind of Heaven-scaling Ixion ; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern ! The ever-revolving, never-advancing Wheel (of a kind) was his, through life ; and from his Cloud-Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Pusseyisms, monstrous illusory Hybrids, and ecclesiastical Chimeras,—which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner !

CHAPTER IX.

SPANISH EXILES.

THIS magical ingredient thrown into the wild cauldron of such a mind, which we have seen occupied hitherto with mere Ethnicism, Radicalism and revolutionary tumult, but hungering all along for something higher and better, was sure to be eagerly welcomed and imbibed, and could not fail to produce

important fermentations there. Fermentations ; important new directions, and withal important new perversions, in the spiritual life of this man, as it has since done in the lives of so many. Here then is the new celestial manna we were all in quest of ? This thrice-refined pabulum of transcendental moonshine ? Whoso eateth thereof,—yes, what, on the whole, will *he* probably grow to ?

Sterling never spoke much to me of his intercourse with Coleridge ; and when we did compare notes about him, it was usually rather in the way of controversial discussion than of narrative. So that, from my own resources, I can give no details of the business, nor specify anything in it, except the general fact of an ardent attendance at Highgate continued for many months, which was impressively known to all Sterling's friends ; and am unable to assign even the limitary dates, Sterling's own papers on the subject having all been destroyed by him. Inferences point to the end of 1828 as the beginning of this intercourse ; perhaps in 1829 it was at the highest point ; and already in 1830, when the intercourse itself was about to terminate, we have proof of the influences it was producing,—in the Novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, then on hand, the first and only Book that Sterling ever wrote. His writings hitherto had been sketches, criticisms, brief essays ; he was now trying it on a wider scale ; but not yet with satisfactory results, and it proved to be his only trial in that form.

He had already, as was intimated, given-up his brief proprietorship of the *Athenæum* ; the commercial indications, and state of sales and of costs, peremptorily ordering him to do so ; the copyright went by sale or gift, I know not at what precise date, into other fitter hands ; and with the copyright all connexion on the part of Sterling. To *Athenæum* Sketches had now (in 1829–30) succeeded *Arthur Coningsby*, a Novel in three volumes ; indicating (when it came to light, a year or two afterwards) equally hasty and much more ambitious aims in Literature ;—giving strong evidence, too, of internal spiritual revulsions going painfully forward, and in particular of the impression Coleridge was producing on him. Without and within, it was a wild tide of things this ardent light

young soul was afloat upon, at present ; and his outlooks into the future, whether for his spiritual or economic fortunes, were confused enough.

Among his familiars in this period, I might have mentioned one Charles Barton, formerly his fellow-student at Cambridge, now an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about Town ; who led the way into certain new experiences, and lighter fields, for Sterling. His Father, Lieutenant-General Barton of the Life-guards, and Irish landlord, I think in Fermanagh County, and a man of connexions about Court, lived in a certain figure here in Town ; had a wife of fashionable habits, with other sons, and also daughters, bred in this sphere. These, all of them, were amiable, elegant and pleasant people ;—such was especially an eldest daughter, Susannah Barton, a stately blooming black-eyed young woman, attractive enough in form and character ; full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm ; about Sterling's own age, if not a little older. In this house, which opened to him, more decisively than his Father's, a new stratum of society, and where his reception for Charles's sake and his own was of the kindest, he liked very well to be ; and spent, I suppose, many of his vacant half-hours, lightly chatting with the elders or the youngsters,—doubtless with the young lady too, though as yet without particular intentions on either side.

Nor, with all the Coleridge fermentation, was democratic Radicalism by any means given up ;—though how it was to live if the Coleridgean moonshine took effect, might have been an abstruse question. Hitherto, while said moonshine was but taking effect, and colouring the outer surface of things without quite penetrating into the heart, democratic Liberalism, revolt against superstition and oppression, and help to whosoever would revolt, was still the grand element in Sterling's creed ; and practically he stood, not ready only, but full of alacrity to fulfil all its behests. We heard long since of the 'black dragoons,'—whom doubtless the new moonshine had considerably silvered-over into new hues, by this time :—but here now, while Radicalism is tottering for him and

threatening to crumble, comes suddenly the grand consummation and explosion of Radicalism in his life ; whereby, all at once, Radicalism exhausted and ended itself, and appeared no more there.

In those years a visible section of the London population, and conspicuous out of all proportion to its size or value, was a small knot of Spaniards, who had sought shelter here as Political Refugees. "Political Refugees:" a tragic succession of that class is one of the possessions of England in our time. Six-and-twenty years ago, when I first saw London, I remember those unfortunate Spaniards among the new phenomena. Daily in the cold spring air, under skies so unlike their own, you could see a group of fifty or a hundred stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks ; perambulating, mostly with closed lips, the broad pavements of Euston Square and the regions about St. Pancras new Church. Their lodging was chiefly in Somers Town, as I understood ; and those open pavements about St. Pancras Church were the general place of rendezvous. They spoke little or no English ; knew nobody, could employ themselves on nothing, in this new scene. Old steel-gray heads, many of them ; the shaggy, thick, blue-black hair of others struck you ; their brown complexion, dusky look of suppressed fire, in general their tragic condition as of caged Numidian lions.

That particular Flight of Unfortunates has long since fled again, and vanished ; and new have come and fled. In this convulsed revolutionary epoch, which already lasts above sixty years, what tragic flights of such have we not seen arrive on the one safe coast which is open to them, as they get successively vanquished, and chased into exile to avoid worse ! Swarm after swarm, of ever-new complexion, from Spain as from other countries, is thrown off, in those ever-recurring paroxysms ; and will continue to be thrown off. As there could be (suggests Linnæus) a 'flower-clock,' measuring the hours of the day, and the months of the year, by the kinds of flowers that go to sleep and awaken, that blow into beauty and fade into dust : so in the great Revolutionary Horologe,

one might mark the years and epochs by the successive kinds of exiles that walk London streets, and, in grim silent manner, demand pity from us and reflections from us.—This then extant group of Spanish Exiles was the Trocadero swarm, thrown-off in 1823, in the Riego and Quirogas quarrel. These were they whom Charles Tenth had, by sheer force, driven from their constitutionalisms and their Trocadero fortresses,—Charles Tenth, who himself was soon driven out, manifoldly by sheer force ; and had to head his own swarm of fugitives ; and has now himself quite vanished, and given place to others. For there is no end of them ; propelling and propelled !—

Of these poor Spanish Exiles, now vegetating about Somers Town, and painfully beating the pavement in Euston Square, the acknowledged chief was General Torrijos, a man of high qualities and fortunes, still in the vigour of his years, and in these desperate circumstances refusing to despair ; with whom Sterling had, at this time, become intimate.

CHAPTER X.

TORRIJOS.

TORRIJOS, who had now in 1829 been here some four or five years, having come over in 1824, had from the first enjoyed a superior reception in England. Possessing not only a language to speak, which few of the others did, but manifold experiences courtly, military, diplomatic, with fine natural faculties, and high Spanish manners tempered into cosmopolitan, he had been welcomed in various circles of society ; and found, perhaps he alone of those Spaniards, a certain human companionship among persons of some standing in this country. With the elder Sterlings, among others, he had made acquaintance ; became familiar in the social circle at South Place, and was much esteemed there. With Madam Torrijos, who also was a person of amiable and distinguished qualities, an affectionate friendship grew up on the part of Mrs. Sterling, which ended only with the death of these two ladies. John Sterling, on arriving in London from his University work, nat-

urally inherited what he liked to take-up of this relation : and in the lodgings in Regent Street, and the democratico-literary element there, Torrijos became a very prominent, and at length almost the central object.

The man himself, it is well known, was a valiant, gallant man ; of lively intellect, of noble chivalrous character : fine talents, fine accomplishments, all grounding themselves on a certain rugged veracity, recommended him to the discerning. He had begun youth in the Court of Ferdinand ; had gone on in Wellington and other arduous, victorious and unvictorious, soldierings ; familiar in camps and council-rooms, in presence-chambers and in prisons. He knew romantic Spain ; —he was himself, standing withal in the vanguard of Freedom's fight, a kind of living romance. Infinitely interesting to John Sterling, for one.

It was to Torrijos that the poor Spaniards of Somers Town looked mainly, in their helplessness, for every species of help. Torrijos, it was hoped, would yet lead them into Spain and glorious victory there ; meanwhile here in England, under defeat, he was their captain and sovereign in another painfully inverse sense. To whom, in extremity, everybody might apply. When all present resources failed, and the exchequer was quite out, there still remained Torrijos. Torrijos has to find new resources for his destitute patriots, find loans, find Spanish lessons for them among his English friends : in all which charitable operations, it need not be said, John Sterling was his foremost man ; zealous to empty his own purse for the object ; impetuous in rushing hither or thither to enlist the aid of others, and find lessons or something that would do. His friends, of course, had to assist ; the Bartons, among others, were wont to assist ;—and I have heard that the fair Susan, stirring-up her indolent enthusiasm into practicality, was very successful in finding Spanish lessons, and the like, for these distressed men. Sterling and his friends were yet new in this business ; but Torrijos and the others were getting old in it,—and doubtless weary and almost desperate of it. They had now been seven years in it, many of them ; and were asking, When will the end be ?

Torrijos is described as a man of excellent discernment: who knows how long he had repressed the unreasonable schemes of his followers, and turned a deaf ear to the temptings of fallacious hope? But there comes at length a sum-total of oppressive burdens which is intolerable, which tempts the wisest towards fallacies for relief. These weary groups, pacing the Euston-Square pavements, had often said in their despair, "Were not death in battle better? Here are we slowly mouldering into nothingness; there we might reach it rapidly, in flaming splendour. Flame, either of victory to Spain and us, or of a patriot death, the sure harbinger of victory to Spain. Flame fit to kindle a fire which no Ferdinand, with all his Inquisitions and Charles-Tenths, could put out." Enough, in the end of 1829, Torrijos himself had yielded to this pressure; and hoping against hope, persuaded himself that if he could but land in the South of Spain with a small patriot band well armed and well resolved, a band carrying fire in its heart,—then Spain, all inflammable as touchwood, and groaning indignantly under its brutal tyrant, might blaze wholly into flame round him, and incalculable victory be won. Such was his conclusion; not sudden, yet surely not deliberate either,—desperate rather, and forced-on by circumstances. He thought with himself that, considering Somers Town and considering Spain, the terrible chance was worth trying; that this big game of Fate, go how it might, was one which the omens credibly declared he and these poor Spaniards ought to play.

His whole industries and energies were thereupon bent towards starting the said game; and his thought and continual speech and song now was, That if he had a few thousand pounds to buy arms, to freight a ship and make the other preparations, he and these poor gentlemen, and Spain and the world, were made men and a saved Spain and world. What talks and consultations in the apartment in Regent Street, during those winter days of 1829-30; setting into open conflagration the young democracy that was wont to assemble there! Of which there is now left next to no remembrance. For Sterling never spoke a word of this affair

in after days, nor was any of the actors much tempted to speak. We can understand too well that here were young fervid hearts in an explosive condition ; young rash heads, sanctioned by a man's experienced head. Here at last shall enthusiasm and theory become practice and fact ; fiery dreams are at last permitted to realise themselves ; and now is the time or never !—How the Coleridge moonshine comported itself amid these hot telluric flames, or whether it had not yet begun to play there (which I rather doubt), must be left to conjecture.

Mr. Hare speaks of Sterling 'sailing over to St. Valery in an open boat along with others,' upon one occasion, in this enterprise ;—in the *final* English scene of it, I suppose. Which is very possible. Unquestionably there was adventure enough of other kinds for it, and running to and fro with all his speed on behalf of it, during these months of his history ! Money was subscribed, collected : the young Cambridge democrats were all a-blaze to assist Torrijos ; nay certain of them decided to go with him,—and went. Only, as yet, the funds were rather incomplete. And here, as I learn from a good hand, is the secret history of their becoming complete. Which, as we are upon the subject, I had better give. But for the following circumstance, they had perhaps never been completed ; nor had the rash enterprise, or its catastrophe, so influential on the rest of Sterling's life, taken place at all.

A certain Lieutenant Robert Boyd, of the Indian Army, an Ulster Irishman, a cousin of Sterling's, had received some affront, or otherwise taken some disgust in that service ; had thrown-up his commission in consequence ; and returned home, about this time, with intent to seek another course of life. Having only, for outfit, these impatient ardours, some experience in Indian drill-exercise, and five thousand pounds of inheritance, he found the enterprise attended with difficulties ; and was somewhat at a loss how to dispose of himself. Some young Ulster comrade, in a partly similar situation, had pointed out to him that there lay in a certain neighbouring creek of the Irish coast, a worn-out royal gun-brig condemned to sale, to be had dog-cheap : this he proposed that they two,

or in fact Boyd with his five thousand pounds, should buy ; that they should refit and arm and man it ;—and sail a-privatizing “to the Eastern Archipelago,” Philippine Isles, or I know not where ; and so conquer the golden fleece.

Boyd naturally paused a little at this great proposal ; did not quite reject it ; came across, with it and other fine projects and impatiences fermenting in his head, to London, there to see and consider. It was in the months when the Torrijos enterprise was in the birth-throes ; crying wildly for capital, of all things. Boyd naturally spoke of his projects to Sterling,—of his gun-brig lying in the Irish creek, among others. Sterling naturally said, “If you want an adventure of the Seaking sort, and propose to lay your money and your life into such a game, here is Torrijos and Spain at his back ; here is a golden fleece to conquer, worth twenty Eastern Archipelagos.”—Boyd and Torrijos quickly met ; quickly bargained. Boyd’s money was to go in purchasing, and storing with a certain stock of arms and etceteras, a small ship in the Thames, which should carry Boyd with Torrijos and the adventurers to the south coast of Spain ; and there, the game once played and won, Boyd was to have promotion enough,—‘the colonelcy of a Spanish cavalry regiment,’ for one express thing. What exact share Sterling had in this negotiation, or whether he did not even take the prudent side and caution Boyd to be wary, I know not ; but it was he that brought the parties together ; and all his friends knew, in silence, that to the end of his life he painfully remembered that fact.

And so a ship was hired, or purchased, in the Thames ; due furnishings began to be executed in it ; arms and stores were gradually got on board ; Torrijos with his Fifty picked Spaniards, in the meanwhile, getting ready. This was in the spring of 1830. Boyd’s 5000*l.* was the grand nucleus of finance ; but vigorous subscription was carried on likewise in Sterling’s young democratic circle, or wherever a member of it could find access ; not without considerable result, and with a zeal that may be imagined. Nay, as above hinted, certain of these young men decided, not to give their money only, but themselves along with it, as democratic volunteers and

soldiers of progress ; among whom, it need not be said, Sterling intended to be foremost. Busy weeks with him, those spring ones of the year 1830 ! Through this small Note, accidentally preserved to us, addressed to his friend Barton, we obtain a curious glance into the subterranean workshop :

‘ To Charles Barton, Esq., Dorset Sq., Regent’s Park.

[No date ; apparently March or February 1830.]

‘ MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have wanted to see you to talk to you about my Foreign affairs. If you are going to be in London for a few days, I believe you can be very useful to me, at a considerable expense and trouble to yourself, in the way of buying accoutrements ; *inter alia*, a sword and a saddle,—not, you will understand, for my own use.

‘ Things are going on very well, but are very, even frightfully near ; only be quiet ! Pray would you, in case of necessity, take a free passage to Holland, next week or the week after ; stay two or three days, and come back, all expenses paid ? If you write to B—— at Cambridge, tell him above all things to hold his tongue. If you are near Palace Yard to-morrow before two, pray come to see me. Do not come on purpose ; especially as I may perhaps be away, and at all events shall not be there until eleven, nor perhaps till rather later.

‘ I fear I shall have alarmed your Mother by my irruption. Forgive me for that and all my exactions from you. If the next month were over, I should not have to trouble any one. —Yours affectionately,

‘ J. STERLING.’

Busy weeks indeed ; and a glowing smithy-light coming through the chinks !—the romance of *Arthur Coningsby* lay written, or half-written, in his desk ; and here, in his heart and among his hands, was an acted romance and unknown catastrophes keeping pace with that.

Doubts from the doctors, for his health was getting ominous, threw some shade over the adventure. Reproachful reminiscences of Coleridge and Theosophy were natural too ;

then fond regrets for Literature and its glories: if you act your romance, how can you also write it? Regrets, and reproachful reminiscences, from Art and Theosophy; perhaps some tenderer regrets withal. A crisis in life had come; when, of innumerable possibilities one possibility was to be elected king, and to swallow all the rest, the rest of course made noise enough, and swelled themselves to their biggest.

Meanwhile the ship was fast getting ready: on a certain day, it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal, and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay-in his accoutrements, then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements and farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. "You are going, then; to Spain? To rough it amid the storms of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and—we shall never see you more, then!" Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness become liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears,'—so I have it on authority:—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand, and the acceptance of it;—any sacrifice to get rid of this horrid Spanish business, and save the health and life of a gifted young man so precious to the world and to another!

'Ill-health,' as often afterwards in Sterling's life, when the excuse was real enough but not the chief excuse; 'ill-health, and insuperable obstacles and engagements,' had to bear the chief brunt in apologising: and, as Sterling's actual presence, or that of any Englishman except Boyd and his money, was not in the least vital to the adventure, his excuse was at once accepted. The English connexions and subscriptions are a given fact, to be presided over by what English volunteers there are: and as for Englishmen, the fewer Englishmen that go, the larger will be the share of influence for each. The other adventurers, Torrijos among them in due readiness, moved silently one by one down to Deal: Sterling, superintending

the naval hands, on board their ship in the Thames, was to see the last finish given to everything in that department ; then, on the set evening, to drop down quietly to Deal, and there say *Andad con Dios*, and return.

Behold ! Just before the set evening came, the Spanish Envoy at this Court has got notice of what is going on ; the Spanish Envoy, and of course the British-Foreign Secretary, and of course also the Thames Police, Armed men spring suddenly on board, one day, while Sterling is there ; declare the ship seized and embargoed in the King's name ; nobody on board to stir till he has given some account of himself in due time and place ! Huge consternation, naturally, from stem to stern. Sterling, whose presence of mind seldom forsook him, casts his eye over the River and its craft ; sees a wherry, privately signals it, drops rapidly on board of it : " Stop ! " fiercely interjects the marine policeman from the ship's deck.—" Why, stop ? What use have you for me, or I for you ? " and the oars begin playing.—" Stop, or I'll shoot you ! " cries the marine policeman, drawing a pistol.—" No, you wont."—" I will ! "—" If you do you'll be hanged at the next Maidstone assizes, then ; that's all,"—and Sterling's wherry shot rapidly ashore ; and out of this perilous adventure.

That same night he posted down to Deal ; disclosed to the Torrijos party what catastrophe had come. No passage Spainward from the Thames ; well if arrestment do not suddenly come from the Thames ! It was on this occasion, I suppose, that the passage in the open boat to St. Valery occurred ;—speedy flight in what boat or boats, open or shut, could be got at Deal on the sudden. Sterling himself, according to Hare's authority, actually went with them so far. Enough, they got shipping, as private passengers in one craft or the other ; and, by degrees or at once, arrived all at Gibraltar,—Boyd, one or two young democrats of Regent Street, the fifty picked Spaniards, and Torrijos,—safe, though without arms ; still in the early part of the year.

CHAPTER XI.

MARRIAGE : ILL-HEALTH ; WEST-INDIES.

STERLING's outlooks and occupations, now that his Spanish friends were gone, must have been of a rather miscellaneous confused description. He had the enterprise of a married life close before him ; and as yet no profession, no fixed pursuit whatever. His health was already very threatening ; often such as to disable him from present activity, and occasion the gravest apprehensions ; practically blocking-up all important courses whatsoever, and rendering the future, if even life were lengthened and he had any future, an insolubility for him. Parliament was shut, public life was shut : Literature,—if, alas, any solid fruit could lie in Literature !

Or perhaps one's health would mend, after all ; and many things be better than was hoped ! Sterling was not of a despondent temper, or given in any measure to lie down and indolently moan : I fancy he walked briskly enough into this tempestuous-looking future ; not heeding too much its thunderous aspects ; doing swiftly, for the day, what his hand found to do. *Arthur Coningsby*, I suppose, lay on the anvil at present ; visits to Coleridge were now again more possible ; grand news from Torrijos might be looked for, though only small yet came :—nay here, in the hot July, is France, at least, all thrown into volcano again ! Here are the miraculous Three Days ; heralding, in thunder, great things to Torrijos and others ; filling with babblement and vaticination the mouths and hearts of all democratic men.

So rolled along, in tumult of chaotic remembrance and uncertain hope, in manifold emotion, and the confused struggle (for Sterling as for the world) to extricate the New from the falling ruins of the Old, the summer and autumn of 1830. From Gibraltar and Torrijos the tidings were vague, unimportant and discouraging : attempt on Cadiz, attempt on the lines of St. Roch, those attempts, or rather resolutions to attempt, had died in the birth, or almost before it. Men

blamed Torrijos, little knowing his impediments. Boyd was still patient, at his post : others of the young English (on the strength of the subscribed moneys) were said to be thinking of tours,—perhaps in the Sierra Morena and neighbouring Quixote regions. From that Torrijos enterprise it did not seem that anything considerable would come.

On the edge of winter, here at home, Sterling was married : ‘at Christchurch, Marylebone, 2d November 1830,’ say the records. His blooming, kindly and true-hearted Wife had not much money, nor had he as yet any : but friends on both sides were bountiful and hopeful ; had made-up, for the young couple, the foundations of a modestly effective household ; and in the future there lay more substantial prospects. On the finance side Sterling never had anything to suffer. His Wife, though somewhat languid, and of indolent humour, was a graceful, pious-minded, honourable and affectionate woman ; she could not much support him in the ever-shifting struggles of his life, but she faithfully attended him in them, and loyally marched by his side through the changes and nomadic pilgrimings, of which many were appointed him in his short course.

Unhappily a few weeks after his marriage, and before any household was yet set up, he fell dangerously ill ; worse in health than he had ever yet been : so many agitations crowded into the last few months had been too much for him. He fell into dangerous pulmonary illness, sank ever deeper ; lay for many weeks in his Father’s house utterly prostrate, his young Wife and his Mother watching over him ; friends, sparingly admitted, long despairing of his life. All prospects in this world were now apparently shut upon him.

After a while, came hope again, and kindlier symptoms : but the doctors intimated that there lay consumption in the question, and that perfect recovery was not to be looked for. For weeks he had been confined to bed ; it was several months before he could leave his sick-room, where the visits of a few friends had much cheered him. And now when delivered, readmitted to the air of day again,—weak as he was, and

with such a liability still lurking in him,—what his young partner and he were to do, or whitherward to turn for a good course of life, was by no means too apparent.

One of his Mother Mrs. Edward Sterling's Uncles, a Coningham from Derry, had, in the course of his industrious and adventurous life, realised large property in the West Indies,—a valuable Sugar-estate, with its equipments, in the Island of St. Vincent ;—from which Mrs. Sterling and her family were now, and had been for some years before her Uncle's decease, deriving important benefits. I have heard, it was then worth some ten thousand pounds a-year to the parties interested. Anthony Sterling, John, and another a cousin of theirs were ultimately to be heirs, in equal proportions. The old gentleman, always kind to his kindred, and a brave and solid man though somewhat abrupt in his ways, had lately died ; leaving a settlement to this effect, not without some intricacies, and almost caprices, in the conditions attached.

This property, which is still a valuable one, was Sterling's chief pecuniary outlook for the distant future. Of course it well deserved taking care of ; and if the eye of the master were upon it, of course too (according to the adage) the cattle would fatten better. As the warm climate was favourable to pulmonary complaints, and Sterling's occupations were so shattered to pieces and his outlooks here so waste and vague, why should not he undertake this duty for himself and others ?

It was fixed upon as the eligiblest course. A visit to St. Vincent, perhaps a permanent residence there : he went into the project with his customary impetuosity ; his young Wife cheerfully consenting, and all manner of new hopes clustering round it. There are the rich tropical sceneries, the romance of the torrid zone with its new skies and seas and lands ; there are Blacks, and the Slavery question to be investigated ; there are the bronzed Whites and Yellows, and their strange new way of life : by all means let us go and try !—Arrangements being completed, so soon as his strength had sufficiently recovered, and the harsh spring winds had sufficiently abated, Sterling with his small household set sail for St. Vincent ; and

arrived without accident. His first child, a son Edward, now living and grown to manhood, was born there, 'at Brighton in the Island of St. Vincent,' in the fall of that year 1831.

CHAPTER XII.

ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

STERLING found a pleasant residence, with all its adjuncts, ready for him, at Colonarie, in this 'volcanic Isle' under the hot sun. An interesting Isle : a place of rugged chasms, precipitous gnarled heights, and the most fruitful hollows ; shaggy everywhere with luxuriant vegetation ; set under magnificent skies, in the mirror of the summer seas ; offering everywhere the grandest sudden outlooks and contrasts. His Letters represent a placidly cheerful riding life : a pensive humour, but the thunderclouds all sleeping in the distance. Good relations with a few neighbouring planters ; indifference to the noisy political and other agitations of the rest : friendly, by no means romantic appreciation of the Blacks ; quiet prosperity economic and domestic : on the whole a healthy and commendable way of life, with Literature very much in abeyance in it.

He writes to Mr. Hare (date not given) : 'The landscapes around me here are noble and lovely as any that can be conceived on Earth. How indeed could it be otherwise, in a small Island of volcanic mountains, far within the Tropics, and perpetually covered with the richest vegetation?' The moral aspect of things is by no means so good ; but neither is that without its fair features. 'So far as I see, the Slaves here are cunning, deceitful and idle ; without any great aptitude for ferocious crimes, and with very little scruple at committing others. But I have seen them much only in very favourable circumstances. They are, as a body, decidedly unfit for freedom ; and if left, as at present, completely in the hands of their masters, will never become so, unless through the agency of the Methodists.'¹

¹ Biography, by Mr. Hare, p. xli.

In the Autumn came an immense hurricane ; with new and indeed quite perilous experiences of West-Indian life. This hasty Letter, addressed to his Mother, is not intrinsically his remarkablest from St. Vincent : but the body of fact delineated in it being so much the greatest, we will quote it in preference. A West-Indian tornado, as John Sterling witnesses it, and with vivid authenticity describes it, may be considered worth looking at.

‘ To Mrs. Sterling, South Place, Knightsbridge, London.

‘ Brighton, St. Vincent, 28th August 1831.

‘ MY DEAR MOTHER,—The packet came in yesterday ; bringing me some Newspapers, a Letter from my Father, and one from Anthony, with a few lines from you. I wrote, some days ago, a hasty Note to my Father, on the chance of its reaching you through Grenada sooner than any communication by the packet ; and in it I spoke of the great misfortune which had befallen this Island and Barbadoes, but from which all those you take an interest in have happily escaped unhurt.

‘ From the day of our arrival in the West Indies until Thursday the 11th instant, which will long be a memorable day with us, I had been doing my best to get ourselves established comfortably ; and I had at last bought the materials for making some additions to the house. But on the morning I have mentioned, all that I had exerted myself to do, nearly all the property both of Susan and myself, and the very house we lived in, were suddenly destroyed by a visitation of Providence far more terrible than any I have ever witnessed.

‘ When Susan came from her room, to breakfast, at eight o’clock, I pointed out to her the extraordinary height and violence of the surf, and the singular appearance of the clouds of heavy rain sweeping down the valleys before us. At this time I had so little apprehension of what was coming, that I talked of riding down to the shore when the storm should abate, as I had never seen so fierce a sea. In about a quarter of an hour the House-Negroes came in, to close the outside shutters of the windows. They knew that the plantain-trees about the Negro houses had been blown down in the night ;

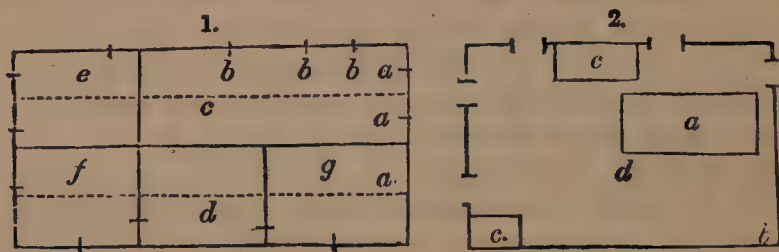
and had told the maid-servant Tyrrell, but I had heard nothing of it. A very few minutes after the closing of the windows, I found that the shutters of Tyrrell's room, at the south and commonly the most sheltered end of the House, were giving way. I tried to tie them ; but the silk handkerchief which I used soon gave way ; and as I had neither hammer, boards nor nails in the house, I could do nothing more to keep out the tempest. I found, in pushing at the leaf of the shutter, that the wind resisted, more as if it had been a stone wall or a mass of iron, than a mere current of air. There were one or two people outside trying to fasten the windows, and I went out to help ; but we had no tools at hand : one man was blown down the hill in front of the house, before my face ; and the other and myself had great difficulty in getting back again inside the door. The rain on my face and hands felt like so much small shot from a gun. There was great exertion necessary to shut the door of the house.

‘The windows at the end of the large room were now giving way ; and I suppose it was about nine o'clock, when the hurricane burst them in, as if it had been a discharge from a battery of heavy cannon. The shutters were first forced open, and the wind fastened them back to the wall ; and then the panes of glass were smashed by the mere force of the gale, without anything having touched them. Even now I was not at all sure the house would go. My books, I saw, were lost ; for the rain poured past the bookcases, as if it had been the Colonarie River. But we carried a good deal of furniture into the passage at the entrance ; we set Susan there on a sofa, and the Black Housekeeper was even attempting to get her some breakfast. The house, however, began to shake so violently, and the rain was so searching, that she could not stay there long. She went into her own room ; and I stayed to see what could be done.

‘Under the forepart of the house, there are cellars built of stone, but not arched. To these, however, there was no access except on the outside ; and I knew from my own experience that Susan could not have gone a step beyond the door, without being carried away by the storm, and probably killed on

the spot. The only chance seemed to be that of breaking through the floor. But when the old Cook and myself resolved on this, we found that we had no instrument with which it would be possible to do it. It was now clear that we had only God to trust in. The front windows were giving way with successive crashes, and the floor shook as you may have seen a carpet on a gusty day in London. I went into our bedroom; where I found Susan, Tyrrell, and a little Coloured girl of seven or eight years old; and told them that we should probably not be alive in half an hour. I could have escaped, if I had chosen to go alone, by crawling on the ground either into the kitchen, a separate stone building at no great distance, or into the open fields away from trees or houses; but Susan could not have gone a yard. She became quite calm when she knew the worst; and she sat on my knee in what seemed the safest corner of the room, while every blast was bringing nearer and nearer the moment of our seemingly certain destruction.

The house was under two parallel roofs; and the one next the sea, which sheltered the other, and us who were under the other, went off, I suppose about ten o'clock. After my old plan, I will give you a sketch, from which you may perceive how we were situated:



The *a, a* are the windows that were first destroyed: *b* went next; my books were between the windows *b*, and on the wall opposite to them. The lines *c* and *d* mark the directions of the two roofs; *e* is the room in which we were, and 2 is a plan of it on a larger scale. Look now at 2: *a* is the bed; *c, c* the two wardrobes; *b* the corner in which we were. I

was sitting in an arm-chair, holding my Wife ; and Tyrrell and the little Black child were close to us. We had given-up all notion of surviving ; and only waited for the fall of the roof to perish together.

‘Before long the roof went. Most of the materials, however, were carried clear away : one of the large couples was caught on the bed-post marked *d*, and held fast by the iron spike ; while the end of it hung over our heads : had the beam fallen an inch on either side of the bed-post, it must necessarily have crushed us. The walls did not go with the roof ; and we remained for half an hour, alternately praying to God, and watching them as they bent, creaked, and shivered before the storm.

‘Tyrrell and the child, when the roof was off, made their way through the remains of the partition, to the outer door ; and with the help of the people who were looking for us, got into the kitchen. A good while after they were gone, and before we knew anything of their fate, a Negro suddenly came upon us : and the sight of him gave us a hope of safety. When the people learned that we were in danger, and while their own huts were flying about their ears, they crowded to help us ; and the old Cook urged them on to our rescue. He made five attempts, after saving Tyrrell, to get to us ; and four times he was blown down. The fifth time he and the Negro we first saw, reached the house. The space they had to traverse was not above twenty yards of level ground if so much. In another minute or two, the Overseer and a crowd of Negroes, most of whom had come on their hands and knees, were surrounding us ; and with their help Susan was carried round to the end of the house ; where they broke-open the cellar window, and placed her in comparative safety. The force of the hurricane was, by this time, a good deal diminished, or it would have been impossible to stand before it.

‘But the wind was still terrific ; and the rain poured into the cellars through the floor above. Susan, Tyrrell, and a crowd of Negroes remained under it, for more than two hours : and I was long afraid that the wet and cold would kill her, if she did not perish more violently. Happily we had wine and

spirits at hand, and she was much nerved by a tumbler of claret. As soon as I saw her in comparative security, I went off with one of the Overseers down to the works, where the greater number of the Negroes were collected, that we might see what could be done for them. They were wretched enough, but no one was hurt; and I ordered them a dram apiece, which seemed to give them a good deal of consolation.

‘Before I could make my way back, the hurricane became as bad as at first; and I was obliged to take shelter for half an hour in a ruined Negro house. This, however, was the last of its extreme violence. By one o’clock, even the rain had in a great degree ceased; and as only one room of the house, the one marked *f*, was standing, and that rickety,—I had Susan carried in a chair down the hill, to the Hospital; where, in a small paved unlighted room, she spent the next twenty-four hours. She was far less injured than might have been expected from such a catastrophe.

‘Next day, I had the passage at the entrance of the house repaired and roofed; and we returned to the ruins of our habitation, still encumbered as they were with the wreck of almost all we were possessed of. The walls of the part of the house next the sea were carried away, in less I think than half an hour after we reached the cellar: when I had leisure to examine the remains of the house, I found the floor strewn with fragments of the building, and with broken furniture; and our books all soaked as completely as if they had been for several hours in the sea.

‘In the course of a few days I had the other room, *g*, which is under the same roof as the one saved, rebuilt; and Susan stayed in this temporary abode for a week,—when we left Colonarie, and came to Brighton. Mr. Munro’s kindness exceeds all precedent. We shall certainly remain here till my Wife is recovered from her confinement. In the mean while we shall have a new house built, in which we hope to be well settled before Christmas.

‘The roof was half blown off the kitchen, but I have had it mended already; the other offices were all swept away. The gig is much injured; and my horse received a wound in the

fall of the stable, from which he will not be recovered for some weeks: in the mean time I have no choice but to buy another, as I must go at least once or twice a week to Colonarie, besides business in Town. As to our own comforts, we can scarcely expect ever to recover from the blow that has now stricken us. No money would repay me for the loss of my books, of which a large proportion had been in my hands for so many years that they were like old and faithful friends, and of which many had been given me at different times by the persons in the world whom I most value.

‘But against all this I have to set the preservation of our lives, in a way the most awfully providential; and the safety of every one on the Estate. And I have also the great satisfaction of reflecting that all the Negroes from whom any assistance could reasonably be expected, behaved like so many Heroes of Antiquity; risking their lives and limbs for us and our property, while their own poor houses were flying like chaff before the hurricane. There are few White people here who can say as much for their Black dependents; and the force and value of the relation between Master and Slave has been tried by the late calamity on a large scale.

‘Great part of both sides of this Island has been laid completely waste. The beautiful wide and fertile Plain called the Charib Country, extending for many miles to the north of Colonarie, and formerly containing the finest sets of works and best dwelling-houses in the Island, is, I am told, completely desolate: on several estates not a roof even of a Negro hut standing. In the embarrassed circumstances of many of the proprietors, the ruin is, I fear, irreparable.—At Colonarie the damage is serious, but by no means desperate. The crop is perhaps injured ten or fifteen per cent. The roofs of several large buildings are destroyed, but these we are already supplying; and the injuries done to the cottages of the Negroes are, by this time, nearly if not quite remedied.

‘Indeed, all that has been suffered in St. Vincent appears nothing when compared with the appalling loss of property and of human lives at Barbadoes. There the Town is little but a heap of ruins, and the corpses are reckoned by thou-

sands ; while throughout the Island there are not, I believe, ten estates on which the buildings are standing. The Elliotts, from whom we have heard, are living with all their family in a tent ; and may think themselves wonderfully saved, when whole families round them were crushed at once beneath their houses. Hugh Barton, the only officer of the Garrison hurt, has broken his arm, and we know nothing of his prospects of recovery. The more horrible misfortune of Barbadoes is partly to be accounted for by the fact of the hurricane having begun there during the night. The flatness of the surface in that island presented no obstacle to the wind, which must, however, I think have been in itself more furious than with us. No other island has suffered considerably.

‘I have told both my Uncle and Anthony that I have given you the details of our recent history ;—which are not so pleasant that I should wish to write them again. Perhaps you will be good enough to let them see this, as soon as you and my Father can spare it. * * * I am ever, dearest Mother,—your grateful and affectionate

‘JOHN STERLING.’

This Letter, I observe, is dated 28th August 1831 ; which is otherwise a day of mark to the world and me,—the Poet Goethe’s last birthday. While Sterling sat in the Tropical solitudes, penning this history, little European Weimar had its carriages and state-carriages busy on the streets, and was astir with compliments and visiting-cards, doing its best, as heretofore, on behalf of a remarkable day ; and was not, for centuries or tens of centuries, to see the like of it again !—

. At Brighton, the hospitable home of those Munroes, our friends continued for above two months. Their first child, Edward, as above noticed, was born here, ‘14th October 1831 ;’—and now the poor lady, safe from all her various perils, could return to Colonarie under good auspices.

It was in this year that I first heard definitely of Sterling as a contemporary existence ; and laid-up some note and outline of him in my memory, as of one whom I might yet hope to know. John Mill, Mrs. Austin and perhaps other friends,

spoke of him with great affection and much pitying admiration ; and hoped to see him home again, under better omens, from over the seas. As a gifted, amiable being, of a certain radiant tenuity and velocity, too thin and rapid and diffusive, in danger of dissipating himself into the vague, or alas into death itself : it was so that, like a spot of bright colours, rather than a portrait with features, he hung occasionally visible in my imagination.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CATASTROPHE.

THE ruin of his house had hardly been repaired, when there arrived out of Europe tidings which smote as with a still more fatal hurricane on the four corners of his inner world, and awoke all the old thunders that lay asleep on his horizon there. Tidings, at last of a decisive nature, from Gibraltar and the Spanish democrat adventure. This is what the Newspapers had to report,—the catastrophe at once, the details by degrees,—from Spain concerning that affair, in the beginning of the new year 1832.

Torrijos, as we have seen, had hitherto accomplished as good as nothing, except disappointment to his impatient followers, and sorrow and regret to himself. Poor Torrijos, on arriving at Gibraltar with his wild band, and coming into contact with the rough fact, had found painfully how much his imagination had deceived him. The fact lay round him haggard and ironbound ; flatly refusing to be handled according to his scheme of it. No Spanish soldiery nor citizenry showed the least disposition to join him ; on the contrary the official Spaniards of that coast seemed to have the watchfulest eye on all his movements, nay it was conjectured they had spies in Gibraltar who gathered his very intentions and betrayed them. This small project of attack, and then that other, proved futile, or was abandoned before the attempt. Torrijos had to lie painfully within the lines of Gibraltar,—his poor followers reduced to extremity of impatience and distress ; the British

Governor too, though not unfriendly to him, obliged to frown. As for the young Cantabs, they, as was said, had wandered a little over the South border of romantic Spain ; had perhaps seen Seville, Cadiz, with picturesque views, since not with belligerent ones ; and their money being done, had now returned home. So had it lasted for eighteen months.

The French Three Days breaking out had armed the Guerillero Mina, armed all manner of democratic guerrieros and guerrilleros ; and considerable clouds of Invasion, from Spanish exiles, hung minatory over the North and North-East of Spain, supported by the new-born French Democracy, so far as privately possible. These Torrijos had to look upon with inexpressible feelings, and take no hand in supporting from the South ; these also he had to see brushed away, successively abolished by official generalship ; and to sit within his lines, in the painfulest manner, unable to do anything. The fated, gallant-minded, but too headlong man. At length the British Governor himself was obliged, in official decency, and as is thought on repeated remonstrance from his Spanish official neighbours, to signify how indecorous, improper and impossible it was to harbour within one's lines such explosive preparations, once they were discovered, against allies in full peace with us,—the necessity, in fact, there was for the matter ending. It is said, he offered Torrijos and his people passports, and British protection, to any country of the world except Spain ; Torrijos did not accept the passports ; spoke of going peaceably to this place or to that ; promised at least, what he saw and felt to be clearly necessary, that he would soon leave Gibraltar. And he did soon leave it ; he and his, Boyd alone of the Englishmen being now with him,

It was on the last night of November 1831, that they all set forth ; Torrijos with Fifty-five companions ; and in two small vessels committed themselves to their night-desperate fortune. No sentry or official person had noticed them ; it was from the Spanish Consul, next morning, that the British Governor first heard they were gone. The British Governor knew nothing of them ; but apparently the Spanish officials were much better informed. Spanish guardships, instantly awake, gave

chase to the two small vessels, which were making all sail towards Malaga ; and, on shore, all manner of troops and detached parties were in motion, to render a retreat to Gibraltar by land impossible.

Crowd all sail for Malaga, then ; there perhaps a regiment will join us ; there,—or if not, we are but lost ! Fancy need not paint a more tragic situation than that of Torrijos, the unfortunate gallant man, in the gray of this morning, first of December 1831,—his last free morning. Noble game is afoot, afoot at last ; and all the hunters have him in their toils.—The guardships gain upon Torrijos ; he cannot even reach Malaga ; has to run ashore at a place called Fuengirola, not far from that city ;—the guardships seizing his vessels, so soon as he is disembarked. The country is all up ; troops scouring the coast everywhere : no possibility of getting into Malaga with a party of Fifty-five. He takes possession of a Farmstead (Ingles, the place is called) ; barricades himself there, but is speedily beleaguered with forces hopelessly superior. He demands to treat ; is refused all treaty ; is granted six hours to consider, shall then either surrender at discretion, or be forced to do it. Of course he *does* it, having no alternative ; and enters Malaga a prisoner, all his followers prisoners. Here had the Torrijos Enterprise, and all that was embarked upon it, finally arrived.

Express is sent to Madrid ; express instantly returns : “Military execution on the instant ; give them shoving if they want it ; that done, fusillade them all.” So poor Torrijos and his followers, the whole Fifty-six of them, Robert Boyd included, meet swift death in Malaga. In such manner rushes down the curtain on them and their affair ; they vanish thus on a sudden ; rapt away as in black clouds of fate. Poor Boyd, Sterling’s cousin, pleaded his British citizenship ; to no purpose : it availed only to his dead body, this was delivered to the British Consul for interment, and only this. Poor Madam Torrijos, hearing, at Paris where she now was, of her husband’s capture, hurries towards Madrid to solicit mercy ; whither also messengers from Lafayette and the French Government were hurrying, on the like errand : at

Bayonne, news met the poor lady that it was already all over, that she was now a widow, and her husband hidden from her for ever.—Such was the handsel of the new year 1832 for Sterling in his West-Indian solitudes.

Sterling's friends never heard of these affairs ; indeed we were all secretly warned not to mention the name of Torrijos in his hearing, which accordingly remained strictly a forbidden subject. His misery over this catastrophe was known, in his own family, to have been immense. He wrote to his Brother Anthony : " I hear the sound of that musketry ; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." To figure in one's sick and excited imagination such a scene of fatal man-hunting, lost valour hopelessly captured and massacred ; and to add to it, that the victims are not men merely, that they are noble and dear forms known lately as individual friends : what a Dance of the Furies and wild-pealing Dead-march is this, for the mind of a loving, generous and vivid man ! Torrijos getting ashore at Fuengirola ; Robert Boyd and others ranked to die on the esplanade at Malaga—Nay had not Sterling, too, been the innocent yet heedless means of Boyd's embarking in this enterprise ? By his own kinsman poor Boyd had been witlessly guided into the pitfalls. " I hear the sound of that musketry ; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain ! "

CHAPTER XIV.

PAUSE.

THESE thoughts dwelt long with Sterling ; and for a good while, I fancy, kept possession of the proscenium of his mind ; madly parading there, to the exclusion of all else,—colouring all else with their own black hues. He was young, rich in the power to be miserable or otherwise ; and this was his first grand sorrow which had now fallen upon him.

An important spiritual crisis, coming at any rate in some form, had hereby suddenly in a very sad form come. No

doubt, as youth was passing into manhood in these Tropical seclusions, and higher wants were awakening in his mind, and years and reflection were adding new insight and admonition, much in his young way of thought and action lay already under ban with him, and repentances enough over many things were not wanting. But here on a sudden had all repentances, as it were, dashed themselves together into one grand whirlwind of repentance; and his past life was fallen wholly as into a state of reprobation. A great remorseful misery had come upon him. Suddenly, as with a sudden lightning-stroke, it had kindled into conflagration all the ruined structure of his past life; such ruin had to blaze and flame round him, in the painfulest manner, till it went out in black ashes. His democratic philosophies, and mutinous radicalisms, already falling doomed in his thoughts, had reached their consummation and final condemnation here. It was all so rash, imprudent, arrogant, all that; or but half-true; inapplicable wholly as a rule of noble conduct;—and it has ended *thus*. Wo on it! Another guidance must be found in life, or life is impossible!—

It is evident, Sterling's thoughts had already, since the old days of the 'black dragoon,' much modified themselves. We perceive that, by mere increase of experience and length of time, the opposite and much deeper side of the question, which also has its adamant basis of truth, was in turn coming into play; and in fine that a Philosophy of Denial, and world illuminated merely by the flames of Destruction, could never have permanently been the resting-place of such a man. Those pilgrimings to Coleridge, years ago, indicate deeper wants beginning to be felt, and important ulterior resolutions becoming inevitable for him. If in your own soul there is any tone of the 'Eternal Melodies,' you cannot live forever in those poor outer, transitory grindings and discords; you will have to struggle inwards and upwards, in search of some diviner home for yourself!—Coleridge's prophetic moonshine, Torrijos's sad tragedy: those were important occurrences in Sterling's life. But, on the whole, there was a big Ocean for him, with impetuous Gulf-streams, and a doomed voyage in

quest of the Atlantis, *before* either of those arose as lights on the horizon. As important beacon-lights let us count them nevertheless;—signal-dates they form to us, at lowest. We may reckon this Torrijos tragedy the crisis of Sterling's history; the turning-point, which modified, in the most important and by no means wholly in the most favourable manner, all the subsequent stages of it.

Old Radicalism and mutinous audacious Ethnicism having thus fallen to wreck, and a mere black world of misery and remorse now disclosing itself, whatsoever of natural piety to God and man, whatsoever of pity and reverence, of awe and devout hope was in Sterling's heart now awoke into new activity; and strove for some due utterance and predominance. His Letters, in these months, speak of earnest religious studies and efforts;—of attempts by prayer and longing endeavour of all kinds, to struggle his way into the temple, if temple there were, and there find sanctuary.¹ The realities were grown so haggard; life a field of black ashes, if there rose no temple anywhere on it! Why, like a fated Orestes, is man so whipt by the Furies, and driven madly hither and thither, if it is not even that he may seek some shrine, and there make expiation and find deliverance?

In these circumstances, what a scope for Coleridge's philosophy, above all! "If the bottled moonshine *be* actually substance? Ah, could one but believe in a Church while finding it incredible! What is faith; what is conviction, credibility, insight? Can a thing be at once known for true, and known for false? 'Reason,' 'understanding:' is there, then, such an internecine war between these two? It was so Coleridge imagined it, the wisest of existing men!"—No, it is not an easy matter (according to Sir Kenelm Digby), this of getting-up your 'astral spirit' of a thing, and setting it in action, when the thing itself is well burnt to ashes. Poor Sterling; poor sons of Adam in general, in this sad age of cobwebs, worn-out symbolisms, reminiscences and simulacra! Who can tell the struggles of poor Sterling, and his pathless wanderings

¹ Hare, pp. xliii.—xlvi.

through these things! Long afterwards, in speech with his brother, he compared his case in this time to that of "a young lady who has tragically lost her lover, and is willing to be half-hoodwinked into a convent, or in any noble or quasi-noble way to escape from a world which has become intolerable."

During the summer of 1832, I find traces of attempts towards Anti-Slavery Philanthropy; shadows of extensive schemes in that direction. Half-desperate outlooks, it is likely, towards the refuge of Philanthropism, as a new chivalry of life. These took no serious hold of so clear an intellect; but they hovered now and afterwards as day-dreams, when life otherwise was shorn of aim;—mirages in the desert, which are found not to be lakes when you put your bucket into them. One thing was clear, the sojourn in St. Vincent was not to last much longer.

Perhaps one might get some scheme raised into life, in Downing Street, for universal Education to the Blacks, preparatory to emancipating them? There were a noble work for a man! Then again poor Mrs. Sterling's health, contrary to his own, did not agree with warm moist climates. And again &c. &c. These were the outer surfaces of the measure; the unconscious pretext under which it showed itself to Sterling and was shown by him: but the inner heart and determining cause of it (as frequently in Sterling's life, and in all our lives) was not these. In brief, he had had enough of St. Vincent. The strangling oppressions of his soul were too heavy for him there. Solution lay in Europe, or might lie; not in these remote solitudes of the sea,—where no shrine or saint's well is to be looked for, no communing of pious pilgrims journeying together towards a shrine.

CHAPTER XV.

BONN ; HERSTMENCEUX.

AFTER a residence of perhaps fifteen months Sterling quitted St. Vincent, and never returned. He reappeared at his Father's house, to the joy of English friends, in August, 1832 ; well improved in health, and eager for English news ; but, beyond vague schemes and possibilities, considerably uncertain what was next to be done.

After no long stay in this scene,—finding Downing Street dead as stone to the Slave-Education and to all other schemes,—he went across, with his wife and child, to Germany ; purposing to make not so much a tour as some loose ramble, or desultory residence in that country, in the Rhineland first of all. Here was to be hoped the picturesque in scenery, which he much affected ; here the new and true in speculation, which he inwardly longed for and wanted greatly more ; at all events, here as readily as elsewhere might a temporary household be struck up, under interesting circumstances.—I conclude he went across in the Spring of 1833 ; perhaps directly after *Arthur Coningsby* had got through the press. This Novel, which, as we have said, was begun two or three years ago, probably on his cessation from the *Athenæum*, and was mainly finished, I think, before the removal to St. Vincent, had by this time fallen as good as obsolete to his own mind ; and its destination now, whether to the press or to the fire, was in some sort a matter at once of difficulty and of insignificance to him. At length deciding for the milder alternative, he had thrown in some completing touches here and there,—especially, as I conjecture, a proportion of Colridgian moonshine at the end ; and so sent it forth.

It was in the sunny days, perhaps in May or June of this year, that *Arthur Coningsby* reached my own hand, far off amid the heathy wildernesses ; sent by John Mill : and I can still recollect the pleasant little episode it made in my soli-

tude there. The general impression it left on me, which has never since been renewed by a second reading in whole or in part, was the certain prefigurement to myself, more or less distinct, of an opulent, genial and sunny mind, but misdirected, disappointed, experienced in misery ;—nay crude and hasty ; mistaking for a solid outcome from its woes what was only to me a gilded vacuity. The hero an ardent youth, representing Sterling himself, plunges into life such as we now have it in these anarchic times, with the radical, utilitarian, or mutinous heathen theory, which is the readiest for inquiring souls ; finds, by various courses of adventure, utter shipwreck in this ; lies broken, very wretched : that is the tragic nodus, or apogee of his life-course. In this mood of mind, he clutches desperately towards some new method (recognisable as Coleridge's) of laying hand again on the old Church, which has hitherto been extraneous and as if non-extant to his way of thought ; makes out, by some Coleridgean legerdemain, that there actually is still a Church for him ; that this extant Church, which he long took for an extinct shadow, is not such, but a substance ; upon which he can anchor himself amid the storms of fate ;—and he does so, even taking orders in it, I think. Such could by no means seem to me the true or tenable solution. Here clearly, struggling amid the tumults, was a lovable young fellow-soul ; who had by no means yet got to land ; but of whom much might be hoped, if he ever did. Some of the delineations are highly pictorial, flooded with a deep ruddy effulgence ; betokening much wealth, in the crude or the ripe state. The hope of perhaps, one day, knowing Sterling, was welcome and interesting to me. *Arthur Coningsby*, struggling imperfectly in a sphere high above circulating-library novels, gained no notice whatever in that quarter ; gained, I suppose in a few scattered heads, some such recognition as the above ; and there rested. Sterling never mentioned the name of it in my hearing, or would hear it mentioned.

In those very days while *Arthur Coningsby* was getting read amid the Scottish moors, 'in June 1833,' Sterling, at Bonn in

the Rhine-country, fell-in with his old tutor and friend, the Reverend Julius Hare ; one with whom he always delighted to communicate, especially on such topics as then altogether occupied him. A man of cheerful serious character, of much approved accomplishment, of perfect courtesy ; surely of much piety, in all senses of that word. Mr. Hare had quitted his scholastic labours and distinctions, some time ago ; the call or opportunity for taking orders having come ; and as Rector of Herstmonceux in Sussex, a place patrimonially and otherwise endeared to him, was about entering, under the best omens, on a new course of life. He was now on his return from Rome, and a visit of some length to Italy. Such a meeting could not but be welcome and important to Sterling in such a mood. They had much earnest conversation, freely communing on the highest matters ; especially of Sterling's purpose to undertake the clerical profession, in which course his reverend friend could not but bid him good speed.

It appears, Sterling already intimated his intention to become a clergyman : He would study theology, biblicalities, perfect himself in the knowledge seemly or essential for his new course ;—read diligently ‘for a year or two in some good German University,’ then seek to obtain orders : that was his plan. To which Mr. Hare gave his hearty *Euge* ; adding that if his own curacy happened then to be vacant, he should be well pleased to have Sterling in that office. So they parted.

‘A year or two’ of serious reflection ‘in some good German University,’ or anywhere in the world, might have thrown much elucidation upon these confused strugglings and purposings of Sterling's, and probably have spared him some confusion in his subsequent life. But the talent of waiting was, of all others, the one he wanted most. Impetuous velocity, all-hoping headlong alacrity, what we must call rashness and impatience, characterised him in most of his important and unimportant procedures ; from the purpose to the execution there was usually but one big leap with him. A few months after Mr. Hare was gone, Sterling wrote that his purposes were a little changed by the late meeting at Bonn ; that he now longed to enter the Church straightway : that if the

Herstmonceux Curacy was still vacant, and the Rector's kind thought towards him still held, he would instantly endeavour to qualify himself for that office.

Answer being in the affirmative on both heads, Sterling returned to England; took orders,—‘ordained deacon at Chichester on Trinity Sunday in 1834’ (he never became technically priest):—and so, having fitted himself and family with a reasonable house, in one of those leafy lanes in quiet Herstmonceux, on the edge of Pevensey Level, he commenced the duties of his Curacy.

The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil, then! Even so. “Life is growing all so dark and brutal; must be redeemed into human, if it will continue life. Some pious heroism, to give a human colour to life again, on any terms,”—even on impossible ones!

To such length can transcendental moonshine, cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more; the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn-up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnable dead putrescent Cant: surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death, enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wisps for loadstars,—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have now gone out. Once more, a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; and for the young pious soul, winged with genius, and passionately seeking land, and passionately abhorrent of floating carrion withal, more tragical than for any!—A pilgrimage we must all undertake nevertheless, and make the best of with our respective means. Some arrive; a glorious few: many must be lost,—go down upon the floating wreck which they

took for land. Nay, courage! These also, so far as there was any heroism in them, have bequeathed their life as a contribution to us, have valiantly laid their bodies in the chasm for us; of these also there is no ray of heroism *lost*,—and, on the whole, what else of them could or should be ‘saved’ at any time? Courage, and ever Forward!

Concerning this attempt of Sterling’s to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions: and mine must be recorded here in flat reproof of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a rash, false, unwise and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time to poor Sterling, I cannot but account this the worst; properly indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration, of all the evil lessons that were in it to him. Alas, if we did remember the divine and awful nature of God’s Truth, and had not so forgotten it as poor doomed creatures never did before,—should we, durst we in our most audacious moments, think of wedding *it* to the world’s Untruth, which is also, like all untruths, the Devil’s? Only in the world’s last lethargy can such things be done, and accounted safe and pious! Fools! “Do you think the Living God is a buzzard idol,” sternly asks Milton, that you dare address Him in this manner?—Such darkness, thick sluggish clouds of cowardice and oblivious baseness, have accumulated on us: thickening as if towards the eternal sleep! It is not now known, what never needed proof or statement before, that Religion is not a doubt; that it is a certainty,—or else a mockery and horror. That none or all of the many things we are in doubt about, and need to have demonstrated and rendered probable, can by any alchymy be made a ‘Religion’ for us; but are and must continue a baleful, quiet or unquiet, Hypocrisy for us; and bring—*salvation*, do we fancy? I think, it is another thing they will bring, and are, on all hands, visibly bringing, this good while!—

The time, then, with its deliriums, has done its worst for poor Sterling. Into deeper aberration it cannot lead him;

this is the crowning error. Happily, as beseems the superlative of errors, it was a very brief, almost a momentary one. In June 1834 Sterling dates as installed at Herstmonceux; and is flinging, as usual, his whole soul into the business; successfully so far as outward results could show: but already in September, he begins to have misgivings; and in February following, quits it altogether,—the rest of his life being, in great part, laborious effort of detail to pick the fragments of it off him, and be free of it in soul as well as in title.

At this the extreme point of spiritual deflection and depression, when the world's madness, usually impressive on such a man, has done its very worst with him, and in all future errors whatsoever he will be a little less mistaken, we may close the First Part of Sterling's Life.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

CURATE.

By Mr. Hare's account, no priest of any Church could more fervently address himself to his functions than Sterling now did. He went about among the poor, the ignorant, and those that had need of help; zealously forwarded schools and beneficences; strove, with his whole might, to instruct and aid whosoever suffered consciously in body, or still worse unconsciously in mind. He had charged himself to make the Apostle Paul his model; the perils and voyagings and ultimate martyrdom of Christian Paul, in those old ages, on the great scale, were to be translated into detail, and become the practical emblem of Christian Sterling on the coast of Sussex in this new age. 'It would be no longer from Jerusalem to Damascus,' writes Sterling, 'to Arabia, to Derbe, Lystra, Ephesus, that he would travel: but each house of his appointed Parish would be to him what each of those great cities was,—a place where he would bend his whole being, and spend his heart for the conversion, purification, elevation of those under his influence. The whole man would be forever at work for this purpose; head, heart, knowledge, time, body, possessions, all would be directed to this end.' A high enough model set before one:—how to be realised!—Sterling hoped to realise it, to struggle towards realising it, in some small degree. This is Mr. Hare's report of him:

'He was continually devising some fresh scheme for improving the condition of the Parish. His aim was to awaken the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to call forth their sense of moral responsibility, to make them feel their own sinfulness, their need of redemption, and thus lead

them to a recognition of the Divine Love by which that redemption is offered to us. In visiting them he was diligent in all weathers, to the risk of his own health, which was greatly impaired thereby ; and his gentleness and considerate care for the sick won their affection ; so that, though his stay was very short, his name is still, after a dozen years, cherished by many.'

How beautiful would Sterling be in all this ; rushing forward like a host towards victory ; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning ; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant and superabundant measure ! 'Of that which it was to me personally,' continues Mr. Hare, 'to have such a fellow-labourer, to live constantly in the freest communion with such a friend, I cannot speak. He came to me at a time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the Brother, who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feelings from childhood, had bid farewell to his earthly life at Rome ; and thus he seemed given to me to make-up in some sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out for his usual hour of coming to me, and watch his tall slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window ; with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, or down to some depth of thought. His lively spirit, responding instantaneously to every impulse of Nature and Art ; his generous ardour in behalf of whatever is noble and true ; his scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of those besetting sins of a cultivated age ; his never-flagging impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of duty or of knowledge : all this, along with his gentle, almost reverential affectionateness towards his former tutor, rendered my intercourse with him an unspeakable blessing ; and time after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge. By him too the recollection of these our daily meetings was cherished to the last.'¹

¹ Hare, xlviii. liv. lv.

There are many poor people still at Herstmonceux who affectionately remember him ; Mr. Hare especially makes mention of one good man there, in his young days 'a poor cobbler,' and now advanced to a much better position, who gratefully ascribes this outward and the other improvements in his life to Sterling's generous encouragement and charitable care for him. Such was the curate-life at Herstmonceaux. So, in those actual leafy lanes, on the edge of Pevensey Level, in this new age, did our poor New Paul (on hest of certain oracles) diligently study to comport himself,—and struggle with all his might *not* to be a moonshine shadow of the First Paul.

It was in this summer of 1834,—month of May, shortly after arriving in London,—that I first saw Sterling's Father. A stout broad gentleman of sixty, perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious and slightly elaborate manners. It was at Mrs. Austin's in Bayswater ; he was just taking leave as I entered, so our interview lasted only a moment : but the figure of the man, as Sterling's father, had already an interest for me, and I remember the time well. Captain Edward Sterling, as we formerly called him, had now quite dropt the military title, nobody even of his friends now remembering it ; and was known according to his wish, in political and other circles, as Mr. Sterling, a private gentleman of some figure. Over whom hung, moreover a kind of mysterious nimbus as the principal or one of the principal writers in the *Times*, which gave an interesting chiaroscuro to his character in society. A potent, profitable, but somewhat questionable position ; of which, though he affected, and sometimes with anger, altogether to disown it, and rigorously insisted on the rights of anonymity, he was not unwilling to take the honours too : the private pecuniary advantages were very undeniable ; and his reception in the Clubs, and occasionally in higher quarters, was a good deal modelled on the universal belief in it.

John Sterling at Herstmonceux that afternoon, and his Father here in London, would have offered strange contrasts

to an eye that had seen them both. Contrasts, and yet concordances. They were two very different-looking men, and were following two very different modes of activity that afternoon. And yet with a strange family likeness, too, both in the men and their activities; the central impulse in each, the faculties applied to fulfil said impulse, not at all dissimilar,—as grew visible to me on farther knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

NOT CURATE.

THUS it went on for some months at Herstmonceux; but thus it could not last. We said there were already misgivings as to health &c. in September: ¹ that was but the fourth month, for it had begun only in June. The like clouds of misgiving, flights of dark vapour, chequering more and more the bright sky of this promised land, rose heavier and riper month after month; till in February following, that is in the eighth month from starting, the sky had grown quite overshadowed; and poor Sterling had to think practically of departure from his promised land again, finding that the goal of his pilgrimage was *not* there. Not there, wherever it may be! March again, therefore; the abiding city, and post at which we can live and die, is still ahead of us, it would appear!

‘Ill-health’ was the external cause; and, to all parties concerned, to Sterling himself I have no doubt as completely as to any, the one determining cause. Nor was the ill-health wanting; it was there in too sad reality. And yet properly it was not there as the burden; it was there as the last ounce which broke the camel’s back. I take it, in this as in other cases known to me, ill-health was not the primary cause but rather the ultimate one, the summing-up of innumerable far deeper conscious and unconscious causes,—the cause which *could* boldly show itself on the surface, and give the casting vote. Such was often Sterling’s way, as one could observe in

¹ Hare, p. lvi.

such cases : though the most guileless, undeceptive and transparent of men, he had a noticeable, almost childlike faculty of self-deception, and usually substituted for the primary determining motive and set of motives, some ultimate ostensible one, and gave that out to himself and others as the ruling impulse for important changes in life. As is the way with much more ponderous and deliberate men ;—as is the way, in a degree, with all men !

Enough, in February 1834, Sterling came up to London, to consult with his physicians,—and in fact in all ways to consider with himself and friends,—what was to be done in regard to this Herstmonceux business. The oracle of the physicians, like that of Delphi, was not exceedingly determinate : but it did bear, what was a sufficiently undeniable fact, that Sterling's constitution, with a tendency to pulmonary ailments, was ill-suited for the office of a preacher ; that total abstinence from preaching for a year or two would clearly be the safer course. To which effect he writes to Mr. Hare with a tone of sorrowful agitation ; gives-up his clerical duties at Herstmonceux ;—and never resumes them there or elsewhere. He had been in the Church eight months in all : a brief section of his life, but an important one, which coloured several of his subsequent years, and now strangely colours all his years in the memory of some.

This we may account the second grand crisis of his History. Radicalism, not long since, had come to its consummation, and vanished from him in a tragic manner. "Not by Radicalism is the path to Human Nobleness for me !" And here now had English Priesthood risen like a sun, over the waste ruins and extinct volcanoes of his dead Radical world, with promise of new blessedness and healing under its wings ; and this too has soon found itself an illusion : "Not by Priesthood either lies the way, then. Once more, where does the way lie !" —To follow illusions till they burst and vanish is the lot of all new souls who, luckily or lucklessly, are left to their own choice in starting on this Earth. The roads are many ; the authentic finger-posts are few,—never fewer than in this era, when in so many senses the waters are out. Sterling of

all men had the quickest sense for nobleness, heroism and the human *summum bonum* ; the liveliest headlong spirit of adventure and audacity ; few gifted living men less stubbornness of perseverance. Illusions, in his chase of the *summum bonum*, were not likely to be wanting ; aberrations, and wasteful changes of course, were likely to be many ! It is in the history of such vehement, trenchant, far-shining and yet intrinsically light and volatile souls, missioned into this epoch to seek their way there, that we best see what a confused epoch it is.

This clerical aberration,—for such it undoubtedly was in Sterling,—we have ascribed to Coleridge ; and do clearly think that had there been no Coleridge, neither had this been, nor had English Puseyism or some other strange enough universal portents been. Nevertheless, let us say farther that it lay partly in the general bearing of the world for such a man. This battle, universal in our sad epoch of ‘all old things passing away’ against ‘all things becoming new,’ has its summary and animating heart in that of Radicalism against Church ; there, as in its flaming core, and point of focal splendour, does the heroic worth that lies in each side of the quarrel most clearly disclose itself ; and Sterling was the man, above many, to recognise such worth on both sides. Natural enough, in such a one, that the light of Radicalism having gone out in darkness for him, the opposite splendour should next rise as the chief, and invite his loyalty till it also failed. In one form or the other, such an aberration was not unlikely for him. But an aberration, especially in this form, we may certainly call it. No man of Sterling’s veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered : “No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee, thou shalt not, at thy soul’s peril, attempt to believe!—Elsewhither for a refuge, or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must,—but not with a lie in thy mouth ; by the Eternal Maker, no !”

Alas, once more ! How are poor mortals whirled hither and thither in the tumultuous chaos of our era ; and, under the thick smoke-canopy which has eclipsed all stars, how do they fly now after this poor meteor, now after that !—Sterling abandoned his clerical office in February 1835 ; having held it, and ardently followed it, so long as we say,—eight calendar months in all.

It was on this his February expedition to London that I first saw Sterling,—at the India House incidentally, one afternoon, where I found him in company with John Mill, whom I happened like himself to be visiting for a few minutes. The sight of one whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough ; and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact, that is of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose, careless-looking, thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat, in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly but restless swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush. The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though again the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect ; the physiognomy in general indicated animation rather than strength.

We talked rapidly of various unmemorable things : I remember coming on the Negroes, and noticing that Sterling's notions on the Slavery Question had not advanced into the stage of mine. In reference to the question whether an "engagement for life," on just terms, between parties who are fixed in the character of master and servant, as the Whites and the Negroes are, is not really better than one from day to day,—he said with a kindly jeer, "I would have the Negroes themselves consulted as to that !"—and would not in the least believe that the Negroes were by no means final or perfect judges of it.—His address, I perceived, was abrupt, uncereemonious ; probably not at all disinclined to logic, and capable of dashing in upon you like a charge of cossacks, on occasion :

but it was also eminently ingenious, social, guileless. We did all very well together : and Sterling and I walked westward in company, choosing whatever lanes or quietest streets there were, as far as Knightsbridge where our roads parted ; talking on moralities, theological philosophies ; arguing copiously, but *except* in opinion not disagreeing.

In his notions on such subjects, the expected Coleridge cast of thought was very visible ; and he seemed to express it even with exaggeration, and in a fearless dogmatic manner. Identity of sentiment, difference of opinion : these are the known elements of a pleasant dialogue. We parted with the mutual wish to meet again ;—which accordingly, at his Father's house and at mine, we soon repeatedly did ; and already, in the few days before his return to Herstmonceux, had laid the foundations of a frank intercourse, pointing towards pleasant intimacies both with himself and with his circle, which in the future were abundantly fulfilled. His Mother, essentially and even professedly “Scotch,” took to my Wife gradually with a most kind maternal relation ; his Father, a gallant showy stirring gentleman, the Magus of the *Times*, had talk and argument ever ready, was an interesting figure, and more and more took interest in us. We had unconsciously made an acquisition, which grew richer and wholesomer with every new year ; and ranks now, seen in the pale moonlight of memory, and must ever rank, among the precious possessions of life.

Sterling's bright ingenuity, and also his audacity, velocity and alacrity, struck me more and more. It was, I think, on the occasion of a party given one of these evenings at his Father's, where I remember John Mill, John Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, and a number of young and elderly figures of distinction,—that a group having formed on the younger side of the room, and transcendentalisms and theologies forming the topic, a number of deep things were said in abrupt conversational style, Sterling in the thick of it. For example, one sceptical figure praised the Church of England, in Hume's phrase, ‘as a Church tending to keep-down fanaticism,’ and recommendable for its very indifferency ; whereupon a tran-

scendental figure urges him : " You are afraid of the horse's kicking : but will you sacrifice all qualities to being safe from that ? Then get a dead horse. None comparable to that for not kicking in your stable ! " Upon which, a laugh ; with new laughs on other the like occasions ;—and at last, in the fire of some discussion, Sterling, who was unusually eloquent and animated, broke-out with this wild phrase, " I could plunge into the bottom of Hell, if I were sure of finding the Devil there and getting him strangled ! " Which produced the loudest laugh of all ; and had to be repeated, on Mrs. Crawford's inquiry, to the house at large ; and, creating among the elders a kind of silent shudder,—though we urged that the feat would really be a good investment of human industry,—checked or stopt these theologic thunders for the evening. I still remember Sterling as in one of his most animated moods that evening. He probably returned to Herstmonceux next day, where he proposed yet to reside for some indefinite time.

Arrived at Herstmonceux, he had not forgotten us. One of his Letters written there soon after was the following, which much entertained me, in various ways. It turns on a poor Book of mine, called *Sartor Resartus* ; which was not then even a Book, but was still hanging desolately under bibliopolic difficulties, now in its fourth or fifth year, on the wrong side of the river, as a mere aggregate of Magazine Articles ; having at last been slit into that form, and lately completed so, and put together into legibility. I suppose Sterling had borrowed it of me. The adventurous hunter spirit which had started such a bemired *Auerochs*, or Urus of the German woods, and decided on chasing that as game, struck me not a little ; and the poor Wood-Ox, so bemired in the forests, took it as a compliment rather :

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

‘ Herstmonceux near Battle, 29th May 1835.

‘ MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I have now read twice, with care, the wondrous account of Teufelsdröckh and his Opinions ; and I need not say that it has given me much to think of. It falls in with the feelings and tastes which were, for years, the rul-

ing ones of my life ; but which you will not be angry with me when I say that I am infinitely and hourly thankful for having escaped from. Not that I think of this state of mind as one with which I have no longer any concern. The sense of a oneness of life and power in all existence ; and of a boundless exuberance of beauty around us, to which most men are well-nigh dead, is a possession which no one that has ever enjoyed it would wish to lose. When to this we add the deep feeling of the difference between the actual and the ideal in Nature, and still more in Man ; and bring in, to explain this, the principle of duty, as that which connects us with a possible Higher State, and sets us in progress towards it,—we have a cycle of thoughts which was the whole spiritual empire of the wisest Pagans, and which might well supply food for the wide speculations and richly creative fancy of Teufelsdröckh, or his prototype Jean Paul.

‘How then comes it, we cannot but ask, that these ideas, displayed assuredly with no want of eloquence, vivacity or earnestness, have found, unless I am much mistaken, so little acceptance among the best and most energetic minds in this country ? In a country where millions read the Bible, and thousands Shakspeare ; where Wordsworth circulates through book-clubs and drawing-rooms ; where there are innumerable admirers of your favourite Burns ; and where Coleridge, by sending from his solitude the voice of earnest spiritual instruction, came to be beloved, studied and mourned for, by no small or careless school of disciples ?—To answer this question would, of course, require more thought and knowledge than I can pretend to bring to it. But there are some points on which I will venture to say a few words.

‘In the first place, as to the form of composition,—which may be called, I think, the Rhapsodico-Reflective. In this the *Sartor Resartus* resembles some of the master-works of human invention, which have been acknowledged as such by many generations ; and especially the works of Rabelais, Montaigne, Sterne and Swift. There is nothing I know of in Antiquity like it. That which comes nearest is perhaps the Platonic Dialogue. But of this, although there is something of the

playful and fanciful on the surface, there is in reality neither in the language (which is austere determined to its end), nor in the method and progression of the work, any of that headlong self-asserting capriciousness, which, if not discernible in the plan of Teufelsdröckh's *Memoirs*, is yet plainly to be seen in the structure of the sentences, the lawless oddity, and strange heterogeneous combination and allusion. The principle of this difference, observable often elsewhere in modern literature (for the same thing is to be found, more or less, in many of our most genial works of imagination,—*Don Quixote*, for instance, and the writings of Jeremy Taylor), seems to be that well-known one of the predominant objectivity of the Pagan mind; while among us the subjective has risen into superiority, and brought with it in each individual a multitude of peculiar associations and relations. These, as not explicable from any one *external* principle assumed as a premiss by the ancient philosopher, were rejected from the sphere of his æsthetic creation: but to us they all have a value and meaning; being connected by the bond of our own personality, and all alike existing in that infinity which is its arena.

‘But however this may be, and comparing the Teufelsdröckhean *Epopée* only with those other modern works,—it is noticeable that Rabelais, Montaigne and Sterne have trusted for the currency of their writings, in a great degree, to the use of obscene and sensual stimulants. Rabelais, besides, was full of contemporary and personal satire; and seems to have been a champion in the great cause of his time,—as was Montaigne also,—that of the right of thought in all competent minds, unrestrained by any outward authority. Montaigne, moreover, contains more pleasant and lively gossip, and more distinct good-humoured painting of his own character and daily habits, than any other writer I know. Sterne is never obscure, and never moral; and the costume of his subjects is drawn from the familiar experience of his own time and country: and Swift, again, has the same merit of the clearest perspicuity, joined to that of the most homely, unaffected, forcible English. These points of difference seem to me the chief ones which bear against the success of the *Sartor*. On the other

hand, there is in Teufelsdröckh a depth and fervour of feeling, and a power of serious eloquence, far beyond that of any of these four writers ; and to which indeed there is nothing at all comparable in any of them, except perhaps now and then, and very imperfectly, in Montaigne.

‘Of the other points of comparison there are two which I would chiefly dwell on : and first as to the language. A good deal of this is positively barbarous. “Environment,” “vestural,” “stertorous,” “visualised,” “complected,” and others to be found I think in the first twenty pages,—are words, so far as I know, without any authority ; some of them contrary to analogy ; and none repaying by their value the disadvantage of novelty. To these must be added new and erroneous locutions ; “whole other tissues” for *all the other*, and similar uses of the word *whole* ; “orients” for *pearls* ; “lucid” and “lucent” employed as if they were different in meaning ; “hulls” perpetually for *coverings*, it being a word hardly used, and then only for the husk of a nut ; “to insure a man of misapprehension ;” “talented,” a mere newspaper and hustings word, invented, I believe, by O’Connell.

‘I must also mention the constant recurrence of some words in a quaint and queer connection, which gives a grotesque and somewhat repulsive mannerism to many sentences. Of these the commonest offender is “quite ;” which appears in almost every page, and gives at first a droll kind of emphasis ; but soon becomes wearisome. “Nay,” “manifold,” “cunning enough significance,” “faculty” (meaning a man’s rational or moral *power*), “special,” “not without,” haunt the reader as if in some uneasy dream which does not rise to the dignity of nightmare. Some of these strange mannerisms fall under the general head of a singularity peculiar, so far as I know, to Teufelsdröckh. For instance, that of the incessant use of a sort of odd superfluous qualification of his assertions ; which seems to give the character of deliberateness and caution to the style, but in time sounds like mere trick or involuntary habit. “Almost” does more than yeoman’s, *almost* slave’s service in this way. Something similar may be remarked of the use of the double negative by way of affirmation.

‘Under this head, of language, may be mentioned, though not with strict grammatical accuracy, two standing characteristics of the Professor’s style,—at least as rendered into English: *First*, the composition of words, such as “snow-and-rosebloom maiden:” an attractive damsel doubtless in Germany, but, with all her charms, somewhat uncouth here. “Life-vision” is another example; and many more might be found. To say nothing of the innumerable cases in which the words are only intelligible as a compound term, though not distinguished by hyphens. Of course the composition of words is sometimes allowable even in English; but the habit of dealing with German seems to have produced, in the pages before us, a prodigious superabundance of this form of expression; which gives harshness and strangeness, where the matter would at all events have been surprising enough. *Secondly*, I object, with the same qualification, to the frequent use of *inversion*; which generally appears as a transposition of the two members of a clause, in a way which would not have been practised in conversation. It certainly gives emphasis and force, and often serves to point the meaning. But a style may be fatiguing and faulty precisely by being too emphatic, forcible and pointed; and so straining the attention to find its meaning, or the admiration to appreciate its beauty.

‘Another class of considerations connects itself with the heightened and plethoric fulness of the style: its accumulation and contrast of imagery; its occasional jerking and almost spasmodic violence;—and above all, the painful subjective excitement, which seems the element and groundwork even of every description of Nature; often taking the shape of sarcasm or broad jest, but never subsiding into calm. There is also a point which I should think worth attending to, were I planning any similar book: I mean the importance, in a work of imagination, of not too much disturbing in the reader’s mind the balance of the New and Old. The former addresses itself to his active, the latter to his passive faculty; and these are mutually dependent, and must co-exist in certain proportion, if you wish to combine his

sympathy and progressive exertion with willingness and ease of attention. This should be taken into account in forming a style ; for of course it cannot be consciously thought of in composing each sentence.

‘But chiefly it seems important in determining the plan of a work. If the tone of feeling, the line of speculation are out of the common way, and sure to present some difficulty to the average reader, then it would probably be desirable to select, for the circumstances, drapery and accessories of all kinds, those most familiar, or at least most attractive. A fable of the homeliest purport, and commonest every-day application, derives an interest and charm from its turning on the characters and acts of gods and genii, lions and foxes, Arabs and Affghauns. On the contrary, for philosophical inquiry and truths of awful preciousness, I would select as my personages and interlocutors beings with whose language and “whereabouts” my readers would be familiar. Thus did Plato in his Dialogues, Christ in his Parables. Therefore it seems doubtful whether it was judicious to make a German Professor the hero of *Sartor*. Berkeley began his *Siris* with tar-water ; but what can English readers be expected to make of *Guhkuk* by way of prelibation to your nectar and tokay ? The circumstances and details do not flash with living reality on the minds of your readers, but, on the contrary, themselves require some of that attention and minute speculation, the whole original stock of which, in the minds of most of them, would not be too much to enable them to follow your views of Man and Nature. In short, there is not a sufficient basis of the common to justify the amount of peculiarity in the work. In a book of science, these considerations would of course be inapplicable ; but then the whole shape and colouring of the book must be altered to make it such ; and a man who wishes merely to get at the philosophical result, or summary of the whole, will regard the details and illustrations as so much unprofitable surplusage.

‘The sense of strangeness is also awakened by the marvellous combinations, in which the work abounds to a degree that the common reader must find perfectly bewildering. This can

hardly, however, be treated as a consequence of the *style* ; for the style in this respect coheres with, and springs from, the whole turn and tendency of thought. The noblest images are objects of a humorous smile, in a mind which sees itself above all Nature and throned in the arms of an Almighty Necessity ; while the meanest have a dignity, inasmuch as they are trivial symbols of the same one life to which the great whole belongs. And hence, as I divine, the startling whirl of incongruous juxtaposition, which of a truth must to many readers seem as amazing as if Pythia on the tripod should have struck-up a drinking-song, or Thersites had caught the prophetic strain of Cassandra.

‘ All this, of course, appears to me true and relevant ; but I cannot help feeling that it is, after all, but a poor piece of quackery to comment on a multitude of phenomena without adverting to the principle which lies at the root, and gives the true meaning to them all. Now this principle I seem to myself to find in the state of mind which is attributed to Teufelsdröckh ; in his state of mind, I say, not in his opinions, though these are, in him as in all men, most important,—being one of the best indices to his state of mind. Now what distinguishes him, not merely from the greatest and best men who have been on earth for eighteen hundred years, but from the whole body of those who have been working forwards towards the good, and have been the salt and light of the world, is this : That he does not believe in a God. Do not be indignant, I am blaming no one ;—but if I write my thoughts, I must write them honestly.

‘ Teufelsdröckh does not belong to the herd of sensual and thoughtless men ; because he does perceive in all Existence a unity of power ; because he does believe that this is a real power external to him and dominant to a certain extent over him, and does not think that he is himself a shadow in a world of shadows. He has a deep feeling of the beautiful, the good and the true ; and a faith in their final victory.

‘ At the same time, how evident is the strong inward unrest, the Titanic heaving of mountain on mountain ; the storm-like

rushing over land and sea in search of peace. He writhes and roars under his consciousness of the difference in himself between the possible and the actual, the hoped-for and the existent. He feels that duty is the highest law of his own being ; and knowing how it bids the waves be stilled into an icy fixedness and grandeur, he trusts (but with a boundless inward misgiving) that there is a principle of order which will reduce all confusion to shape and clearness. But wanting peace himself, his fierce dissatisfaction fixes on all that is weak, corrupt and imperfect around him ; and instead of a calm and steady coöperation with all those who are endeavouring to apply the highest ideas as remedies for the worst evils, he holds himself aloof in savage isolation ; and cherishes (though he dare not own) a stern joy at the prospect of that Catastrophe which is to turn loose again the elements of man's social life, and give for a time the victory to evil ;—in hopes that each new convulsion of the world must bring us nearer to the ultimate restoration of all things ; fancying that each may be the last. Wanting the calm and cheerful reliance, which would be the spring of active exertion, he flatters his own distemper by persuading himself that his own age and generation are peculiarly feeble and decayed ; and would even perhaps be willing to exchange the restless immaturity of our self-consciousness, and the promise of its long throe-pangs, for the unawakened undoubting simplicity of the world's childhood ; of the times in which there was all the evil and horror of our day, only with the difference that conscience had not arisen to try and condemn it. In these longings, if they are Teufelsdröckh's, he seems to forget that, could we go back five thousand years, we should only have the prospect of travelling them again, and arriving at last at the same point at which we stand now.

‘Something of this state of mind I may say that I understand ; for I have myself experienced it. And the root of the matter appears to me : A want of sympathy with the great body of those who are now endeavouring to guide and help onward their fellow-men. And in what is this alienation grounded ? It is, as I believe, simply in the difference on

that point : viz. the clear, deep, habitual recognition of a one Living *Personal* God, essentially good, wise, true and holy, the Author of all that exists ; and a reunion with whom is the only end of all rational beings. This belief' * * * [*There follow now several pages on 'Personal God,' and other abstruse or indeed properly unspeakable matters ; these, and a general Postscript of qualifying purport, I will suppress ; extracting only the following fractions, as luminous or slightly significant to us :*]

'Now see the difference of Teufelsdröckh's feelings. At the end of book iii. chap. 8, I find these words : "But whence ? O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God.

'We are such stuff

'As dreams are made of, and our little life

'Is rounded with a sleep."

And this tallies with the whole strain of his character. What we find everywhere, with an abundant use of the name of God, is the conception of a formless Infinite whether in time or space ; of a high inscrutable Necessity, which it is the chief wisdom and virtue to submit to, which is the mysterious impersonal base of all Existence,—shows itself in the laws of every separate being's nature ; and for man in the shape of duty. On the other hand, I affirm, we do know whence we come and whither we go !'—

* * * 'And in this state of mind, as there is no true sympathy with others, just as little is there any true peace for ourselves. There is indeed possible the unsympathising factitious calm of Art, which we find in Goethe. But at what expense is it bought ? Simply, by abandoning altogether the idea of duty, which is the great witness of our personality. And he attains his inhuman ghastly calmness by reducing the Universe to a heap of material for the idea of beauty to work on.'—

* * * 'The sum of all I have been writing as to the connection of our faith in God with our feeling towards men and our mode of action, may of course be quite erroneous : but granting its truth, it would supply the one principle which I

have been seeking for, in order to explain the peculiarities of style in your account of Teufelsdrückh and his writings,' * * * The life and works of Luther are the best comment I know of on this doctrine of mine.

'Reading over what I have written, I find I have not nearly done justice to my own sense of the genius and moral energy of the book ; but this is what you will best excuse.—Believe me most sincerely and faithfully yours, JOHN STERLING.'

Here are sufficient points of 'discrepancy with agreement,' here is material for talk and argument enough ; and an expanse of free discussion open, which requires rather to be speedily restricted for convenience' sake, than allowed to widen itself into the boundless, as it tends to do !—

In all Sterling's Letters to myself and others, a large collection of which now lies before me, duly copied and indexed, there is, to one that knew his speech as well, a perhaps unusual likeness between the speech and the Letters ; and yet, for most part, with a great inferiority on the part of these. These, thrown off, one and all of them, without premeditation, and with most rapid-flowing pen, are naturally as like his speech as writing can well be ; this is their grand merit to us : but on the other hand, the want of the living tones, swift looks and motions, and manifold dramatic accompaniments, tells heavily, more heavily than common. What can be done with champagne itself, much more with soda-water, when the gaseous spirit is fled ! The reader, in any specimens he may see, must bear this in mind.

Meanwhile these Letters do excel in honesty, in candour and transparency ; their very carelessness secures their excellence in this respect. And in another much deeper and more essential respect I must likewise call them excellent,—in their childlike goodness, in the purity of heart, the noble affection and fidelity they everywhere manifest in the writer. This often touchingly strikes a familiar friend in reading them ; and will awaken reminiscences (when you have the commentary in your own memory) which are sad and beautiful, and not without reproach to you on occasion. To all friends, and

all good causes, this man is true ; behind their back as before their face, the same man !—Such traits of the autobiographic sort, from these Letters, as can serve to paint him or his life, and promise not to weary the reader, I must endeavour to select, in the sequel.

CHAPTER III.

BAYSWATER.

STERLING continued to reside at Herstmonceux through the spring and summer ; holding by the peaceable retired house he still had there, till the vague future might more definitely shape itself, and better point-out what place of abode would suit him in his new circumstances. He made frequent brief visits to London ; in which I, among other friends, frequently saw him, our acquaintance at each visit improving in all ways. Like a swift dashing meteor he came into our circle ; coruscated among us, for a day or two, with sudden pleasant illumination ; then again suddenly withdrew,—we hoped, not for long.

I suppose, he was full of uncertainties ; but undoubtedly was gravitating towards London. Yet, on the whole, on the surface of him, you saw no uncertainties ; far from that : it seemed always rather with peremptory resolutions, and swift express businesses, that he was charged. Sickly in body, the testimony said : but here always was a mind that gave you the impression of peremptory alertness, cheery swift decision,—of a *health* which you might have called exuberant. I remember dialogues with him, of that year ; one pleasant dialogue under the trees of the Park (where now, in 1851, is the thing called ‘Crystal Palace’), with the June sunset flinging long shadows for us ; the last of the Quality just vanishing for dinner, and the great night beginning to prophesy of itself. Our talk (like that of the foregoing Letter) was of the faults of my style, of my way of thinking, of my &c. &c. ; all which admonitions and remonstrances, so friendly and inno-

cent, from this young junior-senior, I was willing to listen to, though unable, as usual, to get almost any practical hold of them. As usual, the garments do not fit you, you are lost in the garments, or you cannot get into them at all ; this is not your suit of clothes, it must be another's :—alas, these are not your dimensions, these are only the optical angles you subtend ; on the whole, you will never get measured in that way !—

Another time, of date probably very contiguous, I remember hearing Sterling preach. It was in some new College-chapel in Somerset-house (I suppose, what is now called King's College) ; a very quiet small place, the audience student-looking youths, with a few elder people, perhaps mostly friends of the preacher's. The discourse, delivered with a grave sonorous composure, and far surpassing in talent the usual run of sermons, had withal an air of human veracity as I still recollect, and bespoke dignity and piety of mind : but gave me the impression rather of artistic excellence than of unction or inspiration in that kind. Sterling returned with us to Chelsea that day ;—and in the afternoon we went on the Thames Putney-ward together, we two with my Wife ; under the sunny skies, on the quiet water, and with copious cheery talk, the remembrance of which is still present enough to me.

This was properly my only specimen of Sterling's preaching. Another time, late in the same autumn, I did indeed attend him one evening to some Church in the City,—a big Church behind Cheapside, “built by Wren” as he carefully informed me ;—but there, in my wearied mood, the chief subject of reflection was the almost total vacancy of the place, and how an eloquent soul was preaching to mere lamps and prayer-books ; and of the sermon I retain no image. It came up in the way of banter, if he ever urged the duty of ‘Church extension,’ which already he very seldom did and at length never, what a specimen we once had of bright lamps, gilt prayer-books, baize-lined pews, Wren-built architecture ; and how, in almost all directions, you might have fired a musket through the church, and hit no Christian life. A terrible outlook indeed for the Apostolic labourer in the brick-and-mortar line !—

In the Autumn of this same 1835, he removed permanently to London, whither all summer he had been evidently tending; took a house in Bayswater, an airy suburb, half town, half country, near his Father's, and within fair distance of his other friends and objects; and decided to await there what their ultimate developments of his course might be. His house was in Orme Square, close by the corner of that little place (which has only *three* sides of houses); its windows looking to the east: the Number was, and I believe still is, No. 5. A sufficiently commodious, by no means sumptuous, small mansion; where, with the means sure to him, he could calculate on finding adequate shelter for his family, his books and himself, and live in a decent manner, in no terror of debt, for one thing. His income, I suppose, was not large; but he lived generally a safe distance within it; and showed himself always as a man bountiful in money matters, and taking no thought that way.

His study-room in this house was perhaps mainly the drawing-room; looking out safe, over the little dingy grass-plot in front, and the quiet little row of houses opposite, with the huge dust-whirl of Oxford Street and London far enough ahead of you as back-ground,—as back-curtain, blotting-out only *half* your blue hemisphere with dust and smoke. On the right, you had the continuous growl of the Uxbridge Road and its wheels, coming as lullaby not interruption. Leftward and rearward, after some thin belt of houses, lay mere country; bright sweeping green expanses, crowned by pleasant Hampstead, pleasant Harrow, with their rustic steeples rising against the sky. Here on winter evenings, the bustle of removal being all well ended, and family and books got planted in their new places, friends could find Sterling, as they often did, who was delighted to be found by them, and would give and take, vividly as few others, an hour's good talk at any time.

His outlooks, it must be admitted, were sufficiently vague and overshadowed, neither the past nor the future of a too joyful kind. Public life, in any professional form, is quite forbidden; to work with his fellows anywhere appears to be

forbidden ; nor can the humblest solitary endeavour to work worthily as yet find an arena. How unfold one's little bit of talent ; and live, and not lie sleeping, while it is called To-day ? As Radical, as Reforming Politician in any public or private form,—not only has this, in Sterling's case, received tragical sentence and execution ; but the opposite extreme, the Church whither he had fled, likewise proves abortive : the Church also is not the haven for him at all. What is to be done ? Something must be done, and soon,—under penalties. Whoever has received, on him there is an inexorable behest to give. “ *Fais ton fait*, Do thy little stroke of work : ” this is Nature's voice, and the sum of all the commandments, to each man !

A shepherd of the people, some small Agamemnon after his sort, doing what little sovereignty and guidance he can in his day and generation : such every gifted soul longs, and should long, to be. But how, in any measure, is the small kingdom necessary for Sterling to be attained ? Not through newspapers and parliaments, not by rubrics and reading-desks : none of the sceptres offered in the world's marketplace, nor none of the crosiers there, it seems, can be the shepherd's-crook for this man. A most cheerful, hoping man ; and full of swift faculty, though much lamed,—considerably bewildered too ; and tending rather towards the wastes and solitary places for a home ; the paved world not being friendly to him hitherto ! The paved world, in fact, both on its practical and spiritual side, slams-to its doors against him ; indicates that he cannot enter, and even must not,—that it will prove a choke-vault, deadly to soul and to body, if he enter. Sceptre, erosier, sheepcrook is none there for him.

There remains one other implement, the resource of all Adam's posterity that are otherwise foiled,—the Pen. It was evident from this point that Sterling, however otherwise beaten about, and set fluctuating, would gravitate steadily with all his real weight towards Literature. That he would gradually try with consciousness to get into Literature ; and, on the whole, never quit Literature, which was now all the world for him. Such is accordingly the sum of his history henceforth ;

such small sum, so terribly obstructed and diminished by circumstances, is all we have realised from him.

Sterling had by no means as yet consciously quitted the clerical profession, far less the Church as a creed. We have seen, he occasionally officiated still in these months, when a friend requested or an opportunity invited. Nay it turned out afterwards, he had, unknown even to his own family, during a good many weeks in the coldest period of next spring, when it was really dangerous for his health and did prove hurtful to it,—been constantly performing the morning service in some Chapel in Bayswater for a young clerical neighbour, a slight acquaintance of his, who was sickly at the time. So far as I know, this of the Bayswater Chapel in the spring of 1836, a feat severely rebuked by his Doctor withal, was his last actual service as a churchman. But the conscious life ecclesiastical still hung visibly about his inner unconscious and real life, for years to come ; and not till by slow degrees he had unwinded from him the wrappings of it, could he become clear about himself, and so much as try heartily what his now sole course was. Alas, and he had to live all the rest of his days, as in continual flight for his very existence ; ‘ ducking under like a poor unfledged partridge-bird,’ as one described it, ‘ before the mower ; darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching, to escape the scythe of Death.’ For Literature Proper there was but little left in such a life. Only the smallest broken fractions of his last and heaviest-laden years can poor Sterling be said to have completely lived. His purpose had risen before him slowly in noble clearness ; clear at last,—and even then the inevitable hour was at hand.

In those first London months, as always afterwards while it remained physically possible, I saw much of him ; loved him, as was natural, more and more ; found in him, many ways, a beautiful acquisition to my existence here. He was full of bright speech and argument ; radiant with arrowy vitalities, vivacities and ingenuities. Less than any man he gave you the idea of ill-health. Hopeful, sanguine ; nay he did not even seem to need definite hope, or much to form any ; pro-

jecting himself in ærial pulses like an aurora borealis, like a summer dawn, and filling all the world with present brightness for himself and others. Ill-health? Nay you found at last, it was the very excess of *life* in him that brought on disease. This restless play of being, fit to conquer the world, could it have been held and guided, could not be held. It had worn *holes* in the outer case of it, and there found vent for itself,—there, since not otherwise.

In our many promenades and colloquies, which were of the freest, most copious and pleasant nature, religion often formed a topic, and perhaps towards the beginning of our intercourse was the prevailing topic. Sterling seemed much engrossed in matters theological, and led the conversation towards such; talked often about Church, Christianity Anglican and other, how essential the belief in it to man; then, on the other side, about Pantheism and suchlike;—all in the Coleridge dialect, and with eloquence and volubility to all lengths. I remember his insisting often and with emphasis on what he called a “personal God,” and other high topics, of which it was not always pleasant to give account in the argumentative form, in a loud hurried voice, walking and arguing through the fields or streets. Though of warm quick feelings, very positive in his opinions, and vehemently eager to convince and conquer in such discussions, I seldom or never saw the least anger in him against me or any friend. When the blows of contradiction came too thick, he could with consummate dexterity whisk aside out of their way; prick into his adversary on some new quarter; or gracefully flourishing his weapon, end the duel in some handsome manner. One angry glance I remember in him, and it was but a glance, and gone in a moment. “Flat Pantheism!” urged he once (which he would often enough do about this time), as if triumphantly, of something or other, in the fire of a debate, in my hearing: “It is mere Pantheism, that!”—“And suppose it were Pottheism?” cried the other: “If the thing is true!”—Sterling did look hurt at such flippant heterodoxy, for a moment. The soul of his own creed, in those days, was far other than this indifference to Pot or Pan in such departments of inquiry.

To me his sentiments for most part were lovable and admirable, though in the logical outcome there was everywhere room for opposition. I admired the temper, the longing towards antique heroism, in this young man of the nineteenth century ; but saw not how, except in some German-English empire of the air, he was ever to realize it on those terms. In fact, it became clear to me more and more that here was nobleness of heart striving towards all nobleness ; here was ardent recognition of the worth of Christianity, for one thing ; but no belief in it at all, in my sense of the word belief,—no belief but one definable as mere theoretic moonshine, which would never stand the wind and weather of fact. Nay it struck me farther that Sterling's was not intrinsically, nor had ever been in the highest or chief degree, a devotional mind. Of course all excellence in man, and worship as the supreme excellence, was part of the inheritance of this gifted man : but if called to define him, I should say, Artist not Saint was the real bent of his being. He had endless admiration, but intrinsically rather deficiency of reverence in comparison. Fear, with its corollaries, on the religious side, he appeared to have none, nor ever to have had any.

In short, it was a strange enough symptom to me of the bewildered condition of the world, to behold a man of this temper, and of this veracity and nobleness, self-consecrated here, by free volition and deliberate selection, to be a Christian Priest ; and zealously struggling to fancy himself such in very truth. Undoubtedly a singular present fact ;—from which, as from their point of intersection, great perplexities and aberrations in the past, and considerable confusions in the future might be seen ominously radiating. Happily our friend, as I said, needed little hope. Today with its activities was always bright and rich to him. His unmanageable, dislocated, devastated world, spiritual or economical, lay all illuminated in living sunshine, making it almost beautiful to his eyes, and gave him no hypochondria. A richer soul, in the way of natural outfit for felicity, for joyful activity in this world, so far as his strength would go, was nowhere to be met with.

The Letters which Mr. Hare has printed, Letters addressed, I imagine, mostly to himself, in this and the following year or two, give record of abundant changeful plannings and labourings, on the part of Sterling ; still chiefly in the theological department. Translation from Tholuck, from Schleiermacher ; treatise on this thing, then on that, are on the anvil : it is a life of abstruse vague speculations, singularly cheerful and hopeful withal, about Will, Morals, Jonathan Edwards, Jewhood, Manhood, and of Books to be written on these topics. Part of which adventurous vague plans, as the Translation from Tholuck, he actually performed ; other greater part, merging always into wider undertakings, remained plan merely. I remember he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and others of that stamp ; and looked disappointed, though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs.

His knowledge of German Literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church matters,—Evidences, Counter-Evidences, Theologies and Rumours of Theologies ; by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of the true sovereign souls of that Literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge ; and of Goethe in particular an obstinate misconception, with proper abhorrence appended,—which did not abate for several years, nor quite abolish itself till a very late period. Till, in a word, he got Goethe's works fairly read and studied for himself ! This was often enough the course with Sterling in such cases. He had a most swift glance of recognition for the worthy and for the unworthy ; and was prone, in his ardent decisive way, to put much faith in it. " Such a one is a worthless idol ; not excellent, only sham-excellent : " here, on this negative side especially, you often had to admire how right he was ;—often, but not quite always. And he would maintain, with endless ingenuity, confidence and persistence, his fallacious spectrum to be a real image. However, it was sure to come all right in the end. Whatever real excellence he might misknow, you had but to let it stand before him, soliciting new examination from him : none surer

than he to recognise it at last, and to pay it all his dues, with the arrears and interest on them. Goethe, who figures as some absurd high-stalking hollow playactor, or empty ornamental clockcase of an 'Artist' so-called, in the *Tale of the Onyx Ring*, was in the throne of Sterling's intellectual world before all was done ; and the theory of 'Goethe's want of feeling,' want of &c. &c. appeared to him also abundantly contemptible and forgettable.

Sterling's days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others ; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive ; and there also, so much of encumbrance requiring removal, before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy ; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him,—chiefly old Cambridge comrades now settling into occupations in the world ;—and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways ; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did ;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pococurantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false (as lamentably happens often) ; and the cheerfulness it went to symbolise was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent *unsymbolised* state in a still gracefuller fashion.

Of wit, so far as rapid lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech : of what we call humour, he had some, though little ; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity ; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear but not rich quality. .To the like effect shone something, a kind of childlike half-embarassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance ;

curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful childlike soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any funds for conversing: frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times too he could crackle with his dexterous petulances, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end, unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him: for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of “hail fellow well met” feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naivety, and very pretty and ingenuous.

His circle of friends was wide enough; chiefly men of his own standing, old College friends many of them; some of whom have now become universally known. Among whom the most important to him was Frederic Maurice, who had not long before removed to the Chaplaincy of Guy’s Hospital here, and was still, as he had long been, his intimate and counsellor. Their views and articulate opinions, I suppose, were now fast beginning to diverge; and these went on diverging far enough: but in their kindly union, in their perfect trustful familiarity, precious to both parties, there never was the least break, but a steady, equable and duly increasing current to the end. One of Sterling’s commonest expeditions, in this time, was a sally to the other side of London Bridge: “Going to Guy’s to-day.” Maurice, in a year or two, became Sterling’s brother-in-law; wedded Mrs. Sterling’s younger sister,—a gentle excellent female soul; by whom the relation was, in many ways, strengthened and beautified for Sterling and all friends of the parties. With the Literary notabilities I

think he had no acquaintance ; his thoughts indeed still tended rather towards a certain class of the Clerical ; but neither had he much to do with these ; for he was at no time the least of a tufthunter, but rather had a marked natural indifference to *tufte*.

The Rev. Mr. Dunn, a venerable and amiable Irish gentleman, 'distinguished,' we were told, 'by having refused a bishopric : ' and who was now living, in an opulent enough retirement, amid his books and philosophies and friends, in London,—is memorable to me among this clerical class : one of the mildest, beautifullest old men I have ever seen,—“like Fenelon,” Sterling said : his very face, with its kind true smile, with its look of suffering cheerfulness and pious wisdom, was a sort of benediction: It is of him that Sterling writes, in the Extract which Mr. Hare, modestly reducing the name to an initial 'Mr. D.,' has given us :¹ 'Mr. Dunn, for instance ; the defect of whose Theology, compounded as it is of the doctrine of the Greek Fathers, of the Mystics and of Ethical Philosophers, consists,—if I may hint a fault in one whose holiness, meekness and fervour would have made him the beloved disciple of him whom Jesus loved,—in an insufficient apprehension of the reality and depth of Sin.' A characteristic 'defect' of this fine gentle soul. On Mr. Dunn's death, which occurred two or three years later, Sterling gave, in some veiled yet transparent form, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an affectionate and eloquent notice of him ; which, stript of the veil, was excerpted into the Newspapers also.²

Of Coleridge there was little said. Coleridge was now dead, not long since ; nor was his name henceforth much heard in Sterling's circle ; though on occasion, for a year or two to come, he would still assert his transcendent admiration, especially if Maurice were by to help. But he was getting into German, into various inquiries and sources of knowledge new to him, and his admirations and notions on many things were silently and rapidly modifying themselves.

So, amid interesting human realities, and wide cloud-canopies of uncertain speculation, which also had their interests

¹ P. lxxviii.

² Given in Hare (ii. 188-193).

and their rainbow-colours to him, and could not fail in his life just now, did Sterling pass his year and half at Bayswater. Such vaporous speculations were inevitable for him at present ; but it was to be hoped they would subside by and by, and leave the sky clear. All this was but the preliminary to whatever work might lie in him :—and, alas, much other interruption lay between him and that.

CHAPTER IV.

TO BORDEAUX.

AMONG the quondam Cambridge acquaintances I have seen with Sterling about this time, one struck me, less from his qualities than from his name and genealogy : Frank Edgeworth, youngest son of the well-known Lovell Edgeworth, youngest brother of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, the Irish Novelist. Frank was a short neat man ; of sleek, square, colourless face (resembling the Portraits of his Father), with small blue eyes in which twinkled curiously a joyless smile ; his voice was croaky and shrill, with a tone of shrewish obstinacy in it, and perhaps of sarcasm withal. A composed, dogmatic, speculative, exact, and not melodious man. He was learned in Plato and likewise in Kant ; well-read in philosophies and literatures ; entertained not creeds, but the Platonic or Kantian *ghosts* of creeds ; coldly sneering away from him, in the joyless twinkle of those eyes, in the inexorable jingle of that shrill voice, all manner of Toryisms, superstitions ; for the rest, a man of perfect veracity, of great diligence, and other worth ;—notable to see alongside of Sterling.

He is the 'E.' quoted by Mr. Hare from one of Sterling's letters ;—and I will incidentally confess that the discreet 'B.' of the next leaf in that Volume must, if need be, convert himself into 'C.,' my recognisable self namely. Sterling has written there : 'I find in all my conversations with Carlyle that his fundamental position is, the good of evil : he is for-

ever quoting Goethe's Epigram about the idleness of wishing to jump off one's own shadow.'—Even so :

*Was lehr' ich dich vor allen Dingen ?—
Könntest mich lehren von meiner Schatte zu springen !*

—indicating conversations on the Origin of Evil, or rather resolution on my part to suppress such, as wholly fruitless and worthless ; which are now all grown dark to me ! The passage about Frank is as follows,—likewise elucidative of Sterling and his cloud-compellings, and duels with the shadows, about this time :

'Edgeworth seems to me not to have yet gone beyond a mere notional life. It is manifest that he has no knowledge of the necessity of a progress from *Wissen* to *Wesen*' (say, *Knowing* to *Being*) ; 'and one therefore is not surprised that he should think Kant a sufficient hierarch. I know very little of Kant's doctrine ; but I made out from Edgeworth what seems to me a fundamental unsoundness in his moral scheme : namely, the assertion of the certainty of a heavenly Futurity for man, because the idea of duty involves that of merit or reward. Now duty seems rather to exclude merit ; and at all events, the notion of external reward is a mere empirical appendage, and has none but an arbitrary connection with ethics.—I regard it as a very happy thing for Edgeworth that he has come to England. In Italy he probably would never have gained any intuition into the reality of Being as different from a mere power of Speculating and Perceiving ; and of course without this, he can never reach to more than the merest Gnosis ; which taken alone is a poor inheritance, a box of title-deeds to an estate which is covered with lava, or sunk under the sea.'¹

This good little Edgeworth had roved extensively about the Continent ; had married a young Spanish wife, whom by a romantic accident he came upon in London : having really good scholarship, and consciousness of faculty and fidelity, he now hoped to find support in preparing young men for the University, in taking pupils to board ; and with this view, was en-

¹ Hare, pp. lxxiv. lxxii.

deavouring to form an establishment somewhere in the environs ;—ignorant that it is mainly the Clergy whom simple persons trust with that trade at present ; that his want of a patent of orthodoxy, not to say his inexorable secret heterodoxy of mind, would far override all other qualifications in the estimate of simple persons, who are afraid of many things, and are *not* afraid of hypocrisy which is the worst and one irremediably bad thing. Poor Edgeworth tried this business for awhile, but found no success at all ; went across, after a year or two, to native Edgeworthstown, in Longford, to take the management of his brother's estate ; in which function it was said he shone, and had quite given-up philosophies and speculations, and become a taciturn grim landmanager and county magistrate, likely to do much good in that department ; when we learned next that he was dead, that we should see him no more. The good little Frank !

One day in the spring of 1836, I can still recollect, Sterling had proposed to me, by way of wide ramble, useful for various ends, that I should walk with him to Eltham and back, to see this Edgeworth, whom I also knew a little. We went accordingly together ; walking rapidly, as was Sterling's wont, and no doubt talking extensively. It probably was in the end of February ; I can remember leafless hedges, gray driving clouds ;—procession of boarding-school girls in some quiet part of the route. I very well recollect the big Edgeworth house at Eltham ; the big old Palace now a barn ;—in general, that the day was full of action ; and likewise that rain came upon us in our return, and that the closing phasis was a march along Piccadilly, still full of talk, but now under decided wet, and in altogether muddy circumstances. This was the last walk that poor Sterling took for a great many months.

He had been ailing for some time, little known to me, and too disregarding himself of minatory symptoms, as his wont was, so long as strength remained ; and this rainy walk of ours had now brought the matter to a crisis. He was shut-up from all visitors whatsoever ; the doctors and his family in great alarm about him, he himself coldly professing that death

at no great distance was very likely. So it lasted for a long anxious while. I remember tender messages to and from him ; loan of books, particularly some of Goethe's which he then read,—still without recognition of much worth in them. At length some select friends were occasionally admitted ; signs of improvement began to appear ;—and in the bright twilight, Kensington Gardens were green, and sky and earth were hopeful, as one went to make inquiry. The summer brilliancy was abroad over the world before we fairly saw Sterling again *sub dio*.—Here was a fatal hand on the wall ; checking tragically whatsoever wide-drawn schemes might be maturing themselves in such a life ; sternly admonitory that all schemes must be narrow, and admitted problematic.

Sterling, by the doctor's order, took to daily riding in summer ; scouring far and wide on a swift strong horse, and was allowed no other exercise ; so that my walks with him had, to my sorrow, ended. We saw him otherwise pretty often ; but it was only for moments in comparison. His life, at any rate, in these circumstances was naturally devoid of composure. The little Bayswater establishment, with all its schemes of peaceable activity on the small or on the great scale, was evidently set adrift ; the anchor lifted, and Sterling and his family again at sea, for farther uncertain voyaging. Here is not thy rest ; not here :—where, then ! The question, What to do even for next autumn ? had become the pressing one.

A rich Bordeaux merchant, an Uncle of his Wife's, of the name of Mr. Johnston, possessed a sumptuous mansion and grounds, which he did not occupy, in the environs of that southern City : it was judged that the climate might be favourable ; to the house and its copious accommodation there was welcome ingress, if Sterling chose to occupy it. Servants were not needed, servants and conveniences enough, in the big solitary mansion with its marble terraces, were already there. Conveniences enough within, and curiosities without. It is the 'South of France,' with its Gascon ways ; the Garonne, *Garumna* river, the Gironde and Montaigne's country : here truly are invitations.

In short, it was decided that he and his family should move

thither ; there, under warmer skies, begin a new residence. The doctors promised improvement, if the place suited for a permanency ; there at least, much more commodiously than elsewhere, he might put over the rigorous period of this present year. Sterling left us, I find noted, ‘on the first of August 1836.’ The name of his fine foreign mansion is Belsito ; in the village of Floirac, within short distance of Bordeaux.

Counting-in his voyage to the West Indies, this is the second of some five health-journeys which, sometimes with his family, sometimes without, he had to make in all. ‘Five forced peregrinities ;’ which, in their sad and barren alternation, are the main incidents of his much-obstructed life henceforth. Five swift flights, not for any high or low object in life, but for life itself ; swift jerkings aside from whatever path or object you might be following, to escape the scythe of Death. On such terms had poor Sterling henceforth to live ; and surely with less complaint, with whatever result otherwise, no man could do it.

His health prospered at Bordeaux. He had, of course, new interests and objects of curiosity ; but when once the household was settled in its new moorings, and the first dazzle of strangeness fairly over, he returned to his employments and pursuits,—which were, in good part, essentially the old ones. His chosen books, favourite instructors of the period, were with him ; at least the world of his own thoughts was with him, and the grand ever-recurring question : What to do with that ; How best to regulate that ?

I remember kind and happy-looking Letters from him at Bordeaux, rich enough in interests and projects, in activities and emotions. He looked abroad over the Gironde country, over the towers and quais of Bordeaux at least with a painter’s eye, which he rather eminently had, and very eminently loved to exercise. Of human acquaintances he found not many to attract him, nor could he well go much into deeper than pictorial connexion with the scene around him ; but on this side too, he was, as usual, open and willing. A learned young German, tutor in some family of the neighbourhood, was ad-

mitted frequently to see him ; probably the only scholar in those parts with whom he could converse of an evening. One of my Letters contained notice of a pilgrimage he had made to the old Château of Montaigne ; a highly interesting sight to a reading man. He wrote to me also about the Caves of St. Emilion or Libourne, hiding-place of Barbaroux, Pétion and other Girondins, concerning whom I was then writing. Nay here is the Letter itself still left ; and I may as well insert it, as a relic of that time. The projected 'walking expedition' into France ; the vision of Montaigne's old House, Barbaroux's death-scene ; the Chinese *Ju-Kiao-Li* or *Two Fair Cousins* : all these things are long since asleep, as if dead ; and affect one's own mind with a sense of strangeness when resuscitated :

' *To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

' Belsito, near Bordeaux, 26th October 1836.

' MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I have to thank you for two Letters, which, unlike other people's, have the writer's signature in every word as well as at the end. Your assurances of remembrance and kindness were by no means necessary, but are not at all less pleasant. The patronage you bestow on my old stick requires the acknowledgment from me which my care of its education had not succeeded in teaching it to express for itself. May your more genial and more masculine treatment be more effectual ! I remember that I used to fling it along the broad walk in Kensington Gardens, for Edward to run after it ; and I suspect you will find the scars resulting from the process, on the top of the hook.

' If the purveyors of religion and its implements to this department of France supplied such commodities as waxen hecatombs, I would sacrifice one for the accomplishment of your pedestrian design ; and am already meditating an appropriate invocation, *sermone pedestri*. Pray come, in the first fine days of spring ; or rather let us look forward to your coming, for as to the fact, where may both or either of us be before this day six months ? I am not, however, resolute as to any plan of my own that would take me either along the finite or the infinite sea. I still bear up, and do my best here ; and have no

distinct schemes of departure : for I am well, and well situated at present, and enjoy my books, my leisure, and the size and comfort of the house I live in. I shall go, if go I must ; and not otherwise. I have sometimes thought that, if driven away later in the year, I might try Italy,—probably at first Pisa ; and if so, should hope, in spite of cholera, to see your Brother, who would be helpful both to mind and body. When you write to him, pray just touch with your pen the long cobweb thread that connects me with him, and which is more visible and palpable about eighteen inches above your writing-table than anywhere else in this much becobwebbed world.

‘Your account of the particular net you occupy in the great reticulation is not very consolatory ;—I should be sorry if it were from thinking of it as a sort of *paries proximus*. When you slip the collar of the *French Revolution*, and the fine weather comes round again, and my life becomes insurable at less than fifty per cent, I hope to see you as merry as Philina or her husband, in spite of your having somewhat more wisdom.—And all these good things *may* be, in some twenty-six weeks or less ; a space of time for which the paltriest Dutch clock would be warranted to go, without more than an hour or two of daily variation. I trust we have, both of us, souls above those that tick in country kitchens!—Of your Wife I think you say nothing in your last. Why does she not write to me ? Is it because she will not stoop to nonsense, and that would be the only proper answer to an uncanonical epistle I sent her while in Scotland ? Tell her she is, at all events, sure of being constantly remembered ; for I play backgammon with Charles Barton for *want* of any one to play chess with.

‘Of my expedition to Montaigne’s old House I cannot say much : for I indited Notes thereof for my own use, and also wrote something about it to Mr. Dunn ; which is as much as the old walls would well bear. It is truly an interesting place ; for it does not seem as if a stone had been touched since Montaigne’s time ; though his house is still inhabited, and the apartment that he describes in the *Essai des Trois*

Commerces might, barring the evident antiquity, have been built yesterday to realise his account. The rafters of the room which was his library have still his inscriptions on their lower faces : all very characteristic ; many from *Ecclesiastes*. The view is open all round ; over a rather flat, elevated country, apparently clayey ploughed lands, with little wood, no look of great population, and here and there a small stone windmill with a conical roof. The village church close by is much older than Montaigne's day. His house looks just as he describes it : a considerable building that never was at all fortified.

'St. Emilion I had not time to see or learn much of ; but the place looks all very old. A very small town, built of stone ; jostled into a sort of ravine, or large quarry, in the slope from the higher table-land towards the Dordogne. Quite on the ridge, at the top of the town, is an immense Gothic steeple, that would suit a cathedral, but has under it only a church (now abandoned) cut out in the sandstone rock, and of great height and size. There is a large church above ground close by, and several monastic buildings. Of the Caves I only saw some entrances. I fancy they are all artificial, but am not sure. The Dordogne is in sight below in the plain. I cannot lay my hands on any Book for you which gives an account of the time the Girondins spent here ; or who precisely those were that made this their hiding-place.

'I was prepared for what you say of *Mirabeau* and its postponement, from an advertisement of the Articles, in the *Times* :—but this I only saw the day *after* I had written to Paris to order the new Number' of the *London-and-Westminster* 'by mail ; so I consider the Editor in my debt for ten or twelve francs of postage, which I hope to recover when we get our equitable adjustment of all things in this world.

'I have now read through Saint Simon's twenty volumes ; which have well repaid me. The picture of the daily detail of a despotic court is something quite startling from its vividness and reality ; and there is perhaps a much deeper interest in his innumerable portraits and biographies,—many of which, told in the quietest way, are appalling tragedies ; and the best,

I think, have something painful and delirious about them. I have also lounged a good deal over the *Biographie Universelle* and *Bayle*. The last I never looked into before. One would think he had spent his whole life in the Younger Pliny's windowless study; had never seen, except by candlelight; and thought the Universe a very good raw-material for books. But he is an amiable honest man; and more good material than enough was spent in making the case for that logical wheel-work of his. As to the *Biographie Universelle*, you know it better than I. I wish Craik, or some such man, could be employed on an English edition, in which the British lives should be better done.—I sent for the *Chinese Cousins* as soon as I received your Letter; but the answer was, that the book is out of print.

‘Have you seen the last Number of the *Foreign Review*; where there is an article on Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe*, written by a stupid man, but giving extracts of much interest? Goethe's talk has been running in my head for the last fortnight; and I find I am more inclined than I was to value the flowers that grow (as on the Alps) on the margin of his glaciers. I shall read his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and *Italian Tour*, when the books come in my way. But I have still little hope of finding in him what I should look for in Jean Paul, and what I possess in some others: a ground prolonging and encircling that on which I myself rest.

‘I suppose the dramatic projects of Henry Taylor (to whom remember me cordially) are mainly *Thomas à Becket*. I too have been scheming Tragedies and Novels;—but with little notion of doing more than play the cloud-compeller, for want of more substantial work on earth. I do not know why, but my thoughts have, since I reached this, been running more on History and Poetry than on Theology and Philosophy, more indeed than for years past. I suppose it is a Providential arrangement, that I may find out I am good for as little in the one way as the other.—In the mean time do not let my monopoly of your correspondence be only a nominal privilege. Accept my Wife's kindest remembrances; give my love to yours. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Do not let the

ides of March go by without starting for the Garonne :—and believe me,—Yours *jusqu'à la mort sans phrase*,

'JOHN STERLING.'

"*La mort sans phrase*" was Sieyes's vote in the Trial of Louis. Sterling's 'Notes for his own use,' which are here mentioned in reference to that Montaigne pilgrimage of his, were employed not long after, in an Essay on Montaigne.¹ He also read the *Chinese Cousins*, and loved it,—as I had expected. Of which take this memorandum : '*Iu-Kiao-Li, ou les Deux Cousines* ; translated by Rémusat ;—well translated into English also, from his version ; and one of the notabest Chinese books. A book in fact by a Chinese *man of genius* ; most strangely but recognisably such,—man of genius made on the dragon pattern ! Recommended to me by Carlyle ; to him by Leigh Hunt.' The other points need no explanation.

By this time, I conclude, as indeed this Letter indicates, the theological tumult was decidedly abating in him ; to which result this still hermit-life in the Gironde would undoubtedly contribute. Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics, were left in the far distance ; Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal verities, were once more around one, and small still voices, admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitude freely reach the heart. Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church-articles, and this enormous ever-repeated thrashing of the straw ? A world of rotten straw ; thrashed all into powder ; filling the Universe and blotting-out the stars and worlds :—Heaven pity you with such a thrashing-floor for world, and its draggled dirty farthing-candle for sun ! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man ; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man !—

It was here, I find, that Literature first again decisively began to dawn on Sterling as the goal he ought to aim at. To this, with his poor broken opportunities and such inward faculties as were given him, it became gradually clearer that he

¹ London and Westminster Review ; Hare, i. 129.

ought altogether to apply himself. Such result was now decisively beginning for him ; the original bent of his mind, the dim mandate of all the facts in his outward and inward condition ; evidently the one wholesome tendency for him, which grew ever clearer to the end of his course, and gave at least one steady element, and that the central one, in his fluctuating existence henceforth. It was years still before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind ; but here the process had begun,—and I doubt not, we have to thank the solitude of Floirac for it a little ; which is some consolation for the illness that sent him thither.

His best hours here were occupied in purely literary occupations ; in attempts at composition on his own footing again. Unluckily in this too the road for him was now far away, after so many years of aberration ; true road not to be found all at once. But at least he was seeking it again. The *Seaton's Daughter*, which he composed here this season, did by no means altogether please us as a Poem ; but it was, or deserved to be, very welcome as a symptom of spiritual return to the open air. Adieu, ye thrashing-floors of rotten straw, with bleared tallow-light for sun ; to you adieu ! The angry sordid dust-whirlwinds begin to allay themselves ; settle into soil underfoot, where their place is : glimpses, call them distant intimations still much veiled, of the everlasting azure, and a much higher and wider priesthood than that under copes and mitres, and wretched dead mediæval monkeries and extinct traditions. This was perhaps the chief intellectual result of Sterling's residence at Bordeaux, and flight to the Gironde in pursuit of health ; which does not otherwise deserve to count as an epoch or chapter with him.

In the course of the summer and autumn 1837, I do not now find at what exact dates, he made two journeys from Bordeaux to England ; the first by himself, on various small specific businesses and uncertain outlooks ; the second with his family, having at last, after hesitation, decided on removal from those parts. 'The cholera had come to France ;'—add to which, I suppose, his solitude at Belsito was growing irk-

some, and home and merry England, in comparison with the monotony of the Gironde, had again grown inviting. He had vaguely purposed to make for Nice in the coming winter ; but that also the *chôlera* or other causes prevented. His Brother Anthony, a gallant young soldier, was now in England, home from the Ionian Islands on a visit to old friends and scenes ; and that doubtless was a new and strong inducement hitherward. It was this summer, I think, that the two Brothers revisited together the scene of their early boyhood at Llanblethian ; a touching pilgrimage, of which John gave me account in reference to something similar of my own in Scotland, where I then was.

Here, in a Letter to his Mother, is notice of his return from the first of these sallies into England ; and how doubtful all at Bordeaux still was, and how pleasant some little certainties at home. The ‘Annie’ of whose ‘engagement’ there is mention, was Miss Anna Barton, Mrs. John Sterling’s younger sister, who, to the joy of more than one party, as appears, had accepted his friend Maurice while Sterling was in England :

‘ To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.

‘ Floirac, 7th August 1837.

‘ MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am now beginning to feel a little less dizzy and tired, and will try to write you a few lines to tell you of my fortunes.

‘ I found my things all right at the Albion. Unluckily, the steamer could not start from Brighton, and I was obliged to go over to Shoreham ; but the weather cleared up, and we had rather a smooth passage into France. The wind was off the French coast, so that we were in calm water at last. We got in about ten o’clock ;—too late for the Custom-house. Next morning I settled all my business early ; but was detained for horses till nine,—owing to the nearness of the Duke of Orleans, which had caused a great stir on the roads. I was for the same reason stopped at Rouen ; and I was once again stopped, on Saturday for an hour, waiting for horses ; otherwise I travelled without any delay, and in the finest weather, from Dieppe to this place, which I reached on Sun-

day morning at five. I took the shortest road, by Alençon, Saumur and Niort; and was very well satisfied with my progress,—at least, till about Blaye, on the Garonne, where there was a good deal of deep sand, which, instead of running merrily through the hour-glass of Time, on the contrary clogged the wheels of my carriage. At last, however, I reached home; and found everybody well, and glad to see me.—I felt tired and stupid, and not at all disposed to write. But I am now sorry I did not overcome my laziness, and send you a line to announce my safe arrival; for I know that at a distance people naturally grow anxious, even without any reason.

‘It seems now almost like a dream, that I have ever been away from hence. But Annie’s engagement to Maurice is, I trust, a lasting memorial of my journey. I find Susan quite as much pleased as I expected with her Sister’s prospects; and satisfied that nothing could have so well secured her happiness, and mental (or rather cordial) advancement as her union to such a man. On the whole, it is a great happiness to me to look back both to this matter, and on the kindness and affection of the relatives and friends whom I saw in England. It will be a very painful disappointment to me if I should be obliged to pass the next summer without taking my Wife and Children to our own country:—we will, at all events, enjoy the hope of my doing so. In the mean time I trust you will enjoy your Tour, and on your return spend a quiet and cheerful winter. Love to my Father, and kindest regards to Mrs. Carlyle.—Your affectionate son, JOHN STERLING.’

CHAPTER V.

TO MADEIRA.

STERLING’S dubieties as to continuing at Bordeaux were quickly decided. The cholera in France, the cholera in Nice, the—In fact his moorings were now loose; and having been fairly at sea, he never could anchor himself here again. Very shortly after this Letter, he left Belsito again (for good, as it

proved); and returned to England with his household, there to consider what should next be done.

On my return from Scotland, that year, perhaps late in September, I remember finding him lodged straitly but cheerfully, and in happy humour, in a little cottage on Blackheath; whither his Father one day persuaded me to drive out with him for dinner. Our welcome, I can still recollect, was conspicuously cordial; the place of dinner a kind of upper room, half-garret and full of books, which seemed to be John's place of study. From a shelf, I remember also, the good soul took down a book modestly enough bound in three volumes, lettered on the back *Carlyle's French Revolution*, which had been published lately; this he with friendly banter bade me look at as a first symptom, small but significant, that the book was not to die all at once. "One copy of it at least might hope to last the date of sheep-leather," I admitted,—and in my then mood the little fact was welcome. Our dinner, frank and happy on the part of Sterling, was peppered with abundant jolly satire from his Father: before tea, I took myself away; towards Woolwich, I remember, where probably there was another call to make, and passage homeward by steamer: Sterling strode along with me a good bit of road in the bright sunny evening, full of lively friendly talk, and altogether kind and amiable; and beautifully sympathetic with the loads he thought he saw on *me*, forgetful of his own. We shook hands on the road near the foot of Shooter's Hill:—at which point dim oblivious clouds rush down; and of small or great I remember nothing more in my history or his for some time.

Besides running much about among friends, and holding counsels for the management of the coming winter, Sterling was now considerably occupied with Literature again; and indeed may be said to have already definitely taken it up as the one practical pursuit left for him. Some correspondence with *Blackwood's Magazine* was opening itself, under promising omens: now, and more and more henceforth, he began to look on Literature as his real employment, after all; and was prosecuting it with his accustomed loyalty and ardour. And

he continued ever afterwards, in spite of such fitful circumstances and uncertain outward fluctuations as his were sure of being, to prosecute it steadily with all the strength he had.

One evening about this time, he came down to us, to Chelsea, most likely by appointment and with stipulation for privacy; and read, for our opinion, his Poem of the *Sexton's Daughter*, which we now first heard of. The judgment in this house was friendly, but not the most encouraging. We found the piece monotonous, cast in the mould of Wordsworth, deficient in real human fervour or depth of melody, dallying on the borders of the infantile and "goody-good;"—in fact, involved still in the shadows of the surplice, and inculcating (on hearsay mainly) a weak morality, which he would one day find not to be moral at all, but in good part maudlin-hypocritical and immoral. As indeed was to be said still of most of his performances, especially the poetical; a sickly *shadow* of the parish-church still hanging over them, which he could by no means recognise for sickly. *Imprimatur* nevertheless was the concluding word,—with these grave abatements, and rhadamanthine admonitions. To all which Sterling listened seriously and in the mildest humour. His reading, it might have been added, had much hurt the effect of the piece: a dreary pulpit or even conventicle manner; that flattest moaning hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos, with a kind of rocking canter introduced by way of intonation, each stanza the exact fellow of the other, and the dull swing of the rocking-horse duly in each;—no reading could be more unfavourable to Sterling's poetry than his own. Such a mode of reading, and indeed generally in a man of such vivacity the total absence of all gifts for playacting or artistic mimicry in any kind, was a noticeable point.

After much consultation, it was settled at last that Sterling should go to Madeira for the winter. One gray dull autumn afternoon, towards the middle of October, I remember walking with him to the eastern Dock region, to see his ship, and how the final preparations in his own little cabin were proceeding there. A dingy little ship, the deck crowded with

packages and bustling sailors within eighty-and-forty hours of lifting anchor ; a dingy chill smoky day, as I have said withal, and a chaotic element and outlook, enough to make a friend's heart sad. I admired the cheerful careless humour and brisk activity of Sterling, who took the matter all on the sunny side, as he was wont in such cases. We came home together in manifold talk : he accepted with the due smile my last contribution to his sea-equipment, a six-penny box of German lucifers purchased on the sudden in St. James's Street, fit to be offered with laughter or with tears or with both ; he was to leave for Portsmouth almost immediately, and there go on board. Our next news was of his safe arrival in the temperate Isle. Mrs. Sterling and the children were left at Knightsbridge ; to pass this winter with his Father and Mother.

At Madeira Sterling did well : improved in health ; was busy with much Literature ; and fell-in with society which he could reckon pleasant. He was much delighted with the scenery of the place ; found the climate wholesome to him in a marked degree ; and, with good news from home, and kindly interests here abroad, passed no disagreeable winter in that exile. There was talking, there was writing, there was hope of better health ; he rode almost daily, in cheerful busy humour, along those fringed shore-roads :—beautiful leafy roads and horse-paths ; with here and there a wild cataract and bridge to look at ; and always with the soft sky overhead, the dead volcanic mountain on one hand, and broad ilimitable sea spread out on the other. Here are two Letters which give reasonably good account of him :

' To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelesa, London.

' Funchal, Madeira, 16th November 1837.

' MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I have been writing a good many letters all in a batch, to go by the same opportunity ; and I am thoroughly weary of writing the same things over and over again to different people. My letter to you therefore, I fear, must have much of the character of remainder-biscuit. But

you will receive it as a proof that I do not wish you to forget me, though it may be useless for any other purpose.

‘I reached this on the 2d, after a tolerably prosperous voyage, deformed by some days of sea-sickness, but otherwise not to be complained of. I liked my twenty fellow-passengers far better than I expected ;—three or four of them I like much, and continue to see frequently. The Island too is better than I expected : so that my Barataria at least does not disappoint me. The bold rough mountains, with mist about their summits, verdure below, and a bright sun over all, please me much ; and I ride daily on the steep and narrow paved roads, which no wheels ever journeyed on. The Town is clean, and there its merits end : but I am comfortably lodged ; with a large and pleasant sitting-room to myself. I have met with much kindness ; and see all the society I want,—though it is not quite equal to that of London, even excluding Chelsea.

‘I have got about me what Books I brought out ; and have read a little, and done some writing for *Blackwood*,—all, I have the pleasure to inform you, prose, nay extremely prose. I shall now be more at leisure ; and hope to get more steadily to work ; though I do not know what I shall begin upon. As to reading, I have been looking at *Goethe*, especially the *Life*,—much as a shying horse looks at a post. In truth, I am afraid of him. I enjoy and admire him so much, and feel I could so easily be tempted to go along with him. And yet I have a deeply-rooted and old persuasion that he was the most splendid of anachronisms. A thoroughly, nay intensely Pagan Life, in an age when it is men’s duty to be Christian. I therefore never take him up without a kind of inward check, as if I were trying some forbidden spell ; while, on the other hand, there is so infinitely much to be learnt from him, and it is so needful to understand the world we live in, and our own age, and especially its greatest minds, that I cannot bring myself to burn my books as the converted Magicians did, or sink them as did Prospero. There must, as I think, have been some prodigious defect in his mind, to let him hold such views as his about women and some other things ; and in another respect, I find so much coldness and hollowness as to the

highest truths, and feel so strongly that the Heaven he looks up to is but a vault of ice,—that these two indications, leading to the same conclusion, go far to convince me he was a profoundly immoral and irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one. All this may be mere *goody* weakness and twaddle, on my part : but it is a persuasion that I cannot escape from ; though I should feel the doing so to be a deliverance from a most painful load. If you could help me, I heartily wish you would. I never take him up without high admiration, or lay him down without real sorrow for what he chose to be.

‘I have been reading nothing else that you would much care for. Southey’s *Amadis* has amused me ; and Lyell’s *Geology* interested me. The latter gives one the same sort of bewildering view of the abysmal extent of Time that Astronomy does of space. I do not think I shall take your advice as to learning Portuguese. It is said to be very ill spoken here ; and assuredly it is the most direful series of nasal twangs I ever heard. One gets on quite well with English.

‘The people here are, I believe, in a very low condition ; but they do not appear miserable. I am told that the influence of the priests makes the peasantry all Miguelites ; but it is said that nobody wants any more revolutions. There is no appearance of riot or crime ; and they are all extremely civil. I was much interested by learning that Columbus once lived here, before he found America and fame. I have been to see a deserted *quinta* (country-house), where there is a great deal of curious old sculpture, in relief, upon the masonry ; many of the figures, which are nearly as large as life, representing soldiers clad and armed much as I should suppose those of Cortez were. There are no buildings about the Town, of the smallest pretensions to beauty or charm of any kind. On the whole, if Madeira were one’s world, life would certainly rather tend to stagnate ; but as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin where one is sheltered from the shower, it has great merit. I am more comfortable and contented than I expected to be, so far from home and from everybody I am closely connected with : but, of course, it is at best a tolerable exile.

‘Tell Mrs. Carlyle that I have written, since I have been here, and am going to send to *Blackwood*, a humble imitation of her *Watch and Canary-Bird*, entitled *The Suit of Armour and the Skeleton*.¹ I am conscious that I am far from having reached the depth and fulness of despair and mockery which distinguish the original! But in truth there is a lightness of tone about her style, which I hold to be invaluable: where she makes hairstrokes, I make blotches. I have a vehement suspicion that my dialogue is an entire failure; but I cannot be plagued with it any longer. Tell her I will not send her messages, but will write to her soon.—Meanwhile I am affectionately hers and yours,

JOHN STERLING.’

The next is to his Brother-in-law; and in a still hopefule tone:

‘*To Charles Barton, Esq.*’²

‘Funchal, Madeira, 3d March 1838.

‘MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have often been thinking of you and your whereabouts in Germany, and wishing I knew more about you; and at last it occurred to me that you might perhaps have the same wish about me, and that therefore I should do well to write to you.

‘I have been here exactly four months, having arrived on the 2d of November,—my wedding-day; and though you perhaps may not think it a compliment to Susan, I have seldom passed four months more cheerfully and agreeably. I have of course felt my absence from my family, and missed the society of my friends; for there is not a person here whom I knew before I left England. But, on the whole, I have been in good health, and actively employed. I have a good many agreeable and valuable acquaintances, one or two of whom I hope I may hereafter reckon as friends. The weather has generally been fine, and never cold; and the scenery of the Island is of a beauty which you unhappy Northern people can have little conception of.

‘It consists of a great mass of volcanic mountains, covered in their lower parts with cottages, vines and patches of vege-

¹ Came out, as will soon appear, in *Blackwood* (February 1838).

² ‘Hôtel de l’Europe, Berlin,’ added in Mrs. Sterling’s hand.

tables. When you pass through, or over the central ridge, and get towards the North, there are woods of trees, of the laurel kind, covering the wild steep slopes, and forming some of the strangest and most beautiful prospects I have ever seen. Towards the interior, the forms of the hills become more abrupt, and loftier ; and give the notion of very recent volcanic disturbances, though in fact there has been nothing of the kind since the discovery of the Island by Europeans. Among these mountains, the dark deep precipices, and narrow ravines with small streams at the bottom ; the basaltic knobs and ridges on the summits ; and the perpetual play of mist and cloud around them, under this bright sun and clear sky,—form landscapes which you would thoroughly enjoy, and which I much wish I could give you a notion of. The Town is on the south, and of course the sheltered side of the Island ; perfectly protected from the North and East ; although we have seen sometimes patches of bright snow on the dark peaks in the distance. It is a neat cheerful place ; all built of gray stone, but having many of the houses coloured white or red. There is not a really handsome building in it, but there is a general aspect of comfort and solidity. The shops are very poor. The English do not mix at all with the Portuguese. The Bay is a very bad anchorage ; but is wide, bright and cheerful ; and there are some picturesque points,—one a small black island,—scattered about it.

‘I lived till a fortnight ago in lodgings, having two rooms, one a very good one ; and paying for everything fifty-six dollars a month, the dollar being four shillings and twopence. This you will see is dear ; but I could make no better arrangement, for there is an unusual affluence of strangers this year. I have now come to live with a friend, a Dr. Calvert, in a small house of our own, where I am much more comfortable, and live greatly cheaper. He is a friend of Mrs. Percival’s ; about my age, an Oriel man, and a very superior person. I think the chances are, we shall go home together.’ * * * ‘I cannot tell you of all the other people I have become familiar with ; and shall only mention in addition Bingham Baring, eldest son of Lord Ashburton, who was here for some weeks

on account of a dying brother, and whom I saw a great deal of. He is a pleasant, very good-natured and rather clever man ; Conservative Member for North Staffordshire.

‘During the first two months I was here, I rode a great deal about the Island, having a horse regularly ; and was much in agreeable company, seeing a great deal of beautiful scenery. Since then the weather has been much more unsettled, though not cold ; and I have gone about less, as I cannot risk the being wet. But I have spent my time pleasantly, reading and writing. I have written a good many things for *Blackwood* ; one of which, the *Armour and the Skeleton*, I see is printed in the February Number. I have just sent them a long Tale, called the *Onyx Ring*, which cost me a good deal of trouble ; and the extravagance of which, I think, would amuse you ; but its length may prevent its appearance in *Blackwood*. If so, I think I should make a volume of it. I have also written some poems, and shall probably publish the *Sexton’s Daughter* when I return.

‘My health goes on most favorably. I have had no attack of the chest this spring ; which has not happened to me since the spring before we went to Bonn ; and I am told, if I take care, I may roll along for years. But I have little hope of being allowed to spend the four first months of any year in England ; and the question will be, Whether to go at once to Italy, by way of Germany and Switzerland, with my family, or to settle with them in England, perhaps at Hastings, and go abroad myself when it may be necessary. I cannot decide till I return ; but I think the latter the most probable.

‘To my dear Charles I do not like to use the ordinary forms of ending a letter, for they are very inadequate to express my sense of your long and most unvarying kindness ; but be assured no one living could say with more sincerity that he is ever affectionately yours,

JOHN STERLING.’

Other Letters give occasionally views of the shadier side of things : dark broken weather, in the sky and in the mind ; ugly clouds covering one’s poor fitful transitory prospect, for a time, as they might well do in Sterling’s case. Meanwhile

we perceive his literary business is fast developing itself; amid all his confusions, he is never idle long. Some of his best Pieces,—the *Onyx Ring*, for one, as we perceive,—were written here this winter. Out of the turbid whirlpool of the days he strives assiduously to snatch what he can.

Sterling's communications with *Blackwood's Magazine* had now issued in some open sanction of him by Professor Wilson, the distinguished presiding spirit of that Periodical; a fact naturally of high importance to him under the literary point of view. For Wilson, with his clear flashing eye and great genial heart, had at once recognized Sterling; and lavished stormily, in his wild generous way, torrents of praise on him in the editorial comments: which undoubtedly was one of the gratefullest literary baptisms, by fire or by water, that could befall a soul like Sterling's. He bore it very gently, being indeed past the age to have his head turned by anybody's praises; nor do I think the exaggeration that was in these eulogies did him any ill whatever; while surely their generous encouragement did him much good, in his solitary struggle towards new activity under such impediments as his. *Laudari a laudato*; to be called noble by one whom you and the world recognise as noble: this great satisfaction, never perhaps in such a degree before or after, had now been vouchsafed to Sterling; and was, as I compute, an important fact for him. He proceeded on his pilgrimage with new energy, and felt more and more as if authentically consecrated to the same.

The *Onyx Ring*, a curious Tale, with wild improbable basis, but with a noble glow of colouring and with other high merits in it, a Tale still worth reading, in which, among the imaginary characters, various friends of Sterling's are shadowed forth, not always in the truest manner, came out in *Blackwood* in the winter of this year. Surely a very high talent for painting, both of scenery and persons, is visible in this Fiction; the promise of a Novel such as we have few. But there wants maturing, wants purifying of clear from unclear;—properly there want patience and steady depth. The basis, as we said, is wild and loose; and in the details, lucent often with fine colour, and dipt in beautiful sunshine, there are

several things misseen, untrue, which is the worst species of mispainting. Witness, as Sterling himself would have by and by admitted, the 'empty clockcase' (so we called it) which he has labelled Goethe,—which puts all other untruths in the Piece to silence.

One of the great alleviations of his exile at Madeira he has already celebrated to us: the pleasant circle of society he fell into there. Great luck, thinks Sterling in this voyage; as indeed there was: but he himself, moreover, was readier than most men to fall into pleasant circles everywhere, being singularly prompt to make the most of any circle. Some of his Madeira acquaintanceships were really good; and one of them, if not more, ripened into comradeship and friendship for him. He says, as we saw, 'The chances are, Calvert and I will come home together.'

Among the English in pursuit of health, or in flight from fatal disease, that winter, was this Dr. Calvert; an excellent ingenious cheery Cumberland gentleman, about Sterling's age, and in a deeper stage of ailment, this not being his first visit to Madeira: he, warmly joining himself to Sterling, as we have seen, was warmly received by him; so that there soon grew a close and free intimacy between them; which for the next three years, till poor Calvert ended his course, was a leading element in the history of both. Companionship in incurable malady, a touching bond of union, was by no means purely or chiefly a companionship in misery in their case. The sunniest inextinguishable cheerfulness shone, through all manner of clouds, in both. Calvert had been travelling physician in some family of rank, who had rewarded him with a pension, shielding his own ill-health from one sad evil. Being hopelessly gone in pulmonary disorder, he now moved about among friendly climates and places, seeking what alleviation there might be; often spending his summers in the house of a sister in the environs of London; an insatiable rider on his little brown pony; always, wherever you might meet him, one of the cheeriest of men. He had plenty of speculation too, clear glances of all kinds into religious, social, moral con-

cerns ; and pleasantly incited Sterling's outpourings on such subjects. He could report of fashionable persons and manners, in a fine human Cumberland manner ; loved art, a great collector of drawings ; he had endless help and ingenuity ; and was, in short, every way a very human, lovable, good and nimble man,—the laughing blue eyes of him, the clear cheery soul of him, still redolent of the fresh Northern breezes and transparent Mountain streams. With this Calvert, Sterling formed a natural intimacy ; and they were to each other a great possession, mutually enlivening many a dark day during the next three years. They did come home together this spring ; and subsequently made several of these health-journeys in partnership.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE : THE STERLING CLUB.

In spite of these wanderings, Sterling's course in life, so far as his poor life could have any course or aim beyond that of screening itself from swift death, was getting more and more clear to him ; and he pursued it diligently, in the only way permitted him, by hasty snatches, in the intervals of continual fluctuation, change of place and other interruption.

Such, once for all, were the conditions appointed him. And it must be owned he had, with a most kindly temper, adjusted himself to these ; nay you would have said, he loved them ; it was almost as if he would have chosen them as the suitablest. Such an adaptation was there in him of volition to necessity :—for indeed they both, if well seen into, proceeded from one source. Sterling's bodily disease was the expression, under physical conditions, of the too vehement life which, under the moral, the intellectual and other aspects, incessantly struggled within him. Too vehement ;—which would have required a frame of oak and iron to contain it : in a thin though most wiry body of flesh and bone, it incessantly 'wore holes,' and so found outlet for itself. He could take no rest, he had never learned that art ; he was, as we often reproached him, fatally incapable of sitting still. Rapidity, as of pulsing au

roras, as of dancing lightnings : rapidity in all forms characterised him. This, which was his bane, in many senses, being the real origin of his disorder, and of such continual necessity to move and change,—was also his antidote, so far as antidote there might be ; enabling him to love change, and to snatch, as few others could have done, from the waste chaotic years, all tumbled into ruin by incessant change, what hours and minutes of available turned up. He had an incredible facility of labour. He flashed with most piercing glance into a subject ; gathered it up into organic utterability, with truly wonderful dispatch, considering the success and truth attained ; and threw it on paper with a swift felicity, ingenuity, brilliancy and general excellence, of which, under such conditions of swiftness, I have never seen a parallel. Essentially an *improviser* genius ; as his Father too was, and of admirable completeness he too though under a very different form.

If Sterling has done little in Literature, we may ask, What other man than he, in such circumstances, could have done anything ? In virtue of these rapid faculties, which otherwise cost him so dear, he has built together, out of those wavering boiling quicksands of his few later years, a result which may justly surprise us. There is actually some results in those poor Two Volumes gathered from him, such as they are ; he that reads there will not wholly lose his time, nor rise with a malison instead of a blessing on the writer. Here actually is a real seer-glance, of some compass, into the world of our day ; blessed glance, once more, of an eye that is human ; truer than one of a thousand, and beautifully capable of making others see with it. I have known considerable temporary reputations gained, considerable piles of temporary guineas, with loud reviewing and the like to match, on a far less basis than lies in those two volumes. Those also, I expect, will be held in memory by the world, one way or other, till the world has extracted all its benefit from them. Graceful, ingenious and illuminative reading, of their sort, for all manner of inquiring souls. A little verdant flowery island of poetic intellect, of melodious human verity ; sunlit island founded on the rocks ;—which the enormous circumambient continents of mown

reedgrass and floating lumber, with *their* mountain-ranges of ejected stable-litter however alpine, cannot by any means or chance submerge : nay, I expect, they will not even quite hide it, this modest little island, from the well-discerning ; but will float past it towards the place appointed for them, and leave said island standing. *Allah kereem*, say the Arabs ! And of the English also some still know that there is a difference in the material of mountains !—

As it is this last little result, the amount of his poor and ever-interrupted literary labour, that henceforth forms the essential history of Sterling, we need not dwell at too much length on the foreign journeys, disanchorings, and nomadic vicissitudes of household, which occupy his few remaining years, and which are only the disastrous and accidental arena of this. He had now, excluding his early and more deliberate residence in the West Indies, made two flights abroad, once with his family, once without, in search of health. He had two more, in rapid succession, to make, and many more to meditate ; and in the whole from Bayswater to the end, his family made no fewer than five complete changes of abode, for his sake. But these cannot be accepted as in any sense epochs in his life : the one last epoch of his life was that of his internal change towards Literature as his work in the world ; and we need not linger much on these, which are the mere outer accidents of that, and had no distinguished influence in modifying that.

Friends still hoped the unrest of that brilliant too-rapid soul would abate with years. Nay the doctors sometimes promised, on the physical side, a like result ; prophesying that, at forty-five or some mature age, the stress of disease might quit the lungs, and direct itself to other quarters of the system. But no such result was appointed for us ; neither forty-five itself, nor the ameliorations promised then, were ever to be reached. Four voyages abroad, three of them without his family, in flight from death ; and at home, for a like reason, five complete shiftings of abode : in such wandering manner, and not otherwise, had Sterling to continue his pilgrimage till it ended.

Once more I must say, his cheerfulness throughout was wonderful. A certain grimmer shade, coming gradually over him, might perhaps be noticed in the concluding years; not impatience properly, yet the consciousness how much he needed patience; something more caustic in his tone of wit, more trenchant and indignant occasionally in his tone of speech: but at no moment was his activity bewildered or abated, nor did his composure ever give way. No; both his activity and his composure he bore with him, through all weathers, to the final close; and on the whole, right manfully he walked his wild stern way towards the goal, and like a Roman wrapped his mantle round him when he fell.—Let us glance, with brevity, at what he saw and suffered in his remaining pilgrimings and changings; and count-up what fractions of spiritual fruit he realised to us from them.

Calvert and he returned from Madeira in spring 1838. Mrs. Sterling and the family had lived in Knightsbridge with his Father's people through winter: they now changed to Blackheath, or ultimately Hastings, and he with them, coming up to London pretty often; uncertain what was to be done for next winter. Literature went on briskly here: *Blackwood* had from him, besides the *Onyx Ring* which soon came out with due honour, assiduous almost monthly contributions in prose and verse. The series called *Hymns of a Hermit* was now going on; eloquent melodies, tainted to me with something of the same disease as the *Sexton's Daughter*, though perhaps in a less degree, considering that the strain was in a so much higher pitch. Still better, in clear eloquent prose, the series of detached thoughts, entitled *Crystals from a Cavern*; of which the set of fragments, generally a little larger in compass, called *Thoughts and Images*, and again those called *Sayings and Essayings*,¹ are properly continuations. Add to which, his friend John Mill had now charge of a Review, *The London and Westminster* its name; wherein Sterling's assistance, ardently desired, was freely afforded, with satisfaction to both parties, in this and the following years. An Essay on

¹ Hare, ii. 95-167.

Montaigne, with the notes and reminiscences already spoken of, was Sterling's first contribution here; then one on *Simonides*:¹ both of the present season.

On these and other businesses, slight or important, he was often running up to London; and gave us almost the feeling of his being resident among us. In order to meet the most or a good many of his friends at once on such occasions, he now furthermore contrived the scheme of a little Club, where monthly over a frugal dinner some reunion might take place; that is, where friends of his, and withal such friends of theirs as suited,—and in fine, where a small select company definable as persons to whom it was pleasant to talk together,—might have a little opportunity of talking. The scheme was approved by the persons concerned: I have a copy of the Original Regulations, probably drawn-up by Sterling, a very solid lucid piece of economics; and the List of the proposed Members, signed 'James Spedding, Secretary,' and dated '8th August 1838.'² The Club grew; was at first called the

¹ Hare, i. 129, 188.

² Here in a Note they are, if they can be important to anybody. The marks of interrogation, attached to some Names as not yet consulted or otherwise questionable, are in the Secretary's hand:

J. D. Acland, Esq.
 Hon. W. B. Baring.
 Rev. J. W. Blakesley.
 W. Boxall, Esq.
 T. Carlyle, Esq.
 Hon. R. Cavendish (?)
 H. N. Coleridge, Esq. (?)
 J. W. Colville, Esq.
 Allan Cunningham, Esq. (?)
 Rev. H. Donn.
 F. H. Doyle, Esq.
 C. L. Eastlake, Esq.
 Alex. Ellice, Esq.
 J. F. Elliott, Esq.
 Copley Fielding, Esq.
 Rev. J. C. Hare.
 Sir Edmund Head (?)
 D. D. Heath, Esq.
 G. C. Lewis, Esq.
 H. L. Lushington, Esq.
 The Lord Lyttleton.
 C. Macarthy, Esq.

H. Malden, Esq.
 J. S. Mill, Esq.
 R. M. Milnes, Esq.
 R. Monteith, Esq.
 S. A. O'Brien, Esq.
 Sir F. Palgrave (?)
 W. F. Pollok, Esq.
 Philip Pusey, Esq.
 A. Rio, Esq.
 C. Romilly, Esq.
 James Spedding, Esq.
 Rev. John Sterling.
 Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
 Rev. Connop Thirlwall.
 Rev. W. Hepworth Thompson.
 Edward Twisleton, Esq.
 G. S. Venables, Esq.
 Samuel Wood, Esq.
 Rev. T. Worsley.

James Spedding, *Secretary*.
 8th August 1838.

Anonymous Club ; then, after some months of success, in compliment to the founder who had now left us again, the *Sterling Club* ;—under which latter name, it once lately, for a time, owing to the Religious Newspapers, became rather famous in the world ! In which strange circumstances the name was again altered, to suit weak brethren ; and the Club still subsists, in a sufficiently flourishing though happily once more a private condition. That is the origin and genesis of poor Sterling's Club ; which, having honestly paid the shot for itself at Will's Coffeehouse or elsewhere, rashly fancied its bits of affairs were quite settled ; and once little thought of getting into Books of History with them !—

But now, Autumn approaching, Sterling had to quit Clubs, for matters of sadder consideration. A new removal, what we call 'his third peregrinity,' had to be decided on ; and it was resolved that Rome should be the goal of it, the journey to be done in company with Calvert, whom also the Italian climate might be made to serve instead of Madeira. One of the liveliest recollections I have, connected with the *Anonymous Club*, is that of once escorting Sterling, after a certain meeting there, which I had seen only towards the end, and now remember nothing of,—except that, on breaking-up, he proved to be encumbered with a carpet-bag, and could not at once find a cab for Knightsbridge. Some small bantering hereupon during the instants of embargo. But we carried his carpet-bag, slinging it on my stick, two or three of us alternately, through dusty vacant streets, under the gaslights and the stars, towards the surest cab-stand ; still jesting, or pretending to jest, he and we, not in the mirthfulest manner ; and had (I suppose) our own feelings about the poor Pilgrim, who was to go on the morrow, and had hurried to meet us in this way, as the last thing before leaving England.

CHAPTER VII.

ITALY.

THE journey to Italy was undertaken by advice of Sir James Clark, reckoned the chief authority in pulmonary therapeutics ; who prophesies important improvements from it, and perhaps even the possibility henceforth of living all the year in some English home. Mrs. Sterling and the children continued in a house avowedly temporary, a furnished house at Hastings, through the winter. The two friends had set off for Belgium, while the due warmth was still in the air. They traversed Belgium, looking well at pictures and such objects ; ascended the Rhine ; rapidly traversed Switzerland and the Alps ; issuing upon Italy and Milan, with immense appetite for pictures, and time still to gratify themselves in that pursuit, and be deliberate in their approach to Rome. We will take this free-flowing sketch of their passage over the Alps ; written amid 'the rocks of Arona,'—Santo Borromeo's country, and poor little Mignon's ! The 'elder Perdonnets' are opulent Lausanne people, to whose late son Sterling had been very kind in Madeira the year before :

'To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.

'Arona on the Lago Maggiore, 8th Oct. 1838.

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—I bring down the story of my proceedings to the present time since the 29th of September. I think it must have been after that day that I was at a great breakfast at the elder Perdonnets', with whom I had declined to dine, not choosing to go out at night. * * * I was taken by my hostess to see several pretty pleasure-grounds and points of view in the neighbourhood ; and latterly Calvert was better, and able to go with us. He was in force again, and our passports were all settled so as to enable us to start on the morning of the 2d, after taking leave of our kind entertainer with thanks for her infinite kindness.

‘We reached St. Maurice early that evening ; having had the Dent du Midi close to us for several hours ; glittering like the top of a silver teapot far up in the sky. Our course lay along the Valley of the Rhone ; which is considered one of the least beautiful parts of Switzerland, and perhaps for this reason pleased us, as we had not been prepared to expect much. We saw, before reaching the foot of the Alpine pass at Brieg, two rather celebrated Waterfalls ; the one the Pissevache, which has no more beauty than any waterfall one hundred or two hundred feet high must necessarily have : the other, near Tourtemagne, is much more pleasing, having foliage round it, and being in a secluded dell. If you buy a Swiss Waterfall, choose this one.

‘Our second day took us through Martigny to Sion, celebrated for its picturesque towers upon detached hills, for its strong Romanism and its population of *crétins*,—that is, maimed idiots having the *goître*. It looked to us a more thriving place than we expected. They are building a great deal ; among other things, a new Bishop’s Palace and a new Nunnery,—to inhabit either of which *ex officio* I feel myself very unsuitable. From Sion we came to Brieg ; a little village in a nook, close under an enormous mountain and glacier, where it lies like a molehill, or something smaller, at the foot of a haystack. Here also we slept ; and the next day our voiturier, who had brought us from Lausanne, started with us up the Simplon Pass ; helped on by two extra horses.

‘The beginning of the road was rather cheerful ; having a good deal of green pasturage, and some mountain villages ; but it soon becomes dreary and savage in aspect, and but for our bright sky and warm air, would have been truly dismal. However, we gained gradually a distinct and near view of several large glaciers ; and reached at last the high and melancholy valleys of the Upper Alps ; where even the pines become scanty, and no sound is heard but the wheels of one’s carriage, except when there happens to be a storm or an avalanche, neither of which entertained us. There is, here and there, a small stream of water pouring from the snow ; but this is rather a monotonous accompaniment to the general

desolation than an interruption of it. The road itself is certainly very good, and impresses one with a strong notion of human power. But the common descriptions are much exaggerated; and many of what the Guide-Books call "galleries" are merely parts of the road supported by a wall built against the rock, and have nothing like a roof above them. The "stupendous bridges," as they are called, might be packed, a dozen together, into one arch of London Bridge; and they are seldom even very striking from the depth below. The roadway is excellent, and kept in the best order. On the whole, I am very glad to have travelled the most famous road in Europe, and to have had delightful weather for doing so, as indeed we have had ever since we left Lausanne. The Italian descent is greatly more remarkable than the other side.

'We slept near the top, at the Village of Simplon, in a very fair and well-warmed inn, close to a mountain stream, which is one of the great ornaments of this side of the road. We have here passed into a region of granite, from that of limestone, and what is called gneiss. The valleys are sharper and closer,—like cracks in a hard and solid mass;—and there is much more of the startling contrast of light and shade, as well as more angular boldness of outline; to all which the more abundant waters add a fresh and vivacious interest. Looking back through one of these abysmal gorges, one sees two torrents dashing together, the precipice and ridge on one side, pitch-black with shade; and that on the other all flaming gold; while behind rises, in a huge cone, one of the glacier summits of the chain. The stream at one's feet rushes at a leap some two hundred feet down, and is bordered with pines and beeches, struggling through a ruined world of clefts and boulders. I never saw anything so much resembling some of the *Circles* described by Dante. From Simplon we made for Duomo d'Ossola; having broken out, as through the mouth of a mine, into green and fertile valleys full of vines and chestnuts, and white villages,—in short, into sunshine and Italy.

'At this place we dismissed our Swiss voiturier, and took an Italian one; who conveyed us to Omegna on the Lake of Orta; a place little visited by English travellers, but which

fully repaid us the trouble of going there. We were lodged in a simple and even rude Italian inn ; where they cannot speak a word of French ; where we occupied a barn-like room, with a huge chimney fit to lodge a hundred ghosts, whom we expelled by dint of a hot woodfire. There were two beds, and as it happened good ones, in this strange old apartment ; which was adorned by pictures of Architecture, and by Heads of Saints, better than many at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and which one paid nothing for looking at. The thorough Italian character of the whole scene amused us, much more than Meurice's at Paris would have done ; for we had voluble, commonplace good humour, with the aspect and accessories of a den of banditti.

‘ To-day we have seen the Lake of Orta, have walked for some miles among its vineyards and chestnuts ; and thence have come, by Baveno to this place ;—having seen by the way, I believe, the most beautiful part of the Lago Maggiore, and certainly the most cheerful, complete and extended example of fine scenery I have ever fallen-in with. Here we are, much to my wonder,—for it seems too good to be true,—fairly in Italy ; and as yet my journey has been a pleasanter and more instructive, and in point of health a more successful one, than I at all imagined possible. Calvert and I go on as well as can be. I let him have his way about natural science, and he only laughs benignly when he thinks me absurd in my moral speculations. My only regrets are caused by my separation from my family and friends, and by the hurry I have been living in, which has prevented me doing any work,—and compelled me to write to you at a good deal faster rate than the *vapore* moves on the Lago Maggiore. It will take me to-morrow to Sesto Calende, whence we go to Varese. We shall not be at Milan for some days. Write thither, if you are kind enough to write at all, till I give you another address. Love to my Father,—Your affectionate son,

‘ JOHN STELLING.’

Omitting Milan, Florence nearly all, and much about ‘ Art,’ Michael Angelo, and other aërial matters, here are some select

terrestrial glimpses, the fittest I can find, of his progress towards Rome :

Lucca, Nov. 27th, 1838 (To his Mother).—‘I had dreams, like other people, before I came here, of what the Lombard Lakes must be ; and the week I spent among them has left me an image, not only more distinct, but far more warm, shining and various, and more deeply attractive in innumerable respects, than all I had before conceived of them. And so also it has been with Florence ; where I spent three weeks : enough for the first hazy radiant dawn of sympathy to pass away ; yet constantly adding an increase of knowledge and of love, while I examined, and tried to understand, the wonderful minds that have left behind them there such abundant traces of their presence.’—‘On Sunday, the day before I left Florence, I went to the highest part of the Grand Duke’s Garden of Boboli, which commands a view of most of the City, and of the vale of the Arno to the westward ; where, as we had been visited by several rainy days, and now at last had a very fine one, the whole prospect was in its highest beauty. The mass of buildings, chiefly on the other side of the River, is sufficient to fill the eye, without perplexing the mind by vastness like that of London ; and its name and history, its outline and large and picturesque buildings, give it grandeur of a higher order than that of mere multitudinous extent. The Hills that border the Valley of the Arno are also very pleasing and striking to look upon ; and the view of the rich Plain, glimmering away into blue distance, covered with an endless web of villages and country-houses, is one of the most delightful images of human well-being I have ever seen.’—

‘Very shortly before leaving Florence, I went through the house of Michael Angelo ; which is still possessed by persons of the same family, descendants, I believe, of his Nephew. There is in it his “first work in marble,” as it is called ; and a few drawings,—all with the stamp of his enginery upon them, which was more powerful than all the steam in London.’—‘On the whole, though I have done no work in Florence that can be of any use or pleasure to others, except my Letters to my Wife,—I leave it with the certainty of much valuable

knowledge gained there, and with a most pleasant remembrance of the busy and thoughtful days I owe to it.

‘We left Florence before seven yesterday morning,’ 26th November, ‘for this place ; travelling on the northern side of the Arno, by Prato, Pistoia, Pescia. We tried to see some old frescoes in a Church at Prato ; but found the Priests all about, saying mass ; and of course did not venture to put our hands into a hive where the bees were buzzing and on the wing. Pistoia we only coasted. A little on one side of it, there is a Hill, the first on the road from Florence ; which we walked up, and had a very lively and brilliant prospect over the road we had just travelled, and the town of Pistoia. Thence to this place the whole land is beautiful, and in the highest degree prosperous,—in short, to speak metaphorically, all dotted with Leghorn bonnets, and streaming with olive-oil. The girls here are said to employ themselves chiefly in plating straw, which is a profitable employment ; and the slightness and quiet of the work are said to be much more favourable to beauty than the coarser kinds of labour performed by the country-women elsewhere. Certain it is that I saw more pretty women in Pescia, in the hour I spent there, than I ever before met with among the same numbers of the “phare sect.” Wherefore, as a memorial of them, I bought there several Legends of Female Saints and Martyrs, and of other Ladies quite the reverse, and held-up as warnings ; all of which are written in *ottava rima*, and sold for three-halfpence apiece. But unhappily I have not yet had time to read them. This Town has 30,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by Walls, laid-out as walks, and evidently not at present intended to be besieged,—for which reason, this morning, I merely walked on them round the Town, and did not besiege them.’

‘The Cathedral’ of Lucca ‘contains some Relics ; which have undoubtedly worked miracles on the imagination of the people hereabouts. The Grandfather of all Relics (as the Arabs would say) in the place is the *Volto Santo*, which is a Face of the Saviour appertaining to a wooden Crucifix. Now you must know that, after the ascension of Christ, Nicodemus was

ordered by an Angel to carve an image of him ; and went accordingly with a hatchet, and cut down a cedar for that purpose. He then proceeded to carve the figure ; and being tired, fell asleep before he had done the face ; which however, on awaking, he found completed by celestial aid. This image was brought to Lucca, from Leghorn, I think, where it had arrived in a ship, “ more than a thousand years ago,” and has ever since been kept, in purple and fine linen and gold and diamonds, quietly working miracles. I saw the gilt Shrine of it ; and also a Hatchet which refused to cut off the head of an innocent man, who had been condemned to death, and who prayed to the *Volto Santo*. I suppose it is by way of economy (they being a frugal people) that the Italians have their Book of Common Prayer and their Arabian Nights’ Entertainments condensed into one.’

Pisa, December 2d, 1838 (To the same).—‘ Pisa is very unfairly treated in all the Books I have read. It seems to me a quiet, but very agreeable place ; with wide clean streets, and a look of stability and comfort ; and I admire the Cathedral and its appendages more, the more I see them. The leaning of the Tower is to my eye decidedly unpleasant ; but it is a beautiful building nevertheless, and the view from the top is, under a bright sky, remarkably lively and satisfactory. The Lucchese Hills form a fine mass, and the sea must in clear weather be very distinct. There was some haze over it when I was up, though the land was all clear. I could just see the Leghorn Lighthouse. Leghorn itself I shall not be able to visit.’—

‘ The quiet gracefulness of Italian life, and the mental maturity and vigour of Germany, have a great charm when compared with the restless whirl of England, and the chorus of mingled yells and groans sent-up by our parties and sects, and by the suffering and bewildered crowds of the labouring people. Our politics make my heart ache, whenever I think of them. The base selfish frenzies of factions seem to me at this distance, half diabolic ; and I am out of the way of knowing anything that may be quietly adoring to elevate the standard of wise and temperate manhood in the country, and to diffuse

the means of physical and moral wellbeing among all the people.'—'I will write to my Father as soon as I can after reaching the capital of his friend the Pope,—who, if he had happened to be born an English gentleman, would no doubt by this time be a respectable old-gentlemanly gouty member of the Carlton. I have often amused myself by thinking what a mere accident it is that Phillpotts is not Archbishop of Tuam, and M'Hale Bishop of Exeter; and how slight a change of dress, and of a few catchwords, would even now enable them to fill those respective posts with all the propriety and discretion they display in their present positions.'

At Rome he found the Crawfords, known to him long since; and at different dates other English friends old and new; and was altogether in the liveliest humour, no end to his activities and speculations. Of all which, during the next four months, the Letters now before me give abundant record,—far too abundant for our objects here. His grand pursuit, as natural at Rome, was Art; into which metaphysical domain we shall not follow him; preferring to pick out, here and there, something of concrete and human. Of his interests, researches, speculations and descriptions on this subject of Art, there is always rather a superabundance, especially in the Italian Tour. Unfortunately, in the hard weather, poor Calvert fell ill; and Sterling, along with his Art-studies, distinguished himself as a sick-nurse till his poor comrade got afoot again. His general impressions of the scene and what it held for him may be read in the following excerpts. The Letters are all dated *Rome*, and addressed to his Father or Mother:

December 21st, 1838.—'Of Rome itself, as a whole, there are infinite things to be said, well worth saying; but I shall confine myself to two remarks: first, that while the Monuments and works of Art gain in wondrousness and significance by familiarity with them, the actual life of Rome, the Papacy and its pride, lose; and though one gets accustomed to Cardinals and Friars and Swiss Guards, and ragged beggars and the finery of London and Paris, all rolling on together, and sees how it is that they subsist in a sort of spurious unity, one

loses all tendency to idealise the Metropolis and System of the Hierarchy into anything higher than a piece of showy stage-declamation, at bottom, in our day, thoroughly mean and prosaic. My other remark is, that Rome, seen from the tower of the Capitol, from the Pincian or the Janiculum, is at this day one of the most beautiful spectacles which eyes ever beheld. The company of great domes rising from a mass of large and solid buildings, with a few stone-pines and scattered edifices on the outskirts; the broken bare Campagna all around; the Alban Hills not far, and the purple range of Sabine Mountains in the distance with a cope of snow;—this seen in the clear air, and the whole spiritualised by endless recollections, and a sense of the grave and lofty reality of human existence which has had this place for a main theatre, fills at once the eyes and heart more forcibly, and to me delightfully, than I can find words to say.'

January 22d, 1839.—'The Modern Rome, Pope and all inclusive, are a shabby attempt at something adequate to fill the place of the old Commonwealth. It is easy enough to live among them, and there is much to amuse and even interest a spectator; but the native existence of the place is now thin and hollow, and there is a stamp of littleness, and childish poverty of taste, upon all the great Christian buildings I have seen here,—not excepting St. Peter's; which is crammed with bits of coloured marble and gilding, and Gog-and-Magog colossal statues of saints (looking prodigiously small), and mosaics from the worst pictures in Rome; and has altogether, with most imposing size and lavish splendour, a tang of Guild-hall finery about it that contrasts oddly with the melancholy vastness and simplicity of the Ancient Monuments, though these have not the Athenian elegance. I recur perpetually to the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican, and to the Frescoes of Raffael and Michael Angelo, of inexhaustible beauty and greatness, and to the general aspect of the City and the Country round it, as the most impressive scene on earth. But the Modern City, with its churches, palaces, priests and beggars, is far from sublime.'

Of about the same date, here is another paragraph worth

inserting : ‘ Gladstone has three little agate crosses, which he will give you for my little girls. Calvert bought them, as a present, for “the bodies,” at Martigny in Switzerland, and I have had no earlier opportunity of sending them. Will you dispatch them to Hastings when you have an opportunity? I have not yet seen Gladstone’s *Church and State* ; but as there is a copy in Rome, I hope soon to lay hands on it. I saw yesterday in the *Times* a furious, and I am sorry to say, most absurd attack on him and it, and the new Oxonian school.’

February 28th, 1839.—‘ There is among the people plenty of squalid misery ; though not nearly so much as, they say, exists in Ireland ; and here there is a certain freedom and freshness of manners, a dash of Southern enjoyment in the condition of the meanest and most miserable. There is, I suppose, as little as well can be of conscience or artificial cultivation of any kind ; but there is not the affectation of a virtue which they do not possess, nor any feeling of being despised for the want of it ; and where life generally is so inert, except as to its passions and material wants, there is not the bitter consciousness of having been beaten by the more prosperous, in a race which the greater number have never thought of running. Among the labouring poor of Rome, a bribe will buy a crime ; but if common work procures enough for a day’s food or idleness, ten times the sum will not induce them to toil on, as an English workman would, for the sake of rising in the world. Sixpence any day will put any of them at the top of the only tree they care for,—that on which grows the fruit of idleness. It is striking to see the way in which, in magnificent churches, the most ragged beggars kneel on the pavement before some favourite altar in the midst of well-dressed women and of gazing foreigners. Or sometimes you will see one with a child come in from the street where she has been begging, put herself in a corner, say a prayer (probably for the success of her petitions), and then return to beg again. There is wonderfully little of any moral strength connected with this devotion ; but still it is better than nothing, and more than is often found among the men of the upper classes in Rome. I believe the Clergy to be generally profligate.

gate, and the state of domestic morals as bad as it has ever been represented.'—

Or, in sudden contrast, take this other glance homeward ; a Letter to his eldest child ; in which kind of Letters, more than in any other, Sterling seems to me to excel. Readers recollect the hurricane in St. Vincent ; the hasty removal to a neighbour's house, and the birth of a son there, soon after. The boy has grown to some articulation, during these seven years ; and his Father, from the new foreign scene of Priests and Dilettanti, thus addresses him :

'To Master Edward C. Sterling, Hastings.

'Rome, 21st January 1839.

'MY DEAR EDWARD,—I was very glad to receive your Letter, which showed me that you have learned something since I left home. If you knew how much pleasure it gave me to see your handwriting, I am sure you would take pains to be able to write well, that you might often send me letters, and tell me a great many things which I should like to know about Mamma and your Sisters as well as yourself.

'If I go to Vesuvius, I will try to carry away a bit of the lava, which you wish for. There has lately been a great eruption, as it is called, of that Mountain ; which means a great breaking-out of hot ashes and fire, and of melted stones which is called lava.

'Miss Clark is very kind to take so much pains with you ; and I trust you will show that you are obliged to her, by paying attention to all she tells you. When you see how much more grown people know than you, you ought to be anxious to learn all you can from those who teach you ; and as there are so many wise and good things written in Books, you ought to try to read early and carefully ; that you may learn something of what God has made you able to know. There are Libraries containing very many thousands of Volumes ; and all that is written in these is,—accounts of some part or other of the World which God has made, or of the Thoughts which he has enabled men to have in their minds. Some Books are descriptions of the earth itself, with its rocks and ground and

water, and of the air and clouds, and the stars and moon and sun, which shine so beautifully in the sky. Some tell you about the things that grow upon the ground ; the many millions of plants, from little mosses and threads of grass up to great trees and forests. Some also contain accounts of living things : flies, worms, fishes, birds and four-legged beasts. And some, which are the most, are about men and their thoughts and doings. These are the most important of all ; for men are the best and most wonderful creatures of God in the world ; being the only ones able to know him and love him, and to try of their own accord to do his will.

‘These Books about men are also the most important to us, because we ourselves are human beings, and may learn from such Books what we ought to think and to do and to try to be. Some of them describe what sort of people have lived in old times and in other countries. By reading them, we know what is the difference between ourselves in England now, and the famous nations which lived in former days. Such were the Egyptians who built the Pyramids, which are the greatest heaps of stone upon the face of the earth : and the Babylonians, who had a city with huge walls, built of bricks, having writing on them that no one in our time has been able to make out. There were also the Jews, who were the only ancient people that knew how wonderful and how good God is : and the Greeks, who were the wisest of all in thinking about men’s lives and hearts, and who knew best how to make fine statues and buildings, and to write wise books. By Books also we may learn what sort of people the old Romans were, whose chief city was Rome, where I am now ; and how brave and skilful they were in war ; and how well they could govern and teach many nations which they had conquered. It is from Books, too, that you must learn what kind of men were our Ancestors in the Northern part of Europe, who belonged to the tribes that did the most towards pulling-down the power of the Romans : and you will see in the same way how Christianity was sent among them by God, to make them wiser and more peaceful, and more noble in their minds ; and how all the nations that now are in Europe, and especially the Italians

and the Germans, and the French and the English, came to be what they now are.—It is well worth knowing (and it can be known only by reading) how the Germans found out the Printing of Books, and what great changes this has made in the world. And everybody in England ought to try to understand how the English came to have their Parliaments and Laws ; and to have fleets that sail over all seas of the world.

‘ Besides learning all these things, and a great many more about different times and countries, you may learn from Books, what is the truth of God’s will, and what are the best and wisest thoughts, and the most beautiful words ; and how men are able to lead very right lives, and to do a great deal to better the world. I have spent a great part of my life in reading ; and I hope you will come to like it as much as I do, and to learn in this way all that I know.

‘ But it is a still more serious matter that you should try to be obedient and gentle ; and to command your temper ; and to think of other people’s pleasure rather than your own, and of what you *ought* to do rather than what you *like*. If you try to be better for all you read, as well as wiser, you will find Books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge,—and above all other Books, the Bible ; which tells us of the will of God, and of the love of Jesus Christ towards God and men.

‘ I had a Letter from Mamma to-day, which left Hastings on the 10th of this month. I was very glad to find in it that you were all well and happy ; but I know Mamma is not well,—and is likely to be more uncomfortable every day for some time. So I hope you will all take care to give her as little trouble as possible. After sending you so much advice, I shall write a little Story to divert you.—I am, my dear Boy,—Your affectionate Father,

JOHN STERLING.’

The ‘ Story ’ is lost, destroyed, as are many such which Sterling wrote, with great felicity, I am told, and much to the satisfaction of the young folk, when the humour took him.

Besides these plentiful communications still left, I remember long Letters, not now extant, principally addressed to his Wife, of which we and the circle at Knightsbridge had due

perusal, treating with animated copiousness about all manner of picture-galleries, pictures, statues and objects of Art at Rome, and on the road to Rome and from it, wheresoever his course led him into neighbourhood of such objects. That was Sterling's habit. It is expected in this Nineteenth Century that a man of culture shall understand and worship Art : among the windy gospels addressed to our poor Century there are few louder than this of Art ;—and if the Century expects that every man shall do his duty, surely Sterling was not the man to balk it ! Various extracts from these picture-surveys are given in Hare ; the others, I suppose, Sterling himself subsequently destroyed, not valuing them much.

Certainly no stranger could address himself more eagerly to reap what artistic harvest Rome offers, which is reckoned the peculiar produce of Rome among cities under the sun ; to all galleries, churches, sistine chapels, ruins, coliseums, and artistic or dilettante shrines he zealously pilgrimed ; and had much to say then and afterwards, and with real technical and historical knowledge I believe, about the objects of devotion there. But it often struck me as a question, Whether all this even to himself was not, more or less, a nebulous kind of element ; prescribed not by Nature and her verities, but by the Century expecting every man to do his duty ? Whether not perhaps, in good part, temporary dilettante cloudland of our poor Century ;—or can it be the real diviner Pisgah-height, and everlasting mount of vision, for man's soul in any Century ? And I think Sterling himself bent towards a negative conclusion, in the course of years. Certainly, of all subjects this was the one I cared least to hear even Sterling talk of : indeed it is a subject on which earnest men, abhorrent of hypocrisy and speech that has no meaning, are admonished to silence in this sad time, and had better, in such a Babel as we have got into for the present, 'perambulate their picture-gallery with little or no speech.'

Here is another and to me much more earnest kind of 'Art,' which renders Rome unique among the cities of the world ; of this we will, in preference, take a glance through Sterling's eyes :

January 22d, 1839.—‘On Friday last there was a great Festival at St. Peter’s; the only one I have seen. The Church was decorated with crimson hangings, and the choir fitted-up with seats and galleries, and a throne for the Pope. There were perhaps a couple of hundred guards of different kinds; and three or four hundred English ladies, and not so many foreign male spectators; so that the place looked empty. The Cardinals in scarlet, and Monsignori in purple, were there; and a body of officiating Clergy. The Pope was carried-in in his chair on men’s shoulders, wearing the Triple Crown; which I have thus actually seen: it is something like a gigantic Egg, and of the same colour, with three little bands of gold,—very large Eggshell with three streaks of the yolk smeared round it. He was dressed in white silk robes, with gold trimmings.

‘It was a fine piece of state-show; though, as there are three or four such Festivals yearly, of course there is none of the eager interest which breaks-out at coronations and similar rare events; no explosion of unwonted velvets, jewels, carriages and footmen, such as London and Milan have lately enjoyed. I guessed all the people in St. Peter’s, including performers and spectators, at 2,000; where 20,000 would hardly have been a crushing crowd. Mass was performed, and a stupid but short Latin sermon delivered by a lad, in honour of St. Peter, who would have been much astonished if he could have heard it. The genuflexions, and trainbearings, and folding-up the tails of silk-petticoats while the Pontiff knelt, and the train of Cardinals going up to kiss his Ring, and so forth,—made on me the impression of something immeasurably old and sepulchral, such as might suit the Grand Lama’s court, or the inside of an Egyptian Pyramid; or as if the Hieroglyphics on one of the Obelisks here should begin to pace and gesticulate, and nod their bestial heads upon the granite tablets. The careless bystanders, the London ladies with their eye-glasses and look of an Opera-box, the yawning young gentlemen of *Guarda Nobile*, and the laugh of one of the file of vermilion Priests round the steps of the altar at the whispered good thing of his neighbour, brought one back to

nothing indeed of a very lofty kind, but still to the Nineteenth century.'—

'At the great Benediction of the City and the World on Easter Sunday by the Pope,' he writes afterwards, 'there was a large crowd both native and foreign, hundreds of carriages, and thousands of the lower orders of people from the country; but even of the poor hardly one in twenty took off his hat, and a still smaller number knelt down. A few years ago, not a head was covered, nor was there a knee which did not bow.'—A very decadent "Holiness of our Lord the Pope," it would appear!—

Sterling's view of the Pope, as seen in these his gala days, doing his big playactorism under God's earnest sky, was much more substantial to me than his studies in the picture-galleries. To Mr. Hare also he writes: 'I have seen the Pope in all his pomp at St. Peter's; and he looked to me a mere lie in livery. The Romish Controversy is doubtless a much more difficult one than the managers of the Religious-Tract Society fancy, because it is a theoretical dispute; and in dealing with notions and authorities, I can quite understand how a mere student in a library, with no eye for facts, should take either one side or other. But how any man with clear head and honest heart, and capable of seeing realities, and distinguishing them from scenic falsehoods, should, after living in a Romanist country, and especially at Rome, be inclined to side with Leo against Luther, I cannot understand.'¹

It is fit surely to recognise with admiring joy any glimpse of the Beautiful and the Eternal that is hung out for us, in colour, in form or tone, in canvas, stone, or atmospheric air, and made accessible by any sense, in this world: but it is greatly fitter still (little as we are used that way) to shudder in pity and abhorrence over the scandalous tragedy, transcendent nadir of human ugliness and contemptibility, which under the daring title of religious worship, and practical recognition of the Highest God, daily and hourly everywhere transacts itself there. And, alas, not there only, but else-

¹ Hare, p. cxviii.

where, everywhere more or less ; whereby our sense is so blunted to it ;—whence, in all provinces of human life, these tears !—

But let us take a glance at the Carnival, since we are here. The Letters, as before, are addressed to Knightsbridge ; the date *Rome* :

February 5th, 1839.—‘The Carnival began yesterday. It is a curious example of the trifling things which will heartily amuse tens of thousands of grown people, precisely because they are trifling, and therefore a relief from serious business, cares and labours. The Corso is a street about a mile long, and about as broad as Jermyn Street ; but bordered by much loftier houses, with many palaces and churches, and has two or three small squares opening into it. Carriages, mostly open, drove up and down it for two or three hours ; and the contents were shot at with handfuls of comfits from the windows,—in the hope of making them as non-content as possible,—while they returned the fire to the best of their inferior ability. The populace, among whom was I, walked about ; perhaps one in fifty were masked in character ; but there was little in the masquerade either of splendour of costume or liveliness of mimicry. However, the whole scene was very gay ; there were a good many troops about, and some of them heavy dragoons, who flourished their swords with the magnanimity of our Life-Guards, to repel the encroachments of too-ambitious little boys. Most of the windows and balconies were hung with coloured drapery ; and there were flags, trumpets, nosegays and flirtations of all shapes and sizes. The best of all was, that there was laughter enough to have frightened Cassius out of his thin carcass, could the lean old homicide have been present, otherwise than as a fleshless ghost ;—in which capacity I thought I had a glimpse of him looking over the shoulder of a parti-coloured clown, in a carriage full of London Cockneys driving towards the Capitol. This good-humoured foolery will go on for several days to come, ending always with the celebrated Horse-race, of horses without riders. The long street is cleared in the centre by troops, and half-a-dozen quadrupeds, ornamented like Gri-

maldi in a London pantomime, scamper away with the mob closing and roaring at their heels.'

February 9th, 1839.—'The usual state of Rome is quiet and sober. One could almost fancy the actual generation held their breath, and stole-by on tiptoe, in presence of so memorable a past. But during the Carnival all mankind, womankind and childkind think it unbecoming not to play the fool. The modern donkey pokes its head out of the lion's skin of old Rome, and brays-out the absurdest of asinine roundelays. Conceive twenty thousand grown people in a long street, at the windows, on the footways, and in carriages, amused day after day for several hours in pelting and being pelted with handfuls of mock or real sugar-plums; and this no name or pretence, but real downright showers of plaster comfits, from which people guard their eyes with meshes of wire. As sure as a carriage passes under a window or balcony where are acquaintances of theirs, down comes a shower of hail, ineffectually returned from below. The parties in two crossing carriages similarly assault each other; and there are long balconies hung the whole way with a deep canvas pocket full of this mortal shot. One Russian Grand Duke goes with a troop of youngsters in a wagon, all dressed in brown linen frocks and masked, and pelts among the most furious, also being pelted. The children are of course preëminently vigorous, and there is a considerable circulation of real sugar-plums, which supply consolation for all disappointments.'

The whole to conclude, as is proper, with a display, with two displays, of fire-works; in which art, as in some others, Rome is unrivalled:

February 9th, 1839.—'It seems to be the ambition of all the lower classes to wear a mask and showy grotesque disguise of some kind; and I believe many of the upper ranks do the same. They even put St. Peter's into masquerade; and make it a Cathedral of Lamplight instead of a stone one. Two evenings ago this feat was performed; and I was able to see it from the rooms of a friend near this, which command an excellent view of it. I never saw so beautiful an effect of artificial light. The evening was perfectly serene and clear;

the principal lines of the building, the columns, architrave and pediment of the front, the two inferior cupolas, the curves of the dome from which the dome rises, the ribs of the dome itself, the small oriel windows between them, and the lantern and ball and cross,—all were delineated in the clear vault of air by lines of pale yellow fire. The dome of another great Church, much nearer to the eye, stood up as a great black mass,—a funereal contrast to the luminous tabernacle.

‘While I was looking at this latter, a red blaze burst from the summit, and at the same moment seemed to flash over the whole building, filling-up the pale outline with a simultaneous burst of fire. This is a celebrated display; and is done, I believe, by the employment of a very great number of men to light, at the same instant, the torches which are fixed for the purpose all over the building. After the first glare of fire, I did not think the second aspect of the building so beautiful as the first; it wanted both softness and distinctness. The two most animated days of the Carnival are still to come.’

April 4th, 1839.—‘We have just come to the termination of all the Easter spectacles here. On Sunday evening St. Peter’s was a second time illuminated. I was in the Piazza, and admired the sight from a nearer point than when I had seen it before at the time of the Carnival.’

‘On Monday evening the celebrated fire-works were let-off from the Castle of St. Angelo; they were said to be, in some respects, more brilliant than usual. I certainly never saw any fire-works comparable to them for beauty. The Girandola is a discharge of many thousands of rockets at once, which of course fall back, like the leaves of a lily, and form for a minute a very beautiful picture. There was also in silvery light a very long Façade of a Palace, which looked a residence for Oberon and Titania, and beat Aladdin’s into darkness. Afterwards a series of cascades of red fire poured down the faces of the Castle and of the scaffoldings round it, and seemed a burning Niagara. Of course there were abundance of serpents, wheels and cannon-shot; there was also a display of dazzling white light, which made a strange appearance on the

houses, the river, the bridge, and the faces of the multitude. The whole ended with a second and a more splendid Girandola.'

Take finally, to people the scene a little for us, if our imagination be at all lively, these three small entries, of different dates, and so wind-up :

December 30th, 1838.—'I received on Christmas-day a packet from Dr. Carlyle, containing Letters from the Maurices ; which were a very pleasant arrival. The Dr. wrote a few lines with them, mentioning that he was only at Civita Vecchia while the steamer baited on its way to Naples. I have written to thank him for his despatches.'

March 16th, 1839.—'I have seen a good deal of John Mill, whose society I like much. He enters heartily into the interest of the things which I most care for here, and I have seldom had more pleasure than in taking him to see Raffael's Loggie, where are the Frescoes called his Bible, and to the Sixtine Chapel, which I admire and love more and more. He is in very weak health, but as fresh and clear in mind as possible.' * * * 'English politics seem in a queer state, the Conservatives creeping on, the Whigs losing ground ; like combatants on the top of a breach, while there is a social mine below which will probably blow both parties into the air.'

April 4th, 1839.—'I walked out on Tuesday on the Ancona Road, and about noon met a travelling carriage, which from a distance looked very suspicious, and on nearer approach was found really to contain Captain Sterling and an Albanian manservant on the front, and behind under the hood Mrs. A. Sterling and the she portion of the tail. They seemed very well ; and, having turned the Albanian back to the rear of the whole machine, I sat by Anthony, and entered Rome in triumph.'—Here is indeed a conquest ! Captain A. Sterling, now on his return from service in Corfu, meets his Brother in this manner ; and the remaining Roman days are of a brighter complexion. As these suddenly ended, I believe he turned southward, and found at Naples the Dr. Carlyle above mentioned (an extremely intimate acquaintance of mine), who was still

there. For we are a most travelling people, we of this Island in this time ; and, as the Prophet threatened, see ourselves, in so many senses, made 'like unto a wheel !'—

Sterling returned from Italy filled with much cheerful imagery and reminiscence, and great store of artistic, serious, dilettante and other speculation for the time ; improved in health, too ; but probably little enriched in real culture or spiritual strength ; and indeed not permanently altered by his tour in any respect to a sensible extent, that one could notice. He returned rather in haste, and before the expected time ; summoned, about the middle of April, by his Wife's domestic situation at Hastings ; who, poor lady, had been brought to bed before her calculation, and had in few days lost her infant ; and now saw a household round her much needing the master's presence. He hurried off to Malta, dreading the Alps at that season ; and came home, by steamer, with all speed, early in May 1839.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER. I.

CLIFTON.

MATTERS once readjusted at Hastings, it was thought Sterling's health had so improved, and his activities towards Literature so developed themselves into congruity, that a permanent English place of abode might now again be selected,—on the South-west coast somewhere,—and the family once more have the blessing of a home, and see its *lares* and *penates* and household furniture unlocked from the Pantechnicon repositories, where they had so long been lying.

Clifton, by Bristol, with its soft Southern winds and high cheerful situation, recommended too by the presence of one or more valuable acquaintances there, was found to be the eligible place ; and thither in this summer of 1839, having found a tolerable lodging, with the prospect by and by of an agreeable house, he and his removed. This was the end of what I call his 'third peregrinity ;'—or reckoning the West Indies one, his fourth. This also is, since Bayswater, the fourth time his family has had to shift on his account. Bayswater ; then to Bordeaux, to Blackheath and Knightsbridge (during the Madeira time), to Hastings (Roman time) ; and now to Clifton, not to stay there either : a sadly nomadic life to be prescribed to a civilised man !

At Clifton his habitation was speedily enough set up ; household conveniences, methods of work, daily promenades on foot or horseback, and before long even a circle of friends, or of kindly neighbourhoods ripening into intimacy, were established round him. In all this no man could be more expert

or expeditious, in such cases. It was with singular facility, in a loving, hoping manner, that he threw himself open to the new interests and capabilities of the new place ; snatched out of it whatsoever of human or material would suit him ; and in brief, in all senses had pitched his tent-habitation, and grew to look on it as a house. It was beautiful too, as well as pathetic. This man saw himself reduced to be a dweller in tents, his house is but a stone tent ; and he can so kindly accommodate himself to that arrangement ;—healthy faculty and diseased necessity, nature and habit, and all manner of things primary and secondary, original and incidental, conspiring now to make it easy for him. With the evils of nomadism, he participated to the full in whatever benefits lie in it for a man.

He had friends enough, old and new, at Clifton, whose intercourse made the place human for him. Perhaps among the most valued of the former sort may be mentioned Mrs. Edward Strachey, Widow of the late Indian Judge, who now resided here ; a cultivated, graceful, most devout and high-minded lady ; whom he had known in old years, first probably as Charles Buller's Aunt, and whose esteem was constant for him, and always precious to him. She was some ten or twelve years older than he ; she survived him some years, but is now also gone from us. Of new friends acquired here, besides a skilful and ingenious Dr. Symonds, physician as well as friend, the principal was Francis Newman, then and still an ardently inquiring soul, of fine University and other attainments, of sharp-cutting, restlessly advancing intellect, and the mildest pious enthusiasm ; whose worth, since better known to all the world, Sterling highly estimated ;—and indeed practically testified the same ; having by will appointed him, some years hence, guardian to his eldest Son ; which pious function Mr. Newman now successfully discharges.

Sterling was not long in certainty as to his abode at Clifton : alas, where could he long be so ? Hardly six months were gone when his old enemy again overtook him ; again admonished him how frail his hopes of permanency were. Each winter, it turned out, he had to fly ; and after the sec-

ond of these, he quitted the place altogether. Here, meanwhile, in a Letter to myself, and in Excerpts from others, are some glimpses of his advent and first summer there :

Clifton, June 11th, 1839 (To his Mother).—‘As yet I am personally very uncomfortable from the general confusion of this house, which deprives me of my room to sit and read and write in ; all being more or less lumbered by boxes, and invaded by servile domesticities aproned, handled, bristled, and of nondescript varieties. We have very fine warm weather, with occasional showers ; and the verdure of the woods and fields is very beautiful. Bristol seems as busy as need be ; and the shops and all kinds of practical conveniences are excellent ; but those of Clifton have the usual sentimental, not to say meretricious fraudulence of commercial establishments in Watering-places.

‘The bag which Hannah forgot reached us safely at Bath on Friday morning ; but I cannot quite unriddle the mystery of the change of padlocks, for I left the right one in care of the Head Steam-engine at Paddington, which seemed a very decent person with a good black coat on, and a pen behind its ear. I have been meditating much on the story of Palarea’s “box of papers ;” which does not appear to be in my possession, and I have a strong impression that I gave it to young Florez Calderon. I will write to say so to Madam Torrijos speedily.’ Palarea, Dr. Palarea, I understand, was ‘an old guerrilla leader whom they called *El Medico*.’ Of him and of the vanished shadows, now gone to Paris, to Madrid, or out of the world, let us say nothing !

June 15th, 1839 (To myself).—‘We have a room now occupied by Robert Barton,’ a brother-in-law ; ‘to which Anthony may perhaps succeed ; but which after him, or in lieu of him, would expand itself to receive you. Is there no hope of your coming ? I would undertake to ride with you at all possible paces, and in all existing directions.

‘As yet my books are lying as ghost books, in a limbo on the banks of a certain Bristolian Styx, humanly speaking, a *Canal* ; but the other apparatus of life is gathered about me, and per-

forms its diurnal functions. The place pleases me better than I expected : a far look-out on all sides, over green country ; a sufficient old City lying in the hollow near ; and civilisation, in no tumultuous state, rather indeed stagnant, visible in the Rows of Houses and Gardens which call themselves Clifton. I hope soon to take a lease of a house, where I may arrange myself more methodically ; keep myself equably boiling in my own kitchen ; and spread myself over a series of book-shelves' — 'I have just been interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Strachey ; with whom I dined yesterday. She seems a very good and thoroughly kind-hearted woman ; and it is pleasant to have her for a neighbour.' — 'I have read Emerson's Pamphlets. I should find it more difficult than ever to write to him.'

June 30th, 1839 (To his Father).— 'Of Books I shall have no lack, though no plethora ; and the Reading-room supplies all one can want in the way of Papers and Reviews. I go there three or four times a week, and inquire how the human race goes on. I suppose this Turco-Egyptian War will throw several diplomatists into a state of great excitement, and massacre a good many thousands of Africans and Asiatics ?—For the present, it appears, the English Education Question is settled. I wish the Government had said that, in their inspection and superintendence, they would look only to secular matters, and leave religious ones to the persons who set-up the schools, whoever these might be. It seems to me monstrous that the State should be prevented taking any efficient measures for teaching Roman Catholic children to read, write and cipher, merely because they believe in the Pope, and the Pope is an impostor,—which I candidly confess he is ! There is no question which I can so ill endure to see made a party one as that of Education.'—The following is of the same day :

'To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

'Manor House, Clifton Place, Clifton,

'30th June 1839.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I have heard, this morning, from my Father, that you are to set-out on Tuesday for Scotland : so I have determined to fillip away some spurt of ink in your

direction, which may reach you before you move towards Thule.

‘Writing to you, in fact, is considerably easier than writing about you ; which has been my employment of late, at leisure moments,—that is, moments of leisure from idleness, not work. As you partly guessed, I took in hand a Review of *Teufelsdröckh*—for want of a better *Heuschrecke* to do the work ; and when I have been well enough, and alert enough, during the last fortnight, have tried to set down some notions about Tobacco, Radicalism, Christianity, Assafoetida and so forth. But a few abortive pages are all the result as yet. If my speculations should ever see daylight, they may chance to get you into scrapes, but will certainly get me into worse.’
* * * ‘But one must work ; *sic itur ad astra*,—and the *astra* are always there to befriend one, at least as asterisks, filling-up the gaps which yawn in vain for words.

‘Except my unsuccessful efforts to discuss you and your offences, I have done nothing that leaves a trace behind ;—unless the endeavour to teach my little boy the Latin declensions shall be found, at some time short of the Last Day, to have done so. I have,—rather I think from dyspepsia than dyspneumony,—been often and for days disabled from doing anything but read. In this way I have gone through a good deal of Strauss’s Book ; which is exceedingly clever and clear-headed ; with more of insight and less of destructive rage than I expected. It will work deep and far, in such a time as ours. When so many minds are distracted about the history, or rather genesis of the Gospel, it is a great thing for partisans on the one side to have, what the other never have wanted, a Book of which they can say, This is our Creed and Code,—or rather Anti-creed and Anti-code. And Strauss seems perfectly secure against the sort of answer to which Voltaire’s critical and historical shallowness perpetually exposed him. I mean to read the Book through. It seems admitted that the orthodox theologians have failed to give any sufficient answer.—I have also looked through Michelet’s *Luther*, with great delight ; and have read the fourth volume of Coleridge’s *Literary Remains*, in which there are things that would interest you. He has

a great hankering after Cromwell, and explicitly defends the execution of Charles.

‘Of Mrs. Strachey we have seen a great deal; and might have seen more, had I had time and spirits for it. She is a warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, whom one cannot but like. She seems always excited by the wish for more excitement than her life affords. And such a person is always in danger of doing something less wise than his best knowledge and aspirations; because he must do something, and circumstances do not allow him to do what he desires. Thence, after the first glow of novelty, endless self-tormenting comes from the contrast between aims and acts. She sets out, with her daughter and two boys, for a Tour in Wales tomorrow morning. Her talk of you is always most affectionate; and few, I guess, will read *Sartor* with more interest than she.

‘I am still in a very extempore condition as to house, books, &c. One which I have hired for three years will be given up to me in the middle of August; and then I may hope to have something like a house,—so far as that is possible for any one to whom Time itself is often but a worse or a better kind of cave in the desert. We have had rainy and cheerless weather almost since the day of our arrival. But the sun now shines more lovingly, and the skies seem less disdainful of man and his perplexities. The earth is green, abundant and beautiful. But human life, so far as I can learn, is mean and meagre enough in its purposes, however striking to the speculative or sentimental bystander. Pray be assured that whatever you may say of the “landlord at Clifton,”¹ the more I know of him, the less I shall like him. Well with me if I can put-up with him for the present, and make use of him, till at last I can joyfully turn him off forever!

‘Love to your Wife and self. My little Charlotte desires me to tell you that she has new shoes for her Doll, which she will show you when you come.—Yours,
JOHN STERLING.’

The visit to Clifton never took effect; nor to any of Sterling’s subsequent homes; which now is matter of regret to

¹ Of Sterling himself, I suppose.

me. Concerning the 'Review of *Teufelsdröckh*' there will be more to say anon. As to 'little Charlotte and her Doll,' I remember well enough and was more than once reminded, this bright little creature, on one of my first visits to Bayswater, had earnestly applied to me to put her Doll's shoes on for her; which feat was performed.—The next fragment indicates a household settled, fallen into wholesome routine again; and may close the series here:

July 22d, 1839 (*To his Mother*).—'A few evenings ago we went to Mr. Griffin's, and met there Dr. Prichard, the author of a well-known Book on the *Races of Mankind*, to which it stands in the same relation among English books as the *Racing Calendar* does to those of Horsekind. He is a very intelligent, accomplished person. We had also there the Dean; a certain Dr. — of Corpus College, Cambridge (a booby); and a clever fellow, a Mr. Fisher, one of the Tutors of Trinity in my days. We had a very pleasant evening.'—

At London we were in the habit of expecting Sterling pretty often; his presence, in this house as in others, was looked for, once in the month or two, and came always as sunshine in the gray weather to me and mine. My daily walks with him had long since been cut-short without renewal; that walk to Eltham and Edgeworth's perhaps the last of the kind he and I had: but our intimacy, deepening and widening year after year, knew no interruption or abatement of increase; an honest, frank and truly human mutual relation, valuable or even invaluable to both parties, and a lasting loss, hardly to be replaced in this world, to the survivor of the two.

His visits, which were usually of two or three days, were always full of business, rapid in movement as all his life was. To me, if possible, he would come in the evening; a whole cornucopia of talk and speculation was to be discharged. If the evening would not do, and my affairs otherwise permitted, I had to mount into cabs with him; fly far and wide, shuttling athwart the big Babel, wherever his calls and pauses had to be. This was his way to husband time! Our talk, in such straitened circumstances, was loud or low as the circumambient groaning rage of wheels and sound prescribed,—very loud

it had to be in such thoroughfares as London Bridge and Cheapside ; but except while he was absent, off for minutes into some banker's office, lawyer's, stationer's, haberdasher's or what office there might be, it never paused. In this way extensive strange dialogues were carried on : to me also very strange,—private friendly colloquies, on all manner of rich subjects, held thus amid the chaotic roar of things. Sterling was full of speculations, observations and bright sallies ; vividly awake to what was passing in the world ; glanced pertinently with victorious clearness, without spleen, though often enough with a dash of mockery, into its Puseyisms, Liberalisms, literary Lionisms, or what else the mad hour might be producing,—always prompt to recognise what grain of sanity might be in the same. He was opulent in talk, and the rapid movement and vicissitude on such occasions seemed to give him new excitement.

Once, I still remember,—it was some years before, probably in May, on his return from Madeira,—he undertook a day's riding with me ; once and never again. We coursed extensively over the Hampstead and Highgate regions, and the country beyond, sauntering or galloping through many leafy lanes and pleasant places, in everflowing, everchanging talk ; and returned down Regent Street at nightfall : one of the cheerfulest days I ever had ;—not to be repeated, said the Fates. Sterling was charming on such occasions : at once a child and a gifted man. A serious fund of thought he always had, a serious drift you never missed in him : nor indeed had he much depth of real laughter or sense of the ludicrous, as I have elsewhere said ; but what he had was genuine, free and continual : his sparkling sallies bubbled-up as from aerated natural fountains ; a mild dash of gaiety was native to the man, and had moulded his physiognomy in a very graceful way. We got once into a cab, about Charing Cross ; I know not now whence or well whitherward, nor that our haste was at all special ; however, the cabman, sensible that his pace was slowish, took to whipping, with a steady, passionless, business-like assiduity which, though the horse seemed lazy rather than weak, became afflictive ; and I urged remonstrance

with the savage fellow : "Let him alone," answered Sterling ; "he is kindling the enthusiasm of his horse, you perceive ; that is the first thing, then we shall do very well !"—as accordingly we did.

At Clifton, though his thoughts began to turn more on poetic forms of composition, he was diligent in prose elaborations too,—doing Criticism, for one thing, as we incidentally observed. He wrote there, and sent forth in this autumn of 1839, his most important contribution to John Mill's Review, the article on *Carlyle*, which stands also in Mr. Hare's collection.¹ What its effect on the public was I knew not, and know not ; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation ; as it well might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis, and clear conviction visible amid its fiery exaggeration, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile, that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet : this fact is a memorable one in every history ; and for me Sterling, often enough the stiff gainsayer in our private communings, was the doer of this. The thought burnt in me like a lamp, for several days ; lighting-up into a kind of heroic splendour the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle, and secretly I was very grateful to my daring friend, and am still, and ought to be. What the public might be thinking about him and his audacities, and me in consequence, or whether it thought at all, I never learned, or much heeded to learn.

Sterling's gainsaying had given way on many points ; but on others it continued stiff as ever, as may be seen in that article ; indeed he fought Parthian-like in such cases, holding out his last position as doggedly as the first : and to some of my notions he seemed to grow in stubbornness of opposition, with the growing inevitability, and never would surrender. Especially that doctrine of the 'greatness and fruitfulness of

¹ Hare, i. p. 252.

Silence,' remained afflictive and incomprehensible: "Silence?" he would say: "Yes, truly; if they give you leave to proclaim silence by cannon-salvoes! My Harpocratès-Stentor!" In like manner, 'Intellect and Virtue,' how they are proportional, or are indeed one gift in us, the same great summary of gifts; and again, 'Might and Right,' the identity of these two, if a man will understand this God's-Universe, and that only he who conforms to the law of *it* can in the longrun have any 'might:' all this, at the first blush, often awakened Sterling's musketry upon me, and many volleys I have had to stand,—the thing not being decidable by that kind of weapon or strategy.

In such cases your one method was to leave our friend in peace. By small-arms practice no mortal could dislodge him: but if you were in the right, the silent hours would work continually for you; and Sterling, more certainly than any man, would and must at length swear fealty to the right, and passionately adopt it, burying all hostilities under foot. A more candid soul, once let the stormful velocities of it expend themselves, was nowhere to be met with. A son of light, if I have ever seen one; recognising the truth, if truth there were; hurling overboard his vanities, petulances, big and small interests, in ready loyalty to truth: very beautiful; at once a loyal child, as I said, and a gifted man!—Here is a very pertinent passage from one of his Letters, which, though the name continues blank, I will insert:

October 15th, 1839 (To his Father).—'As to my "over-estimate of —," your expressions rather puzzle me. I suppose there may be, at the outside, a hundred persons in England whose opinions on such a matter are worth as much as mine. If by "the public" you and my Mother mean the other ninety-nine, I submit. I have no doubt that, on any matter not relating peculiarly to myself, the judgment of the ninety-nine most philosophical heads in the country, if unanimous, would be right, and mine, if opposed to them, wrong. But then I am at a loss to make out, How the decision of the very few really competent persons has been ascertained to be thus in contradiction to me? And on the other hand, I conceive my-

self, from my opportunities, knowledge and attention to the subject, to be alone quite entitled to outvote tens of thousands of gentlemen, however much my superiors as men of business, men of the world, or men of merely dry or merely frivolous literature.

‘I do not remember ever before to have heard the saying, whether of Talleyrand or of any one else, That *all* the world is a wiser man than any man in the world. Had it been said even by the Devil, it would nevertheless be false. I have often indeed heard the saying, *On peut être plus FIN qu’un autre, mais pas plus FIN que tous les autres*. But observe that “*fin*” means *cunning*, not *wise*. The difference between this assertion and the one you refer to is curious and worth examining. It is quite certain, there is always some one man in the world wiser than all the rest ; as Socrates was declared by the oracle to be ; and as, I suppose, Bacon was in his day, and perhaps Burke in his. There is also some one, whose opinion would be probably true, if opposed to that of all around him ; and it is always indubitable that the wise men are the scores, and the unwise the millions. The millions indeed come round, in the course of a generation or two, to the opinions of the wise ; but by that time a new race of wise men have again shot ahead of their contemporaries ; so it has always been, and so, in the nature of things, it always must be. But with cunning, the matter is quite different. Cunning is not *dishonest wisdom*, which would be a contradiction in terms ; it is *dishonest prudence*, acuteness in practice, not in thought : and though there must always be some one the most cunning in the world, as well as some one the most wise, these two superlatives will fare very differently in the world. In the case of cunning, the shrewdness of a whole people, of a whole generation, may doubtless be combined against that of the one, and so triumph over it ; which was pretty much the case with Napoleon. But although a man of the greatest cunning can hardly conceal his designs and true character from millions of unfriendly eyes, it is quite impossible thus to club the eyes of the mine, and to constitute by the union of ten thousand follies an equivalent for a single wisdom. A hundred schoolboys can easily unite and thrash

their one master ; but a hundred thousand schoolboys would not be nearer than a score to knowing as much Greek among them as Bentley or Scaliger. To all which, I believe, you will assent as readily as I ;—and I have written it down only because I have nothing more important to say.’—

Besides his prose labours, Sterling had by this time written, publishing chiefly in *Blackwood*, a large assortment of verses, *Sexton's Daughter*, *Hymns of a Hermit*, and I know not what other extensive stock of pieces ; concerning which he was now somewhat at a loss as to his true course. He could write verses with astonishing facility, in any given form of metre ; and to various readers they seemed excellent, and high judges had freely called them so, but he himself had grave misgivings on that latter essential point. In fact here once more was a parting of the ways, “Write in Poetry ; write in Prose ?” upon which, before all, it much concerned him to come to a settlement.

My own advice was, as it had always been, steady against Poetry ; and we had colloquies upon it, which must have tried his patience, for in him there was a strong leaning the other way. But, as I remarked and urged : Had he not already gained superior excellence in delivering, by way of *speech* or prose, what thoughts were in him, which is the grand and only intrinsic function of a writing man, call him by what title you will ? Cultivate that superior excellence till it become a perfect and superlative one. Why *sing* your bits of thoughts, if you *can* contrive to speak them ? By your thought, not by your mode of delivering it, you must live or die.—Besides I had to observe there was in Sterling intrinsically no depth of *tune* ; which surely is the real test of a Poet or Singer, as distinguished from a Speaker ? In music proper he had not the slightest ear ; all music was mere impertinent noise to him, nothing in it perceptible but the mere march of time. Nor in his way of conception and utterance, in the verses he wrote, was there any contradiction, but a constant confirmation to me, of that fatal prognostic ;—as indeed the whole man, in ear and heart and tongue, is one ; and he whose soul

does not sing, need not try to do it with his throat. Sterling's verses had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune ; no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum ; to which limited range of excellence the substance also corresponded ; being intrinsically always a rhymed and slightly rhythmical *speech*, not a *song*.

In short, all seemed to me to say, in his case : " You can speak with supreme excellence ; sing with considerable excellence you never can. And the Age itself, does it not, beyond most ages, demand and require clear speech ; an Age incapable of being sung to, in any but a trivial manner, till these convulsive agonies and wild revolutionary overturnings readjust themselves ? Intelligible word of command, not musical psalmody and fiddling, is possible in this fell storm of battle. Beyond all ages, our Age admonishes whatsoever thinking or writing man it has : O, speak to me some wise intelligible speech ; your wise meaning in the shortest and clearest way ; behold I am dying for want of wise meaning, and insight into the devouring fact : speak, if you have any wisdom ! As to song so-called, and your fiddling talent,—even if you have one, much more if you have none,—we will talk of that a couple of centuries hence, when things are calmer again. Homer shall be thrice welcome ; but only when Troy is *taken* : alas, while the siege lasts, and battle's fury rages everywhere, what can I do with the Homer ? I want Achilles and Odysseus, and am enraged to see them trying to be Homers !"—

Sterling, who respected my sincerity, and always was amenable enough to counsel, was doubtless much confused by such contradictory diagnosis of his case. The question, Poetry or Prose ? became more and more pressing, more and more insoluble. He decided, at last, to appeal to the public upon it ;—got ready, in the late autumn, a small select Volume of his verses ; and was now busy pushing it through the press. Unfortunately, in the meanwhile, a grave illness, of the old pulmonary sort, overtook him, which at one time threatened to be dangerous. This is a glance again into his interior household in these circumstances :

December 21st, 1839 (*To his Mother*).—' The Tin-box came

quite safe, with all its miscellaneous contents. I suppose we are to thank you for the *Comic Almanack*, which, as usual, is very amusing ; and for the Book on *Watt*, which disappointed me. The scientific part is no doubt very good, and particularly clear and simple ; but there is nothing remarkable in the account of Watt's character ; and it is an absurd piece of French impertinence in Arago to say, that England has not yet learnt to appreciate men like Watt, because he was not made a peer ; which, were our peerage an institution like that of France, would have been very proper.

'I have now finished correcting the proofs of my little Volume of Poems. It has been a great plague to me, and one that I would not have incurred, had I expected to be laid-up as I have been ; but the matter was begun before I had any notion of being disabled by such an illness,—the severest I have suffered since I went to the West Indies. The Book will, after all, be a botched business in many respects ; and I much doubt whether it will pay its expenses : but I try to consider it as out of my hands, and not to fret myself about it. I shall be very curious to see Carlyle's Tractate on *Chartism* ; which'—But we need not enter upon that.

Sterling's little Book was printed at his own expense ;¹ published by Moxon in the very end of this year. It carries an appropriate and pretty Epigraph :

'Feeling, Thought, and Fancy be
Gentle sister Graces three :
If these prove averse to me,
They will punish,—pardon Ye !'

He had dedicated the little Volume to Mr. Hare ;—and he submitted very patiently to the discouraging neglect with which it was received by the world ; for indeed the 'Ye' said nothing audible, in the way of pardon or other doom ; so that whether the 'sister Graces' were averse or not, remained as doubtful as ever.

¹ Poems by John Sterling. London (Moxon), 1839.

CHAPTER II.

TWO WINTERS.

As we said above, it had been hoped by Sterling's friends, not very confidently by himself, that in the gentler air of Clifton his health might so far recover as to enable him to dispense with autumnal voyages, and to spend the year all round in a house of his own. These hopes, favourable while the warm season lasted, broke down when winter came. In November of this same year, while his little Volume was passing through the press, bad and worse symptoms, spitting of blood to crown the sad list, reappeared ; and Sterling had to equip himself again, at this late season, for a new flight to Madeira ; wherein the good Calvert, himself suffering, and ready on all grounds for such an adventure, offered to accompany him. Sterling went by land to Falmouth, meaning there to wait for Calvert, who was to come by the Madeira Packet, and there take him on-board.

Calvert and the packet did arrive, in stormy January weather ; which continued wildly blowing for weeks ; forbidding all egress Westward, especially for invalids. These elemental tumults, and blustering wars of sea and sky, with nothing but the misty solitude of Madeira in the distance, formed a very discouraging outlook. In the mean while Falmouth itself had offered so many resources, and seemed so tolerable in climate and otherwise, while this wintry ocean looked so inhospitable for invalids, it was resolved our voyagers should stay where they were till spring returned. Which accordingly was done ; with good effect for that season, and also with results for the coming seasons. Here again, from Letters to Knightsbridge, are some glimpses of his winter-life :

Falmouth, February 5th, 1840.—‘I have been to-day to see a new tin-mine, two or three miles off, which is expected to turn into a copper-mine by and by, so they will have the two constituents of bronze close together. This, by the way, was

the "brass" of Homer and the Ancients generally, who do not seem to have known our brass made of copper and zinc. Achilles in his armour must have looked like a bronze statue. —I took Sheridan's advice, and did not go down the mine.'

February 15th.—'To some iron-works the other day ; where I saw half the beam of a great steam-engine, a piece of iron forty feet long and seven broad, cast in about five minutes. It was a very striking spectacle. I hope to go to Penzance before I leave this country, and will not fail to tell you about it.'—He did make trial of Penzance, among other places, next year ; but only of Falmouth this.

February 20th.—'I am going on *asy* here, in spite of a great change of weather. The East winds are come at last, bringing with them snow, which has been driving about for the last twenty-four hours ; not falling heavily, nor lying long when fallen. Neither is it as yet very cold, but I suppose there will be some six weeks of unpleasant temperature. The marine climate of this part of England will, no doubt, modify and mollify the air into a happier sort of substance than that you breathe in London.

'The large vessels that had been lying here for weeks, waiting for a wind, have now sailed ; two of them for the East Indies, and having three hundred soldiers on board. It is a curious thing that the long-continued westerly winds had so prevented the coasters arriving, that the Town was almost on the point of a famine as to bread. The change has brought in abundance of flour.—The people in general seem extremely comfortable ; their houses are excellent, almost all of stone. Their habits are very little agricultural, but mining and fishing seem to prosper with them. There are hardly any gentry here ; I have not seen more than two gentlemen's carriages in the Town ; indeed I think the nearest one comes from five miles off.

'I have been obliged to try to occupy myself with Natural Science, in order to give some interest to my walks ; and have begun to feel my way in Geology. I have now learnt to recognise three or four of the common kinds of stone about here, when I see them ; but I find it stupid work compared with

Poetry and Philosophy. In the mornings, however, for an hour or so before I get up, I generally light my candle, and try to write some verses ; and since I have been here, I have put together short poems, almost enough for another small volume. In the evenings I have gone on translating some of Goethe. But six or seven hours spent on my legs, in the open air, do not leave my brain much energy for thinking. Thus my life is a dull and unprofitable one, but still better than it would have been in Madeira or on board ship. I hear from Susan every day, and write to her by return of post.'

At Falmouth Sterling had been warmly welcomed by the well-known Quaker family of the Foxes, principal people in that place, persons of cultivated opulent habits, and joining to the fine purities and pieties of their sect a reverence for human intelligence in all kinds ; to whom such a visitor as Sterling was naturally a welcome windfall. The family had grave elders, bright cheery younger branches, men and women ; truly amiable all, after their sort : they made a pleasant image of home for Sterling in his winter exile. 'Most worthy, respectable and highly cultivated people, with a great deal of money among them,' writes Sterling in the end of February ; 'who make the place pleasant to me. They are connected with all the large Quaker circle, the Gurneys, Frys, &c., and also with Buxton the Abolitionist. It is droll to hear them talking of all the common topics of science, literature and life, and in the midst of it : "Does thou know Wordsworth ?" or, "Did thou see the Coronation ?" or "Will thou take some refreshment ?" They are very kind and pleasant people to know.

'Calvert,' continues our Diarist, 'is better than he lately was, though he has not been at all laid-up. He shoots little birds, and dissects and stuffs them ; while I carry a hammer, and break flints and slates, to look for diamonds and rubies inside ; and admire my success in the evening, when I empty my greatcoat pocket of its specimens. On the whole, I doubt whether my physical proceedings will set the Thames on fire. Give my love to Anthony's Charlotte ; also remember me affectionately to the Carlyles.'—

At this time, too, John Mill, probably encouraged by Ster-

ling, arrived in Falmouth, seeking refuge of climate for a sickly younger Brother, to whom also, while he continued there, and to his poor patient, the doors and hearts of this kind family were thrown wide open. Falmouth, during these winter weeks, especially while Mill continued, was an unexpectedly engaging place to Sterling; and he left it in spring, for Clifton, with a very kindly image of it in his thoughts. So ended, better than it might have done, his first year's flight from the Clifton winter.

In April 1840 he was at his own hearth again; cheerily pursuing his old labours,—struggling to redeem, as he did with a gallant constancy, the available months and days, out of the wreck of so many that were unavailable, for the business allotted him in this world. His swift, decisive energy of character; the valiant rally he made again and ever again, starting up fresh from amid the wounded, and cheerily storming-in anew, was admirable, and showed a noble fund of natural health amid such an element of disease. Somehow one could never rightly fancy that he was diseased; that those fatal ever-recurring downbreaks were not almost rather the penalties paid for exuberance of health, and of faculty for living and working; criminal forfeitures, incurred by excess of self-exertion and such irrepressible over-rapidity of movement: and the vague hope was habitual with us, that increase of years, as it deadened this over-energy, would first make the man secure of life, and a sober prosperous worker among his fellows. It was always as if with a kind of blame that one heard of his being ill again! Poor Sterling;—no man knows another's burden: these things were not, and were not to be, in the way we had fancied them!

Summer went along in its usual quiet tenor at Clifton; health good, as usual while the warm weather lasted, and activity abundant; the scene as still as the busiest could wish. 'You metropolitan signors,' writes Sterling to his Father, 'cannot conceive the dulness and scantiness of our provincial chronicle.' Here is a little excursion to the seaside; the lady of the family being again,—for good reasons,—in a weakly state:

‘To Edward Sterling, Esq., Knightsbridge, London.

‘Portsmouth, Bristol, 1st Sept. 1840.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,—This place is a southern headland at the mouth of the Avon. Susan, and the Children too, were all suffering from languor; and as she is quite unfit to travel in a carriage, we were obliged to move, if at all, to some place accessible by water; and this is the nearest where we could get the fresher air of the Bristol Channel. We sent to take a house, for a week; and came down here in a steamer yesterday morning. It seems likely to do every one good. We have a comfortable house, with eight rather small bedrooms, for which we pay four guineas and a half for the week. We have brought three of our own maids, and leave one to take care of the house at Clifton.

‘A week ago my horse fell with me, but did not hurt seriously either himself or me: it was, however, rather hard that, as there were six legs to be damaged, the one that did scratch itself should belong to the part of the machine possessing only two, instead of the quadrupedal portion. I grazed about the size of a halfpenny on my left knee; and for a couple of days walked about as if nothing had happened. I found, however, that the skin was not returning correctly; and so sent for a doctor: he treated the thing as quite insignificant, but said I must keep my leg quiet for a few days. It is still not quite healed; and I lie all day on a sofa, much to my discomposure; but the thing is now rapidly disappearing; and I hope, in a day or two more, I shall be free again. I find I can do no work, while thus crippled in my leg. The man in Horace who made verses *stans pede in uno* had the advantage of me.

‘The Great Western came-in last night about eleven, and has just been making a flourish past our windows; looking very grand, with four streamers of bunting, and one of smoke. Of course I do not yet know whether I have Letters by her, as if so they will have gone to Clifton first. This place is quiet, green, and pleasant; and will suit us very well, if we have good weather, of which there seems every appearance.

‘Milnes spent last Sunday with me at Clifton; and was very

amusing and cordial. It is impossible for those who know him well not to like him.—I send this to Knightsbridge, not knowing where else to hit you. Love to my Mother.—Your affectionate
 JOHN STERLING.'

The expected 'Letters by the Great Western' are from Anthony, now in Canada, doing military duties there. The 'Milnes' is our excellent Richard, whom all men know, and truly whom none can know well without even doing as Sterling says.—In a week the family had returned to Clifton; and Sterling was at his poetisings and equitations again. His grand business was now Poetry; all effort, outlook and aim exclusively directed thither, this good while.

Of the published Volume Moxon gave the worst tidings; no man had hailed it with welcome; unsold it lay, under the leaden seal of general neglect; the public when asked what it thought, had answered hitherto by a lazy stare. It shall answer otherwise, thought Sterling; by no means taking that as the final response. It was in this same September that he announced to me and other friends, under seal of secrecy as usual, the completion, or complete first-draught of "a new Poem reaching to two thousand verses." By working 'three hours every morning' he had brought it so far. This Piece, entitled *The Election*, of which in due time we obtained perusal, and had to give some judgment, proved to be in a new vein,—what might be called the mock-heroic, or sentimental Hudibrastic, reminding one a little, too, of Wieland's *Oberon*;—it had touches of true drollery combined not ill with grave clear insight; showed spirit everywhere, and a plainly improved power of execution. Our stingy verdict was to the effect, "Better, but still not good enough:—why follow that sad 'metrical' course, climbing the loose sand-hills, when you have a firm path along the plain?" To Sterling himself it remained dubious whether so slight a strain, new though it were, would suffice to awaken the sleeping public; and the Piece was thrown away and taken up again, at intervals; and the question, Publish or not publish? lay many months undecided.

Meanwhile his own feeling was now set more and more towards Poetry ; and in spite of symptoms and dissuasions, and perverse prognostics of outward wind and weather, he was rallying all his force for a downright struggle with it ; resolute to see which *was* the stronger. It must be owned, he takes his failures in the kindest manner ; and goes along, bating no jot of heart or hope. Perhaps I should have more admired this than I did ! My dissuasions, in that case, might have been fainter. But then my sincerity, which was all the use of my poor counsel in assent or dissent, would have been less. He was now furthermore busy with a *Tragedy of Strafford*, the theme of many failures in Tragedy ; planning it industriously in his head ; eagerly reading in *Whitlocke*, *Rushworth* and the Puritan Books, to attain a vesture and local habitation for it. Faithful assiduous studies I do believe ;—of which, knowing my stubborn realism, and savage humour towards singing by the Thespian or other methods, he told me little, during his visits that summer.

The advance of the dark weather sent him adrift again ; to Torquay, for this winter : there, in his old Falmouth climate, he hoped to do well ;—and did, so far as well-doing was readily possible, in that sad wandering way of life. However, be where he may, he tries to work ‘two or three hours in the morning,’ were it even ‘with a lamp,’ in bed, before the fires are lit ; and so makes something of it. From abundant Letters of his now before me, I glean these two or three small glimpses ; sufficient for our purpose at present. The general date is ‘Tor, near Torquay :’

Tor, November 30th, 1840 (To Mrs. Charles Fox, Falmouth).
—‘I reached this place on Thursday ; having, after much hesitation, resolved to come here, at least for the next three weeks,—with some obscure purpose of embarking at the New Year, from Falmouth for Malta, and so reaching Naples, which I have not seen. There was also a doubt whether I should not, after Christmas, bring my family here for the first four months of the year. All this, however, is still doubtful. But for certain inhabitants of Falmouth and its neighbour-

hood, this place would be far more attractive than it. But I have here also friends, whose kindness, like much that I met with last winter, perpetually makes me wonder at the stock of benignity in human nature. A brother of my friend Julius Hare, Marcus by name, a Naval man, and though not a man of letters, full of sense and knowledge, lives here in a beautiful place, with a most agreeable and excellent wife, a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderly. I had hardly seen them before ; but they are fraternising with me, in a much better than the Jacobin fashion ; and one only feels ashamed at the enormity of some people's good-nature. I am in a little rural sort of lodging ; and as comfortable as a solitary oyster can expect to be.'—

December 5th (To C. Barton).—'This place is extremely small, much more so than Falmouth even ; but pretty, cheerful, and very mild in climate. There are a great many villas in and about the little Town, having three or four reception-rooms, eight or ten bedrooms ; and costing about fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds each, and occupied by persons spending a thousand or more pounds a-year. If the Country would acknowledge my merits by the gift of one of these, I could prevail on myself to come and live here ; which would be the best move for my health I could make in England ; but, in the absence of any such expression of public feeling, it would come rather dear.'—

December 22d (To Mrs. Fox again).—'By the way, did you ever read a Novel ? If you ever mean to do so hereafter, let it be Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*. It is really very striking ; and parts of it are very true and very beautiful. It is not so true, or so thoroughly clear and harmonious, among delineations of English middle-class gentility, as Miss Austin's books, especially as *Pride and Prejudice*, which I think exquisite ; but it is worth reading. *The Hour and the Man* is eloquent, but an absurd exaggeration.—I hold out so valorously against this Scandinavian weather, that I deserve to be ranked with Odin and Thor, and fancy I may go to live at Clifton or Drontheim. Have you had the same icy desolation as prevails here ?'

December 28th (To W. Coningham, Esq.).—'Looking back

to him' (a deceased Uncle, father of his correspondent), 'as I now very often do, I feel strongly, what the loss of other friends has also impressed on me, how much Death deepens our affection ; and sharpens our regret for whatever has been even slightly amiss in our conduct towards those who are gone. What trifles then swell into painful importance ; how we believe that, could the past be recalled, life would present no worthier, happier task, than that of so bearing ourselves towards those we love, that we might ever after find nothing but melodious tranquillity breathing about their graves ! Yet, too often, I feel the difficulty of always practising such mild wisdom towards those who are still left me.—You will wonder less at my rambling off in this way, when I tell you that my little lodging is close to a picturesque old Church and Churchyard, where, every day, I brush past a tombstone, recording that an Italian, of Manferrato, has buried there a girl of sixteen, his only daughter : "*L' unica speranza dimia vita.*"—No doubt, as you say, our Mechanical Age is necessary as a passage to something better ; but, at least, do not let us go back.'—

At the New-year time, feeling unusually well, he returns to Clifton. His plans, of course, were ever fluctuating ; his movements were swift and uncertain. Alas, his whole life, especially his winter-life, had to be built as if on wavering drift-sand ; nothing certain in it, except if possible the 'two or three hours of work' snatched from the general whirlpool of the dubious four-and-twenty !

Clifton, January 10th, 1841 (To Dr. Carlyle).—'I stood the sharp frost at Torquay with such entire impunity, that at last I took courage, and resolved to return home. I have been here a week, in extreme cold ; and have suffered not at all ; so that I hope, with care, I may prosper in spite of medical prognostics,—if you permit such profane language. I am even able to work a good deal ; and write for some hours every morning, by dint of getting up early, which an Arnott-stove in my study enables me to do.'—But at Clifton he cannot continue. Again, before long, the rude weather has driven him Southward ; the spring finds him in his former haunts ; doubtful as ever what to decide upon for the future ;

but tending evidently towards a new change of residence for household and self :

Penzance, April 19th, 1841 (To W. Coningham, Esq.).—‘My little Boy and I have been wandering about between Torquay and this place ; and latterly have had my Father for a few days with us,—he left us yesterday. In all probability I shall endeavour to settle either at Torquay, at Falmouth, or here ; as it is pretty clear that I cannot stand the sharp air of Clifton, and still less the London east winds. Penzance is, on the whole, a pleasant-looking, cheerful place ; with a delightful mildness of air, and a great appearance of comfort among the people : the view of Mount’s Bay is certainly a very noble one. Torquay would suit the health of my Wife and Children better ; or else I should be glad to live here always, London and its neighbourhood being impracticable.’—Such was his second wandering winter ; enough to render the prospect of a third at Clifton very uninviting.

With the Falmouth friends, young and old, his intercourse had meanwhile continued cordial and frequent. The omens were pointing towards that region as his next place of abode. Accordingly, in few weeks hence, in the June of this Summer 1841, his dubitations and inquiries are again ended for a time ; he has fixed upon a house in Falmouth, and removed thither ; bidding Clifton, and the regretful Clifton friends, a kind farewell. This was the *fifth* change of place for his family since Bayswater ; the fifth, and to one chief member of it the last. Mrs. Sterling had brought him a new child in October last ; and went hopefully to Falmouth, dreading *other* than what befell there.

CHAPTER III.

FALMOUTH : POEMS.

AT Falmouth, as usual, he was soon at home in his new environment; resumed his labours; had his new small circle of acquaintance, the ready and constant centre of which was the Fox family, with whom he lived on an altogether intimate, honoured and beloved footing; realising his best anticipations in that respect, which doubtless were among his first inducements to settle in this new place. Open cheery heights, rather bare of wood; fresh south-western breezes; a brisk laughing sea, swept by industrious sails, and the nets of a most stalwart, wholesome, frank and interesting population: the clean little fishing, trading and packet Town; hanging on its slope towards the Eastern sun, close on the waters of its basin and intricate bay,—with the miniature Pendennis Castle seaward on the right, the miniature St. Mawes landward to left, and the mining world and the farming world open boundlessly to the rear:—all this made a pleasant outlook and environment. And in all this, as in the other new elements of his position, Sterling, open beyond most men to the worth of things about him, took his frank share. From the first, he had liked the general aspect of the population, and their healthy, lively ways; not to speak of the special friendships he had formed there, which shed a charm over them all. ‘Men of strong character, clear heads and genuine goodness,’ writes he, ‘are by no means wanting.’ And long after: ‘The common people here dress better than in most parts of England; and on Sundays, if the weather be at all fine, their appearance is very pleasant. One sees them all round the Town, especially towards Pendennis Castle, streaming in a succession of little groups, and seeming for the most part really and quietly happy. On the whole he reckoned himself lucky; and, so far as locality went, found this a handsome shelter for the next two years of his life. Two years, and not without an interruption; that was all. Here we have no continuing city; he less than any of us! One

other flight for shelter ; and then it is ended, and he has found an inexpugnable refuge. Let us trace his remote footsteps, as we have opportunity :

Falmouth, June 28th, 1841 (To Dr. Symonds, Clifton).— ‘Newman writes to me that he is gone to the Rhine. I wish I were ! And yet the only “wish” at the bottom of my heart, is to be able to work vigorously in my own way anywhere, were it in some Circle of Dante’s Inferno. This, however, is the secret of my soul, which I disclose only to a few.’

Falmouth, July 6th, 1841 (To his Mother).— ‘I have at last my own study made comfortable ; the carpet being now laid down, and most of my appurtenances in tolerable order. By and by I shall, unless stopped by illness, get myself together, and begin living an orderly life and doing my daily task. I have swung a cot in my dressing-room ; partly as a convenience for myself, partly as a sort of memorial of my poor Uncle, in whose cot in his dressing-room at Lisworney I remember to have slept when a child. I have put a good large bookcase in my drawing-room, and all the rest of my books fit very well into the study.’

Same day (To myself).— ‘No books have come in my way but Emerson’s, which I value full as much as you, though as yet I have read only some corners of it. We have had an Election here, of the usual stamp ; to me a droll “realised Ideal,” after my late metrical adventures in that line. But the oddest sign of the Times I know, is a cheap Translation of Strauss’s *Leben Jesu*, now publishing in numbers, and said to be circulating far and wide. What does,—or rather, what does not,—this portend ?’—

With the Poem called *The Election*, here alluded to, which had been more than once revised and reconsidered, he was still under some hesitations ; but at last had wellnigh resolved, as from the first it was clear he would do, on publishing it. This occupied some occasional portion of his thoughts. But his grand private affair, I believe, was now *Strafford* ; to which, or to its adjuncts, all working hours were devoted. Sterling’s notions of Tragedy are high enough. This is what he writes

once, in reference to his own task in these weeks : ‘ Few, I fancy, know how much harder it is to write a Tragedy than to realise or be one. Every man has in his heart and lot, if he pleases, and too many whether they please or no, all the woes of *Œdipus* and *Antigone*. But it takes the One, the *Sophocles* of a thousand years, to utter these in the full depth and harmony of creative song. Curious, by the way, how that Dramatic Form of the old Greek, with only some superficial changes, remains a law not only for the stage, but for the thoughts of all Poets ; and what a charm it has even for the reader who never saw a theatre. The Greek Plays and *Shakspeare* have interested a hundred as books, for one who has seen their writings acted. How lightly does the mere clown, the idle school-girl, build a private theatre in the fancy, and laugh or weep with *Falstaff* and *Macbeth* : with how entire an oblivion of the artificial nature of the whole contrivance, which thus compels them to be their own architects, machinists, scene-painters, and actors ! In fact, the artifice succeeds, — becomes grounded in the substance of the soul : and every one loves to feel how he is thus brought face to face with the brave, the fair, the woful and the great of all past ages ; looks into their eyes, and feels the beatings of their hearts ; and reads, over the shoulder, the secret written tablets of the busiest and the largest brains ; while the Juggler, by whose cunning the whole strange beautiful absurdity is set in motion, keeps himself hidden ; sings loud with a mouth unmoving as that of a statue, and makes the human race cheat itself unanimously and delightfully by the illusion that he preordains ; while as an obscure Fate, he sits invisible, and hardly lets his being be divined by those who cannot flee him. The Lyric Art is childish, and the Epic barbarous, compared to this. But of the true and perfect Drama it may be said, as of even higher mysteries, Who is sufficient for these things ? ’ — On this *Tragedy of Strafford*, writing it and again writing it, studying for it, and bending himself with his whole strength to do his best on it, he expended many strenuous months, — ‘ above a year of his life,’ he computes, in all.

For the rest, what Falmouth has to give him he is willing

to take, and mingles freely in it. In Hare's Collection there is given a *Lecture* which he read in Autumn 1841 (Mr. Hare says '1842,' by mistake), to a certain Public Institution in the place,—of which more anon;—a piece interesting in this, if not much in any other respect. Doubtless his friends the Foxes were at the heart of that lecturing enterprise, and had urged and solicited him. Something like proficiency in certain branches of science, as I have understood, characterised one or more of this estimable family; love of knowledge, taste for art, wish to consort with wisdom and wise men, were the tendencies of all; to opulent means superadd the Quaker beneficence, Quaker purity and reverence, there is a circle in which wise men also may love to be. Sterling made acquaintance here with whatever of notable in worthy persons or things might be afoot in those parts; and was led thereby, now and then, into pleasant reunions, in new circles of activity, which might otherwise have continued foreign to him. The good Calvert, too, was now here; and intended to remain;—which he mostly did henceforth, lodging in Sterling's neighbourhood, so long as lodging in this world was permitted him. Still good and clear and cheerful; still a lively comrade, within doors or without,—a diligent rider always,—though now wearing visibly weaker, and less able to exert himself.

Among those accidental Falmouth reunions, perhaps the notablest for Sterling occurred in this his first season. There is in Falmouth an Association called the *Cornwall Polytechnic Society*, established about twenty years ago, and supported by the wealthy people of the Town and neighbourhood, for the encouragement of the arts in that region; it has its Library, its Museum, some kind of Annual Exhibition withal; gives prizes, publishes reports: the main patrons, I believe, are Sir Charles Lemon, a well-known country gentleman of those parts, and the Messrs. Fox. To this, so far as he liked to go in it, Sterling was sure to be introduced and solicited. The Polytechnic meeting of 1841 was unusually distinguished; and Sterling's part in it formed one of the pleasant occurrences for him in Falmouth. It was here that, among other

profitable as well as pleasant things, he made acquaintance with Professor Owen (an event of which I too had my benefit in due time, and still have) : the bigger assemblage, called *British Association*, which met at Plymouth this year, having now just finished its affairs there, Owen and other distinguished persons had taken Falmouth in their route from it. Sterling's account of this Polytechnic gala still remains,—in three Letters to his Father, which, omitting the extraneous portions, I will give in one,—as a piece worth reading among those still-life pictures :

' *To Edward Sterling, Esq., Knightsbridge, London.*

' Falmouth, 10th August 1841.

' MY DEAR FATHER,—I was not well for a day or two after you went ; and since, I have been busy about an annual show of the Polytechnic Society here, in which my friends take much interest, and for which I have been acting as one of the judges in the department of the Fine Arts, and have written a little Report for them. As I have not said that Falmouth is as eminent as Athens or Florence, perhaps the Committee will not adopt my statement. But if they do, it will be of some use ; for I have hinted, as delicately as possible, that people should not paint historical pictures before they have the power of drawing a decent outline of a pig or a cabbage. I saw Sir Charles Lemon yesterday, who was kind as well as civil in his manner ; and promises to be a pleasant neighbour. There are several of the British Association heroes here ; but not Whewell, or any one whom I know.'

August 17th.—' At the Polytechnic Meeting here we had several very eminent men ; among others, Professor Owen, said to be the first of comparative anatomists, and Conybeare the geologist. Both of these gave evening Lectures ; and after Conybeare's, at which I happened to be present, I said I would, if they chose, make some remarks on the Busts which happened to be standing there, intended for prizes in the department of the Fine Arts. They agreed gladly. The heads were Homer, Pericles, Augustus, Dante and Michael Angelo. I got into the boxlike platform, with these on a shelf before

me ; and began a talk which must have lasted some three quarters of an hour ; describing partly the characters and circumstances of the men, illustrated by anecdotes and compared with their physiognomies, and partly the several styles of sculpture exhibited in the Casts, referring these to what I considered the true principles of the Art. The subject was one that interests me, and I got on in famous style ; and had both pit and galleries all applauding, in a way that had had no precedent during any other part of the meeting. Conybeare paid me high compliments ; Owen looked much pleased,—an honour well purchased by a year's hard work ;—and everybody, in short, seemed delighted. Susan was not there, and I had nothing to make me nervous ; so that I worked away freely, and got vigorously over the ground. After so many years' disuse of rhetoric, it was a pleasant surprise to myself to find that I could still handle the old weapons without awkwardness. More by good luck than good guidance, it has done my health no harm. I have been at Sir Charles Lemon's, though only to pay a morning visit, having declined to stay there or dine, the hours not suiting me. They were very civil. The person I saw most of was his sister, Lady Dunstanville ; a pleasant, well-informed and well-bred woman. He seems a most amiable, kindly man, of fair good sense and cultivated tastes.—I had a letter to-day from my Mother' in Scotland ; 'who says she sent you one which you were to forward me ; which I hope soon to have.'

August 29th.—'I returned yesterday from Carclew, Sir C. Lemon's fine place about five miles off ; where I had been staying a couple of days, with apparently the heartiest welcome. Susan was asked ; but wanting a Governess, could not leave home.

'Sir Charles is a widower (his Wife was sister to Lord Ilchester) without children ; but had a niece staying with him, and his sister Lady Dunstanville, a pleasant and very civil woman. There were also Mr. Bunbury, eldest son of Sir Henry Bunbury, a man of much cultivation and strong talents ; Mr. Fox Talbot, son, I think, of another Ilchester lady, and brother of *the* Talbot of Wales, but himself a man of large

fortune, and known for photogenic and other scientific plans of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. He also is a man of known ability, but chiefly employed in that peculiar department. *Item* Professors Lloyd and Owen: the former, of Dublin, son of the late Provost, I had seen before and knew; a great mathematician and optician, and a discoverer in those matters; with a clever little Wife, who has a great deal of knowledge, quite free from pretension. Owen is a first-rate comparative anatomist, they say the greatest since Cuvier; lives in London, and lectures there. On the whole, he interested me more than any of them,—by an apparent force and downrightness of mind, combined with much simplicity and frankness.

‘Nothing could be pleasanter and easier than the habits of life, with what to me was a very unusual degree of luxury, though probably nothing but what is common among people of large fortune. The library and pictures are nothing extraordinary. The general tone of good nature, good sense and quiet freedom, was what struck me most; and I think besides this there was a disposition to be cordially courteous towards me.’

‘I took Edward a ride of two hours yesterday on Calvert’s pony, and he is improving fast in horsemanship. The school appears to answer very well. We shall have the Governess in a day or two, which will be a great satisfaction. Will you send my Mother this scribble with my love; and believe me,—
Your affectionate son,
JOHN STERLING.’

One other little event dwells with me, out of those Falmouth times, exact date now forgotten; a pleasant little matter, in which Sterling, and principally the Misses Fox, bright cheery young creatures, were concerned; which, for the sake of its human interest, is worth mention. In a certain Cornish mine, said the Newspapers duly specifying it, two miners deep down in the shaft were engaged putting in a shot for blasting: they had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up,—one at a time was all their coadjutor at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match,

and then mount with all speed. Now it chanced while they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long ; tried to break it shorter, took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, to cut it shorter ; did cut it of the due length, but, horrible to relate, kindled it at the same time, and both were still below ! Both shouted vehemently to the coadjutor at the windlass, both sprang at the basket ; the windlass man could not move it with them both. Here was a moment for poor miner Jack and miner Will ! Instant horrible death hangs over both,—when Will generously resigns himself : “ Go aloft, Jack,” and sits down ; “ away ; in one minute I shall be in Heaven ! ” Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruises his face as he looks over ; he is safe above ground : and poor Will ? Descending eagerly they find Will too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him, and little injured : he too is brought up safe, and all ends joyfully, say the Newspapers.

Such a piece of manful promptitude, and salutary human heroism, was worth investigating. It was investigated ; found to be accurate to the letter,—with this addition and explanation, that Will, an honest, ignorant good man, entirely given-up to Methodism, had been perfect in the “ faith of assurance,” certain that *he* should get to Heaven if he died, certain that Jack would not, which had been the ground of his decision in that great moment ;—for the rest, that he much wished to learn reading and writing, and find some way of life above ground instead of below. By aid of the Misses Fox and the rest of that family, a subscription (modest *Anti-Hudson* testimonial) was raised to this Methodist hero : he emerged into daylight with fifty pounds in his pocket ; did strenuously try, for certain months, to learn reading and writing ; found he could not learn those arts or either of them ; took his money and bought cows with it, wedding at the same time some religious likely milkmaid ; and is, last time I heard of him, a prosperous modest dairyman, thankful for the upper light and safety from the wrath to come. Sterling had some hand in this affair : but, as I said, it was the two young ladies of the family that mainly did it.

In the end of 1841, after many hesitations and revisals, *The Election* came out; a tiny Duodecimo without name attached;¹ again inquiring of the public what its suffrage was; again to little purpose. My vote had never been loud for this step, but neither was it quite adverse; and now, in reading the poor little Poem over again, after ten years' space, I find it, with a touching mixture of pleasure and repentance, considerably better than it then seemed to me. My encouragement, if not to print this poem, yet to proceed with Poetry, since there was such a resolution for it, might have been a little more decided!

This is a small Piece, but aims at containing great things; a *multum in parvo* after its sort; and is executed here and there with undeniable success. The style is free and flowing, the rhyme dances along with a certain joyful triumph; everything of due brevity withal. The mixture of mockery on the surface, which finely relieves the real earnestness within, and flavours even what is not very earnest and might even be insipid otherwise, is not ill managed: an amalgam difficult to effect well in writing; nay, impossible in writing,—unless it stand already done and effected, as a general fact, in the writer's mind and character; which will betoken a certain ripeness there.

As I said, great things are intended in this little Piece; the motto itself foreshadowing them:

Fluellen. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.
Pistol. Why, then, rejoice therefor.'

A stupid commonplace English Borough has lost its Member suddenly, by apoplexy or otherwise; resolves, in the usual explosive temper of mind, to replace him by one of two others; whereupon strange stirring-up of rival-attorney and other human interests and catastrophes. 'Frank Vane' (Sterling himself), and 'Peter Mogg,' the pattern English blockhead of elections: these are the candidates. There are, of course, fierce rival attorneys; electors of all creeds and complexions to be canvassed: a poor stupid Borough thrown all into red

¹ The Election: a Poem, in Seven Books. London, Murray, 1841.

or white heat ; into blazing paroxysms of activity and enthusiasm, which render the inner life of it (and of England and the world through it) luminously transparent, so to speak ;—of which opportunity our friend and his ‘*Muse*’ take dexterous advantage, to delineate the same. His pictures are uncommonly good ; brief, joyous, sometimes conclusively true : in rigorously compressed shape ; all is merry freshness and exuberance : we have leafy summer embowering red bricks and small human interests, presented as in glowing miniature ; a mock-heroic action fitly interwoven ;—and many a clear glance is carelessly given into the deepest things by the way. Very happy also is the little love-episode ; and the absorption of all the interest into that, on the part of Frank Vane and of us, when once this gallant Frank,—having fairly from his barrelhead stated his own (and John Sterling’s) views on the aspects of the world, and of course having quite broken-down with his attorney and his public,—handsomely, by stratagem, gallops off with the fair Anne ; and leaves free field to Mogg, free field to the Hippopotamus if it like. This portrait of Mogg may be considered to have merit :

‘ Though short of days, how large the mind of man ;
A godlike force enclosed within a span !
To climb the skies we spurn our nature’s clog,
And toil as Titans to elect a Mogg.

‘ And who was Mogg ? O Muse ! the man declare,
How excellent his worth, his parts how rare.
A younger son, he learnt in Oxford’s halls
The spherul harmonies of billiard-balls,
Drank, hunted, drove, and hid from Virtue’s frown
His venial follies in Decorum’s gown.
Too wise to doubt on insufficient cause,
He signed old Craumer’s lore without a pause ;
And knew that logic’s cunning rules are taught
To guard our creed, and not invigorate thought,—
As those bronzed steeds at Venice, kept for pride,
Adorn a Town where not one man can ride.

‘ From Isis sent with all her loud acclaims,
The Laws he studied on the banks of Thames.
Park, race and play, in his capacious plan,
Combined with Coke to form the finished man,

Until the wig's ambrosial influence shed
Its last full glories on the lawyer's head.

'But vain are mortal schemes. The eldest son
At Harrier Hall had scarce his stud begun,
When Death's pale courser took the Squire away
To lands where never dawns a hunting-day:
And so, while Thomas vanished 'mid the fog,
Bright rose the morning-star of Peter Mogg.'¹

And this little picture, in a quite opposite way:

'Now, in her chamber all alone, the maid
Her polished limbs and shoulders disarrayed:
One little taper gave the only light,
One little mirror caught so dear a sight;
'Mid hangings dusk and shadows wide she stood,
Like some pale Nymph in dark leafed solitude
Of rocks and gloomy waters all alone.

Where sunshine scarcely breaks on stump or stone
To scare the dreamy vision. Thus did she,
A star in deepest night, intent but free,
Gleam through the eyeless darkness, heeding not
Her beauty's praise, but musing o'er her lot.

'Her garments one by one she laid aside,
And then her knotted hair's long locks untied
With careless hand, and down her cheeks they fell,
And o'er her maiden bosom's blue-veined swell.
The right-hand fingers played amidst her hair,
And with her reverie wandered here and there:
The other hand sustained the only dress
That now but half concealed her loveliness;
And pausing, aimlessly she stood and thought,
In virgin beauty by no fear distraught.'

Manifold, and beautiful of their sort, are Anne's musings, in
this interesting attitude, in the summer midnight, in the crisis
of her destiny now near;—at last:

'But Anne, at last her mute devotions o'er,
Perceived the fact she had forgot before
Of her too shocking nudity; and shame
Flushed from her heart o'er all the snowy frame:
And, struck from top to toe with burning dread,
She blew the light out, and escaped to bed.'²

—which also is a very pretty movement.

¹ Pp. 7, 8.

² Pp. 89-93.

It must be owned withal, the Piece is crude in parts, and far enough from perfect. Our good painter has yet several things to learn, and to unlearn. His brush is not always of the finest; and dashes about, sometimes, in a recognisably sprawling way: but it hits many a feature with decisive accuracy and felicity; and on the palette, as usual, lie the richest colours. A grand merit, too, is the brevity of everything; by no means a spontaneous, or quite common merit with Sterling.

The new poetic Duodecimo, as the last had done and as the next also did, met with little or no recognition from the world: which was not very inexcusable on the world's part; though many a poem with far less proof of merit than this offers, has run, when the accidents favoured it, through its tens of editions, and raised the writer to the demigods for a year or two, if not longer. Such as it is, we may take it as marking, in its small way, in a noticed or unnoticed manner, a new height arrived at by Sterling in his Poetic course; and almost as vindicating the determination he had formed to keep climbing by that method. Poor Poem, or rather Promise of a Poem! In Sterling's brave struggle, this little *Election* is the highest point he fairly lived to see attained, and openly demonstrated in print. His next public adventure in this kind was of inferior worth; and a third, which had perhaps intrinsically gone much higher than any of its antecessors, was cut-off as a fragment, and has not hitherto been published. Steady courage is needed on the Poetic course, as on all courses!—

Shortly after this Publication, in the beginning of 1842, poor Calvert, long a hopeless sufferer, was delivered by death: Sterling's faithful fellow-pilgrim could no more attend him in his wayfarings through this world. The weary and heavy-laden man had borne his burden well. Sterling says of him to Hare: 'Since I wrote last, I have lost Calvert; the man with whom, of all others, I have been during late years the most intimate. Simplicity, benevolence, practical good sense and moral earnestness were his great unfailing characteristics; and no man, I believe, ever possessed them more entirely. His illness had

latterly so prostrated him, both in mind and body, that those who most loved him were most anxious for his departure.' There was something touching in this exit; in the quenching of so kind and bright a little life under the dark billows of death. To me he left a curious old Print of James Nayler the Quaker, which I still affectionately preserve.

Sterling, from this greater distance, came perhaps rather seldomer to London; but we saw him still at moderate intervals; and, through his family here and other direct and indirect channels, were kept in lively communication with him. Literature was still his constant pursuit; and, with encouragement or without, Poetic composition his chosen department therein. On the ill success of *The Election*, or any ill success with the world, nobody ever heard him utter the least murmur; condolence upon that or any such subject might have been a questionable operation, by no means called for! Nay, my own approval, higher than this of the world, had been languid, by no means enthusiastic. But our valiant friend took all quietly; and was not to be repulsed from his Poetics either by the world's coldness or by mine; he laboured at his *Stratford*;—determined to labour, in all ways, till he felt the end of his tether in this direction.

He sometimes spoke, with a certain zeal, of my starting a Periodical: Why not lift-up some kind of war-flag against the obese platitudes, and sickly superstitious aperies and impostures of the time? But I had to answer, "Who will join it, my friend?" He seemed to say, "I, for one;" and there was occasionally a transient temptation in the thought, but transient only. No fighting regiment, with the smallest attempt towards drill, coöperation, commissariat, or the like unspeakable advantages, could be raised in Sterling's time or mine; which truly, to honest fighters, is a rather grievous want. A grievous, but not quite a fatal one. For, failing this, failing all things and all men, there remains the solitary battle (and were it by the poorest weapon, the tongue only, or were it even by wise abstinence and silence and without any weapon), such as each man for himself can wage while he has life: an

indubitable and infinitely comfortable fact for every man ! Said battle shaped itself for Sterling, as we have long since seen, chiefly in the poetic form, in the singing or hymning rather than the speaking form ; and in that he was cheerfully assiduous according to his light. The unfortunate *Strafford* is far on towards completion ; a *Cœur-de-Lion*, of which we shall hear farther, '*Cœur-de-Lion*, greatly the best of all his Poems,' unluckily not completed, and still unpublished, already hangs in the wind.

His Letters to friends continue copious ; and he has, as always, a loyally interested eye on whatsoever of notable is passing in the world. Especially on whatsoever indicates to him the spiritual condition of the world. Of 'Strauss,' in English or in German, we now hear nothing more ; of Church matters, and that only to special correspondents, less and less. Strauss, whom he used to mention, had interested him only as a sign of the times ; in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church, or its affairs by Sterling ; and at last even this as good as ceases : "Adieu, O Church ; thy road is that way, mine is this : in God's name, adieu !" 'What we are going *to*,' says he once, 'is abundantly obscure ; 'but what all men are going *from*, is very plain.'—Sifted out of many pages, not of sufficient interest, here are one or two miscellaneous sentences, about the date we are now arrived at :

Falmouth, 3d November 1841 (To Dr. Symonds).—'Yesterday was my Wedding-day : eleven years of marriage ; and on the whole my verdict is clear for matrimony. I solemnised the day by reading *John Gilpin* to the children, who with their Mother are all pretty well.' * * * 'There is a trick of sham Elizabethan writing now prevalent, that looks plausible, but in most cases means nothing at all. Darley has real (lyrical) genius ; Taylor, wonderful sense, clearness and weight of purpose ; Tennyson, a rich and exquisite fancy. All the other men of our tiny generation that I know of are, in Poetry, either feeble or fraudulent. I know nothing of the Reviewer you ask about.'

December 11th (To his Mother).—'I have seen no new books ; but am reading your last. I got hold of the two first Num-

bers of the *Hoggarty Diamond* ; and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith ? The man is a true genius ; and, with quiet and comfort, might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all ——'s Novels together.'—Thackeray, always a close friend of the Sterling house, will observe that this is dated 1841, not 1851, and have his own reflections on the matter.

December 17th (To the same).—'I am not much surprised at Lady ——'s views of Coleridge's little Book on *Inspiration*.'—'Great part of the obscurity of the Letters arises from his anxiety to avoid the difficulties and absurdities of the common views, and his panic terror of saying anything that bishops and good people would disapprove. He paid a heavy price, viz. all his own candour and simplicity, in hope of gaining the favour of persons like Lady —— ; and you see what his reward is ! A good lesson for us all.'

February 1st, 1842 (To the same).—'English Toryism has, even in my eyes, about as much to say for itself as any other form of doctrine ; but Irish Toryism is the downright proclamation of brutal injustice, and all in the name of God and the Bible ! It is almost enough to make one turn Mahometan, but for the fear of the four wives.'

March 12th, 1842 (To his Father).—'* * * Important to me as these matters are, it almost seems as if there were something unfeeling in writing of them, under the pressure of such news as ours from India. If the Cabool Troops have perished, England has not received such a blow from an enemy, nor anything approaching it, since Buckingham's Expedition to the Isle of Rhé. Walcheren destroyed us by climate ; and Corunna, with all its losses, had much of glory. But here we are dismally injured by mere Barbarians, in a War on our part shamefully unjust as well as foolish : a combination of disgrace and calamity that would have shocked Augustus even more than the defeat of Varus. One of the four officers with Macnaghten was George Lawrence, a brother-in-law of Nat Barton ; a distinguished man, and the father of five totally

unprovided children. He is a prisoner, if not since murdered. Macnaghten I do not pity ; he was the prime author of the whole mad War. But Burnes ; and the women ; and our regiments ! India, however, I feel sure, is safe.'

So roll the months at Falmouth ; such is the ticking of the great World-Horologe as heard there by a good ear. 'I willingly add' (so ends he, once), 'that I lately found somewhere this fragment of an Arab's love-song: "O Ghalia! if my father were a jackass, I would sell him to purchase Ghalia!"' A beautiful parallel to the French "*Avec cette sauce on mangerait son père.*"'

CHAPTER IV.

NAPLES: POEMS.

IN the bleak weather of this spring 1842, he was again abroad for a little while ; partly from necessity, or at least utility ; and partly, as I guess, because the circumstances favoured, and he could with a good countenance indulge a little wish he had long had. In the Italian Tour, which ended suddenly by Mrs. Sterling's illness recalling him, he had missed Naples ; a loss which he always thought to be considerable ; and which, from time to time, he had formed little projects, failures hitherto, for supplying. The rigours of spring were always dangerous to him in England, and it was always of advantage to get out of them : and then the sight of Naples, too ; this, always a thing to be done some day, was now possible. Enough, with the real or imaginary hope of bettering himself in health, and the certain one of seeing Naples, and catching a glance of Italy again, he now made a run thither. It was not long after Calvert's death. The Tragedy of *Strafford* lay finished in his desk. Several things, sad and bright, were finished. A little intermezzo of ramble was not unadvisable.

His tour by water and by land was brief and rapid enough ; hardly above two months in all. Of which the following Letters will, with some abridgment, give us what details are needful :

‘To Charles Barton, Esq., Leamington.

‘Falmouth, 25th March 1842.

‘MY DEAR CHARLES,—My attempts to shoot you flying with my paper pellets turned out very ill. I hope young ladies succeed better when they happen to make appointments with you. Even now, I hardly know whether you have received a Letter I wrote on Sunday last, and addressed to The Caven-dish. I sent it thither by Susan’s advice.

‘In this missive,—happily for us both, it did not contain a hundred-pound note or any trifle of that kind,—I informed you that I was compelled to plan an expedition towards the South Pole, stopping, however, in the Mediterranean; and that I designed leaving this on Monday next for Cadiz or Gibraltar, and then going on to Malta, whence Italy and Sicily would be accessible. Of course your company would be a great pleasure, if it were possible for you to join me. The delay in hearing from you, through no fault of yours, has naturally put me out a little; but, on the whole, my plan still holds, and I shall leave this on Monday for Gibraltar, where the *Great Liverpool* will catch me, and carry me to Malta. The *Great Liverpool* leaves Southampton on the 1st of April, and Falmouth on the 2d; and will reach Gibraltar in from four to five days.

‘Now, if you *should* be able and disposed to join me, you have only to embark in that sumptuous tea-kettle, and pick me up under the guns of the Rock. We could then cruise on to Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, &c. *à discrétion*. It is just *possible*, though extremely improbable, that my steamer of Monday (most likely the *Montrose*) may not reach Gibraltar so soon as the *Liverpool*. If so, and if you should actually be on board, you must stop at Gibraltar. But there are ninety-nine chances to one against this. Write at all events to Susan, to let her know what you propose.

‘I do not wait till the *Great Liverpool* goes, because the object for me is to get into a warm climate as soon as possible. I am decidedly better.—Your affectionate Brother,

‘JOHN STERLING.’

Barton did not go with him, none went ; but he arrives safe, and not *hurt* in health, which is something.

‘ To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.

‘ Malta, 14th April 1842.

‘ DEAREST MOTHER,—I am writing to Susan through France, by tomorrow’s mail ; and will also send you a line, instead of waiting for the longer English conveyance.

‘ We reached this the day before yesterday, in the evening ; having had a strong breeze against us for a day or two before ; which made me extremely uncomfortable,—and indeed my headache is hardly gone yet. From about the 4th to the 9th of the month, we had beautiful weather, and I was happy enough. You will see by the map that the straightest line from Gibraltar to this place goes close along the African coast ; which accordingly we saw with the utmost clearness ; and found it generally a line of mountains, the higher peaks and ridges covered with snow. We went close-in to Algiers ; which looks strong, but entirely from art. The town lies on the slope of a straight coast ; and is not at all embayed, though there is some little shelter for shipping within the mole. It is a square patch of white buildings huddled together ; fringed with batteries ; and commanded by large forts on the ridge above : a most uncomfortable-looking place ; though, no doubt, there are *cafés* and billiard-rooms and a theatre within,—for the French like to have their Houris &c. on *this* side of Paradise, if possible.

‘ Our party of fifty people (we had taken some on board at Gibraltar) broke up, on reaching this ; never, of course, to meet again. The greater part do not proceed to Alexandria. Considering that there was a bundle of midshipmen, ensigns &c., we had as much reason among us as could perhaps be looked for ; and from several I gained bits of information and traits of character, though nothing very remarkable.

‘ I have established myself in an inn, rather than go to Lady Louis’s ;¹ not feeling quite equal to company, except in mod-

¹ Sister of Mrs. Strachey and Mrs. Buller : Sir John Louis was now in a high Naval post at Malta.

erate doses. I have, however, seen her a good deal; and dine there today, very privately, for Sir John is not quite well, and they will have no guests. The place, however, is full of official banqueting, for various unimportant reasons. When here before, I was in much distress and anxiety, on my way from Rome; and I suppose this it was that prevented its making the same impression on me as now, when it seems really the stateliest town I have ever seen. The architecture is generally of a corrupt Roman kind; with something of the varied and picturesque look, though much more massive, of our Elizabethan buildings. We have the finest English summer and a pellucid sky.' * * 'Your affectionate

'JOHN STERLING.'

At Naples next, for three weeks, was due admiration of the sceneries and antiquities, Bay and Mountain, by no means forgetting Art and the Museum: 'to Pozzuoli, to Baiæ, round the Promontory of Sorrento; '—above all, 'twice to Pompeii,' where the elegance and classic simplicity of Ancient House-keeping strikes us much; and again to Pæstum, where 'the Temple of Neptune is far the noblest building I have ever seen; and makes both Greek and Revived Roman seem quite barbaric.' Lord Ponsonby lodges in the same house with me;—but, of course, I do not countenance an adherent of a beaten Party!'¹—Or let us take this more compendious account, which has much more of human in it, from an onward stage, ten days later:

'To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

'Rome, 13th May 1842.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I hope I wrote to you before leaving England, to tell you of the necessity for my doing so. Though coming to Italy, there was little comfort in the prospect of being divided from my family, and pursuits which grew on me every day. However, I tried to make the best of it, and have gained both health and pleasure.

'In spite of scanty communications from England (owing to

¹ Long Letter to his Father: Naples, 3d May 1842.

the uncertainty of my position), a word or two concerning you and your dear Wife have reached me. Lately it has often occurred to me, that the sight of the Bay of Naples, of the beautiful coast from that to this place, and of Rome itself, all bathed in summer sunshine, and green with spring foliage, would be some consolation to her.¹ Pray give her my love.

‘I have been two days here ; and almost the first thing I did was to visit the Protestant burial-ground, and the graves of those I knew when here before. But much as being now alone here I feel the difference, there is no scene where Death seems so little dreadful and miserable as in the lonelier neighbourhoods of this old place. All one’s impressions, however, as to that and everything else, appear to me, on reflection, more affected than I had for a long time any notion of, by one’s own isolation. All the feelings and activities which family, friends and occupation commonly engage, are turned, here in one’s solitude, with strange force into the channels of mere observation and contemplation ; and the objects one is conversant with seem to gain a tenfold significance from the abundance of spare interest one now has to bestow on them. This explains to me a good deal of the peculiar effect that Italy has always had on me : and something of that artistic enthusiasm which I remember you used to think so singular in Goethe’s *Travels*. Darley, who is as much a brooding hermit in England as here, felt nothing but disappointment from a country which fills me with childish wonder and delight.

‘Of you I have received some slight notice from Mrs. Strachey ; who is on her way hither ; and will (she writes) be at Florence on the 15th, and here before the end of the month. She notices having received a Letter of yours which had pleased her much. She now proposes spending the summer at Sorrento, or thereabouts ; and if mere delight of landscape and climate were enough, Adam and Eve, had their courier taken them to that region, might have done well enough without Paradise,—and not been tempted, either, by any Tree of Knowledge ; a kind that does not flourish in the Two Sicilies.

¹ Death of her Mother, four months before. (*Note of 1870.*)

‘The ignorance of the Neapolitans, from the highest to the lowest, is very eminent ; and excites the admiration of all the rest of Italy. In the great building containing all the Works of Art, and a Library of 150,000 volumes, I asked for the best existing Book (a German one published ten years ago) on the Statues in that very Collection ; and, after a rabble of clerks and custodes, got up to a dirty priest, who bowing to the ground regretted “they did not possess it,” but at last remembered that “they *had* entered into negotiations on the subject, which as yet had been unsuccessful.”—The favourite device on the walls at Naples is a vermilion Picture of a Male and Female Soul respectively up to the waist (the waist of a *soul*) in fire, and an Angel above each, watering the sufferers from a watering-pot. This is intended to gain alms for Masses. The same populace sit for hours on the Mole, listening to rhapsodists who recite Ariosto. I have seen I think five of them all within a hundred yards of each other, and some sets of fiddlers to boot. Yet there are few parts of the world where I have seen less laughter than there. The Miracle of Januarius’s Blood is, on the whole, my most curious experience. The furious entreaties, shrieks and sobs, of a set of old women, yelling till the Miracle was successfully performed, are things never to be forgotten..

‘I spent three weeks in this most glittering of countries, and saw most of the usual wonders,—the Pæstan Temples being to me much the most valuable. But Pompeii and all that it has yielded, especially the Fresco Paintings, have also an infinite interest. When one considers that this prodigious series of beautiful designs supplied the place of our common room-papers,—the wealth of poetic imagery among the Ancients, and the corresponding traditional variety and elegance of pictorial treatment, seem equally remarkable. The Greek and Latin Books do not give one quite so fully this sort of impression ; because they afford no direct measure of the extent of their own diffusion. But these are ornaments from the smaller class of decent houses in a little Country Town ; and the greater number of them, by the slightness of the execution, show very clearly that they were adapted to ordinary taste,

and done by mere artisans. In general clearness, symmetry and simplicity of feeling, I cannot say that, on the whole, the works of Raffaele equal them ; though of course he has endless beauties such as we could not find unless in the great original works from which these sketches at Pompeii were taken. Yet with all my much increased reverence for the Greeks, it seems more plain than ever that they had hardly anything of the peculiar devotional feeling of Christianity.

‘Rome, which I loved before above all the earth, now delights me more than ever ;—though at this moment there is rain falling that would not discredit Oxford Street. The depth, sincerity and splendour that there once was in the semi-paganism of the old Catholics comes out in St. Peter’s and its dependencies, almost as grandly as does Greek and Roman Art in the Forum and the Vatican Galleries. I wish you were here : but, at all events, hope to see you and your Wife once more during this summer.—Yours, JOHN STERLING.’

At Paris, where he stopped a day and night, and generally through his whole journey from Marseilles to Havre, one thing attended him : the prevailing epidemic of the place and year ; now gone, and nigh forgotten, as other influenzas are. He writes to his Father : ‘I have not yet met a single Frenchman, who could give me any rational explanation *why* they were all in such a confounded rage against us. Definite causes of quarrel a statesman may know how to deal with, inasmuch as the removal of them may help to settle the dispute. But it must be a puzzling task to negotiate about instincts ; to which class, as it seems to me, we must have recourse for an understanding of the present abhorrence which everybody on the other side of the Channel not only feels, but makes a point to boast of, against the name of Britain. France is slowly arming, especially with Steam, *en attendant* a more than possible contest, in which they reckon confidently on the eager coöperation of the Yankees ; as, *vice versa*, an American told me that his countrymen do on that of France. One person at Paris (M. — whom you know) provoked me to tell him that “England did not want another battle of Trafalgar ; but if

France did, she might compel England to gratify her.”—After a couple of pleasant and profitable months, he was safe home again in the first days of June ; and saw Falmouth not under gray iron skies, and whirls of March dust, but bright with summer opulence and the roses coming out.

It was what I call his ‘*fifth* peregrinity ;’ his fifth and last. He soon afterwards came up to London ; spent a couple of weeks, with all his old vivacity, among us here. The Æsculapian oracles, it would appear, gave altogether cheerful prophecy ; the highest medical authority ‘expresses the most decided opinion that I have gradually mended for some years ; and in truth I have not, for six or seven, been so free from serious symptoms of illness as at present.’ So uncertain are all oracles, Æsculapian and other !

During this visit, he made one new acquaintance which he much valued ; drawn thither, as I guess, by the wish to take counsel about *Strafford*. He writes to his Clifton friend, under date, *1st July* 1842 : ‘Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review*, I made my first oral acquaintance with ; and found him as neat, clear and cutting a brain as you would expect ; but with an amount of knowledge, good nature and liberal antibigotry, that would much surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness. He quite agreed with me as to the threatening seriousness of our present social perplexities, and the necessity and difficulty of doing something effectual for so satisfying the manual multitude as not to overthrow all legal security.’

‘Of other persons whom I saw in London,’ continues he, ‘there are several that would much interest you,—though I missed Tennyson, by a mere chance.’ * * * ‘John Mill has completely finished, and sent to the bookseller, his great work on *Logic* ; the labour of many years of a singularly subtle, patient and comprehensive mind. It will be our chief speculative monument of this age. Mill and I could not meet above two or three times ; but it was with the openness and freshness of schoolboy friends, though our friendship only dates from the manhood of both.’

He himself was busier than ever ; occupied continually with

all manner of Poetic interests. *Cœur-de-Lion*, a new and more elaborate attempt in the mock-heroic or comico-didactic vein, had been on hand for some time, the scope of it greatly deepening and expanding itself since it first took hold of him; and now, soon after the Naples journey, it rose into shape on the wider plan; shaken-up probably by this new excitement, and indebted to Calabria, Palermo and the Mediterranean scenes for much of the vesture it had. With this, which opened higher hopes for him than any of his previous efforts, he was now employing all his time and strength;—and continued to do so, this being the last effort granted him among us.

Already, for some months, *Strafford* lay complete: but how to get it from the stocks; in what method to launch it? The step was questionable. Before going to Italy he had sent me the Manuscript; still loyal and friendly; and willing to hear the worst that could be said of his poetic enterprise. I had to afflict him again, the good brave soul, with the deliberate report that I could *not* accept this Drama as his *Picture of the Life of Strafford*, or as any *Picture* of that strange Fact. To which he answered, with an honest manfulness, in a tone which is now pathetic enough to me, that he was much grieved yet much obliged, and uncertain how to decide. On the other hand, Mr. Hare wrote, warmly eulogising. Lockhart too spoke kindly, though taking some exceptions. It was a questionable case. On the whole, *Strafford* remained, for the present, unlaunched; and *Cœur-de-Lion* was getting its first timbers diligently laid down. So passed, in peaceable seclusion, in wholesome employment and endeavour, the autumn and winter of 1842–3. On Christmas-day, he reports to his Mother:

‘I wished to write to you yesterday; but was prevented by the important business of preparing a Tree, in the German fashion, for the children. This project answered perfectly, as it did last year; and gave them the greatest pleasure. I wish you and my Father could have been here to see their merry faces. Johnny was in the thick of the fun, and much happier than Lord Anson on capturing the galleon. We are all going on well and quietly, but with nothing very new among us.’—

‘The last book I have lighted on is Moffat’s *Missionary Labours in South Africa*; which is worth reading. There is the best collection of lion stories in it that I have ever seen. But the man is, also, really a very good fellow; and fit for something much better than most lions are. He is very ignorant, and mistaken in some things; but has strong sense and heart; and his Narrative adds another to the many proofs of the enormous power of Christianity on rude minds. Nothing can be more chaotic, that is human at all, than the notions of these poor Blacks, even after what is called their conversion; but the effect is produced. They do adopt pantaloons, and abandon polygamy; and I suppose will soon have newspapers and literary soirées.’

CHAPTER V.

DISASTER ON DISASTER.

DURING all these years of struggle and wayfaring, his Father’s household at Knightsbridge had stood healthful, happy, increasing in wealth, free diligence, solidity and honest prosperity; a fixed sunny islet, towards which, in all his voyagings and overclouded roamings, he could look with satisfaction, as to an ever-open port of refuge.

The elder Sterling, after many battles, had reached his field of conquest in these years; and was to be regarded as a victorious man. Wealth sufficient, increasing not diminishing, had rewarded his labours in the *Times*, which were now in their full flower; he had influence of a sort; went busily among busy public men; and enjoyed, in the questionable form attached to journalism and anonymity, a social consideration and position which were abundantly gratifying to him. A singular figure of the epoch; and when you came to know him, which it was easy to fail of doing if you had not eyes and candid insight, a gallant, truly gifted, and manful figure, of his kind. We saw much of him in this house; much of all his family; and had grown to love them all right well,—him too,

though that was the difficult part of the feat. For in his Irish way he played the conjuror very much,—“three-hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year upon every subject,” as a wag once said. In fact his talk, ever ingenious, emphatic and spirited in detail, was much defective in earnestness, at least in clear earnestness, of purport and outcome ; but went tumbling as if in mere welters of explosive unreason ; a volcano heaving under vague deluges of scoriæ, ashes and imponderous pumice-stones, you could not say in what direction, nor well whether in any. Not till after good study did you see the deep molten lava-flood, which simmered steadily enough, and showed very well by and by whither *it* was bound. For I must say of Edward Sterling, after all his daily explosive sophistries, and fallacies of talk, he had a stubborn instinctive sense of what was manful, strong and worthy ; recognised, with quick feeling, the charlatan under his solemnest wig ; knew as clearly as any man a pusillanimous tailor in buckram, an ass under the lion’s skin, and did with his whole heart despise the same.

The sudden changes of doctrine in the *Times*, which failed not to excite loud censure and indignant amazement in those days, were first intelligible to you when you came to interpret them as his changes. These sudden whirls from east to west on his part, and total changes of party and articulate opinion at a day’s warning, lay in the nature of the man, and could not be helped ; products of his fiery impatience, of the combined impetuosity and limitation of an intellect, which did nevertheless continually gravitate towards what was loyal, true and right on all manner of subjects. These, as I define them, were the mere scoriæ and pumice wreck of a steady central lava-flood, which truly was volcanic and explosive to a strange degree, but did rest as few others on the grand fire-depths of the world. Thus, if he stormed along, ten thousand strong, in the time of the Reform Bill, indignantly denouncing Toryism and its obsolete insane pretensions ; and then if, after some experience of Whig management, he discerned that Wellington and Peel, by whatever name entitled, were the men to be depended on by England,—there lay in all this,

visible enough, a deeper consistency far more important than the superficial one, so much clamoured after by the vulgar. Which is the lion's-skin ; which is the real lion ? Let a man, if he is prudent, ascertain that before speaking ;—but above and beyond all things, *let* him ascertain it, and stand valiantly to it when ascertained ! In the latter essential part of the operation Edward Sterling was honourably successful to a really marked degree ; in the former, or prudential part, very much the reverse, as his history in the Journalistic department at least, was continually teaching him.

An amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man, this “ Captain Whirlwind,” as I used to call him ! Great sensibility lay in him, too ; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness, which he had an over-tendency to express even by tears, —a singular sight in so leonine a man. Enemies called them maudlin and hypocritical, these tears ; but that was nowise the complete account of them. On the whole, there did conspicuously lie a dash of ostentation, a self-consciousness apt to become loud and braggart, over all he said and did and felt : this was the alloy of the man, and you had to be thankful for the abundant gold along with it.

Quizzing enough he got among us for all this, and for the singular *chiaroscuro* manner of procedure, like that of an Archimagus Cagliostro, or Kaiser Joseph Incognito, which his anonymous known-unknown thunderings in the *Times* necessitated in him ; and much we laughed,—not without explosive counter-banterings on his part ;—but, in fine, one could not do without him ; one knew him at heart for a right brave man. “ By Jove, sir ! ” thus he would swear to you, with radiant face ; sometimes, not often, by a deeper oath. With persons of dignity, especially with women, to whom he was always very gallant, he had courtly, delicate manners, verging towards the wiredrawn and elaborate ; on common occasions, he bloomed-out at once into jolly familiarity of the gracefully-boisterous kind, reminding you of mess-rooms and old Dublin days. His off-hand mode of speech was always precise, emphatic, ingenious : his laugh, which was frequent rather than otherwise, had a sincerity of banter, but no real

depth of sense for the ludicrous ; and soon ended, if it grew too loud, in a mere dissonant scream. He was broad, well-built, stout of stature ; had a long lowish head, sharp gray eyes, with large strong aquiline face to match ; and walked, or sat, in an erect decisive manner. A remarkable man ; and playing, especially in those years 1830-40, a remarkable part in the world.

For it may be said, the emphatic, big-voiced, always influential and often strongly unreasonable *Times* Newspaper was the express emblem of Edward Sterling ; he, more than any other man or circumstance, was the *Times* Newspaper, and thundered through it to the shaking of the spheres. And let us assert withal that his and its influence, in those days, was not ill-grounded but rather well ; that the loud manifold unreason, often enough vituperated and groaned over, was of the surface mostly ; that his conclusions, unreasonable, partial, hasty as they might at first be, gravitated irresistibly towards the right : in virtue of which grand quality indeed, the root of all good insight in man, his *Times* oratory found acceptance, and influential audience, amid the loud whirl of an England itself logically very stupid, and wise chiefly by instinct.

England listened to this voice, as all might observe ; and to one who knew England and it, the result was not quite a strange one, and was honourable rather than otherwise to both parties. A good judge of men's talents has been heard to say of Edward Sterling : "There is not a *faculty of improvising* equal to this in all my circle. Sterling rushes out into the clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, copiously talking modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with the multifarious miscellany of men ; comes home at night ; redacts it into a *Times* Leader,—and is found to have hit the essential purport of the world's immeasurable babblement that day, with an accuracy beyond all other men. This is what the multifarious Babel sound did mean to say in clear words ; this, more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a Leader for the Morning Newspapers ! No intellect but Edward

Sterling's can do it. An improvising faculty without parallel in my experience."—In this 'improvising faculty,' much more nobly developed, as well as in other faculties and qualities with unexpectedly new and improved figure, John Sterling, to the accurate observer, showed himself very much the son of Edward.

Connected with this matter, a remarkable Note has come into my hands; honourable to the man I am writing of, and in some sort to another higher man; which, as it may now (unhappily for us all) be published without scruple, I will not withhold here. The support, by Edward Sterling and the *Times*, of Sir Robert Peel's first Ministry, and generally of Peel's statesmanship, was a conspicuous fact in its day; but the return it met with from the person chiefly interested may be considered well worth recording. The following Letter, after meandering through I know not what intricate conduits, and consultations of the Mysterious Entity whose address it bore, came to Edward Sterling, as the real flesh-and-blood proprietor, and has been found among his papers. It is marked *Private*:

'(Private) *To the Editor of the Times.*

' Whitehall, 18th April 1835.

'SIR,—Having this day delivered into the hands of the King the Seals of Office, I can, without any imputation of an interested motive, or any impediment from scrupulous feelings of delicacy, express my deep sense of the powerful support which that Government over which I had the honour to preside received from the *Times* Newspaper.

'If I do not offer the expressions of personal gratitude, it is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to the character of a support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle. I can say this with perfect truth, as I am addressing one whose person even is unknown to me, and who during my tenure of power studiously avoided every species of intercourse which could throw a suspicion upon the motives by which he was actuated. I should, however, be doing injustice to my own feelings, if I

were to retire from Office without one word of acknowledgment ; without at least assuring you of the admiration with which I witnessed, during the arduous contest in which I was engaged, the daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability to which I was indebted for a support, the more valuable because it was an impartial and discriminating support.—I have the honour to be, Sir,—Ever your most obedient and faithful servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

To which, with due loftiness and diplomatic gravity and brevity, there is Answer, Draught of Answer in Edward Sterling's hand, from the Mysterious Entity so honoured, in the following terms :

' To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. &c. &c. &c.

' SIR,—It gives me sincere satisfaction to learn from the Letter with which you have honoured me, bearing yesterday's date, that you estimate so highly the efforts which have been made during the last five months by the Times Newspaper to support the cause of rational and wholesome Government which his Majesty had intrusted to your guidance ; and that you appreciate fairly the disinterested motive, of regard to the public welfare, and to that alone, through which this Journal has been prompted to pursue a policy in accordance with that of your administration. It is, permit me to say, by such motives only, that the Times, ever since I have known it, has been influenced, whether in defence of the Government of the day, or in constitutional resistance to it : and indeed there exist no other motives of action for a Journalist, compatible either with the safety of the press, or with the political morality of the great bulk of its readers.—With much respect, I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

' THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."'

Of this Note I do not think there was the least whisper during Edward Sterling's lifetime ; which fact also one likes to remember of him, so ostentatious and little-reticent a man. For the rest, his loyal admiration of Sir Robert Peel,—sanc-

tioned, and as it were almost consecrated to his mind, by the great example of the Duke of Wellington, whom he revered always with true hero-worship,—was not a journalistic one, but a most intimate authentic feeling, sufficiently apparent in the very heart of his mind. Among the many opinions ‘liable to three hundred and sixty-five changes in the course of the year,’ this in reference to Peel and Wellington was one which never changed, but was the same all days and hours. To which, equally genuine, and coming still oftener to light in those times, there might one other be added, one and hardly more : fixed contempt, not unmingled with detestation, for Daniel O’Connell. This latter feeling, we used often laughingly to say, was his grand political principle, the one firm centre where all else went revolving. But internally the other also was deep and constant ; and indeed these were properly his *two* centres,—poles of the same axis, negative and positive, the one presupposing the other.

O’Connell he had known in young Dublin days ;—and surely no man could well venerate another less ! It was his deliberate, unalterable opinion of the then Great O, that good would never come of him ; that only mischief, and this in huge measure, would come. That however showy, and adroit in rhetoric and management, he was a man of incurably commonplace intellect, and of no character but a hollow, blustery, pusillanimous and unsound one ; great only in maudlin patriotisms, in speciosities, astucities,—in the miserable gifts for becoming Chief *Demagogos*, Leader of a deep-sunk Populace towards *its* Lands of Promise ; which trade, in any age or country, and especially in the Ireland of this age, our indignant friend regarded (and with reason) as an extremely ugly one for a man. He had himself zealously advocated Catholic Emancipation, and was not without his Irish patriotism, very different from the Orange sort ; but the ‘*Liberator*’ was not admirable to him, and grew daily less so to an extreme degree. Truly, his scorn of the said *Liberator*, now riding in supreme dominion on the wings of *blarney*, devil-ward of a surety, with the Liberated all following and huzzaing ; his fierce gusts of wrath and abhorrence over him,—rose oc-

asionally almost to the sublime. We laughed often at these vehemences :—and they were not wholly laughable ; there was something very serious, and very true, in them ! This creed of Edward Sterling's would not now, in either pole of its axis, look so strange as it then did in many quarters.

During those ten years which might be defined as the culminating period of Edward Sterling's life, his house at South Place, Knightsbridge, had worn a gay and solid aspect, as if built at last on the high tableland of sunshine and success, the region of storms and dark weather now all victoriously traversed and lying safe below. Health, work, wages, whatever is needful to a man, he had, in rich measure ; and a frank stout heart to guide the same : he lived in such style as pleased him ; drove his own chariot up and down (himself often acting as Jehu, and reminding you a little of *Times* thunder even in driving) ; consorted, after a fashion, with the powerful of the world ; saw in due vicissitude a miscellany of social faces round him,—pleasant parties, which he liked well enough to garnish by a lord ; “Irish lord, if no better might be,” as the banter went. For the rest, he loved men of worth and intellect, and recognised them well, whatever their title : this was his own patent of worth which Nature had given him ; a central light in the man, which illuminated into a kind of beauty, serious or humorous, all the artificialities he had accumulated on the surface of him. So rolled his days, not quietly, yet prosperously, in manifold commerce with men. At one in the morning, when all had vanished into sleep, his lamp was kindled in his library ; and there, twice or thrice a week, for a three-hours space, he launched his bolts, which next morning were to shake the high places of the world.

John's relation to his Father, when one saw John here, was altogether frank, joyful and amiable : he ignored the *Times* thunder for most part, coldly taking the Anonymous for non-extant ; spoke of it floutingly, if he spoke at all : indeed a pleasant half-bantering dialect was the common one between Father and Son ; and they, especially with the gentle, simple-

hearted, just-minded Mother for treble-voice between them, made a very pretty glee-harmony together.

So had it lasted, ever since poor John's voyagings began ; his Father's house standing always as a fixed sunny islet with safe harbour for him. So it could not always last. This sunny islet was now also to break and go down : so many firm islets, fixed pillars in his fluctuating world, pillar after pillar, were to break and go down ; till swiftly all, so to speak, were sunk in the dark waters, and he with them ! Our little History is now hastening to a close.

In the beginning of 1843 news reached us that Sterling had, in his too reckless way, encountered a dangerous accident : maids, in the room where he was, were lifting a heavy table ; he, seeing them in difficulty, had snatched at the burden ; heaved it away,—but had broken a bloodvessel by the business ; and was now, after extensive hemorrhage, lying dangerously ill. The doctors hoped the worst was over ; but the case was evidently serious. In the same days, too, his Mother had been seized here by some painful disease, which from its continuance grew alarming. Sad omens for Edward Sterling, who by this time had as good as ceased writing or working in the *Times*, having comfortably winded-up his affairs there ; and was looking forward to a freer idle life befitting his advanced years henceforth. Fatal eclipse had fallen over that household of his ; never to be lifted off again till all darkened into night.

By dint of watchful nursing, John Sterling got on foot once more : but his Mother did not recover, quite the contrary. Her case too grew very questionable. Disease of the heart, said the medical men at last ; not immediately, not perhaps for a length of years, dangerous to life, said they ; but without hope of cure. The poor lady suffered much ; and, though affecting hope always, grew weaker and weaker. John ran up to Town in March ; I saw him, on the morrow or next day after, in his own room at Knightsbridge : he had caught fresh cold overnight, the servant having left his window up, but I was charged to say nothing of it, not to flutter the al-

ready troubled house : he was going home again that very day, and nothing ill would come of it. We understood the family at Falmouth, his Wife being now near her confinement again, could at any rate comport with no long absence. He was cheerful, even rudely merry ; himself pale and ill, his poor Mother's cough audible occasionally through the wall. Very kind, too, and gracefully affectionate ; but I observed a certain grimness in his mood of mind, and under his light laughter lay something unusual, something stern, as if already dimmed in the coming shadows of Fate. "Yes, yes, you are a good man : but I understand they mean to appoint you to Rhadamanthus's post, which has been vacant for some time ; and you will see how you like that !" This was one of the things he said ; a strange effulgence of wild drollery flashing through the ice of earnest pain and sorrow. He looked paler than usual : almost for the first time, I had myself a twinge of mis-giving as to his own health ; for hitherto I had been used to blame as much as pity his fits of dangerous illness, and would often angrily remonstrate with him that he might have excellent health, would he but take reasonable care of himself, and learn the art of sitting still. Alas, as if he *could* learn it ; as if Nature had not laid her ban on him even there, and said in smiles and frowns manifoldly, "No, that thou shalt not learn !"

He went that day ; he never saw his good true Mother more. Very shortly afterwards, in spite of doctors' prophecies, and affectionate illusions, she grew alarmingly and soon hopelessly worse. Here are his last two Letters to her :

' To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.

' Falmouth, 8th April 1843.

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I could do you no good, but it would be the greatest comfort to me if could be near you. Nothing would detain me but Susan's condition. I feel that until her confinement is over, I ought to remain here,—unless you wished me to go to you ; in which case she would be the first to send me off. Happily she is doing as well as possible, and seems even to gain strength every day. She sends her love to you.

‘The children are all doing well. I rode with Edward to-day through some of the pleasant lanes in the neighbourhood ; and was delighted, as I have often been at the same season, to see the primroses under every hedge. It is pleasant to think that the Maker of them can make other flowers for the gardens of his other mansions. We have here a softness in the air, a smoothness of the clouds, and a mild sunshine, that combine in lovely peace with the first green of spring and the mellow whiteness of the sails upon the quiet sea. The whole aspect of the world is full of a quiet harmony, that influences even one’s bodily frame, and seems to make one’s very limbs aware of something living, good and immortal in all around us. Knowing how you suffer, and how weak you are, anything is a blessing to me that helps me to rise out of confusion and grief into the sense of God and joy. I could not indeed but feel how much happier I should have been, this morning, had you been with me, and delighting as you would have done in all the little as well as the large beauty of the world. But it was still a satisfaction to feel how much I owe to you of the power of perceiving meaning, reality and sweetness in all healthful life. And thus I could fancy that you were still near me ; and that I could see you, as I have so often seen you, looking with earnest eyes at wayside flowers.

‘I would rather not have written what must recall your thoughts to your present sufferings : but, dear Mother, I wrote only what I felt ; and perhaps you would rather have it so, than that I should try to find other topics. I still hope to be with you before long. Meanwhile and always, God bless you, is the prayer of—Your affectionate son,

‘JOHN STERLING.’

To the same.

‘Falmouth, 12th April 1843.

‘DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just received my Father’s Letter ; which gives me at least the comfort of believing that you do not suffer very much pain. That your mind has remained so clear and strong, is an infinite blessing.

‘I do not know anything in the world that would make up

to me at all for wanting the recollection of the days I spent with you lately, when I was amazed at the freshness and life of all your thoughts. It brought back far-distant years, in the strangest, most peaceful way. I felt myself walking with you in Greenwich Park, and on the seashore at Sandgate ; almost even I seemed a baby, with you bending over me. Dear Mother, there is surely something uniting us that cannot perish. I seem so sure of a love which shall last and reunite us, that even the remembrance, painful as that is, of all my own follies and ill tempers, cannot shake this faith. When I think of you, and know how you feel towards me, and have felt for every moment of almost forty years, it would be too dark to believe that we shall never meet again. It was from you that I first learnt to think, to feel, to imagine, to believe ; and these powers, which cannot be extinguished, will one day enter anew into communion with you. I have bought it very dear by the prospect of losing you in this world,—but since you have been so ill, everything has seemed to me holier, loftier and more lasting, more full of hope and final joy.

‘It would be a very great happiness to see you once more even here ; but I do not know if that will be granted to me. But for Susan’s state, I should not hesitate an instant ; as it is, my duty seems to be to remain, and I have no right to repine. There is no sacrifice that she would not make for me, and it would be too cruel to endanger her by mere anxiety on my account. Nothing can exceed her sympathy with my sorrow. But she cannot know, no one can, the recollections of all you have been and done for me ; which now are the most sacred and deepest, as well as most beautiful, thoughts that abide with me. May God bless you, dearest Mother. It is much to believe that He feels for you all that you have ever felt for your children.

JOHN STERLING.’

A day or two after this, ‘on Good Friday, 1843,’ his Wife got happily through her confinement, bringing him, he writes, ‘a stout little girl, who and the Mother are doing as well as possible.’ The little girl still lives and does well ; but for the Mother there was another lot. Till the Monday following she

too did altogether well, he affectionately watching her ; but in the course of that day, some change for the worse was noticed, though nothing to alarm either the doctors or him ; he watched by her bedside all night, still without alarm ; but sent again in the morning, Tuesday morning, for the doctors,—who did not seem able to make much of the symptoms. She appeared weak and low, but made no particular complaint. The London post meanwhile was announced ; Sterling went into another room to learn what tidings of his Mother it brought him. Returning speedily with a face which in vain strove to be calm, his Wife asked, How at Knightsbridge ? “ My Mother is dead,” answered Sterling ; “ died on Sunday : She is gone.” “ Poor old man !” murmured the other, thinking of old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world ; and these were her own last words : in two hours more she too was dead. In two hours Mother and Wife were suddenly both snatched away from him.

‘ It came with awful suddenness !’ writes he to his Clifton friend. ‘ Still for a short time I had my Susan : but I soon saw that the medical men were in terror ; and almost within half an hour of that fatal Knightsbridge news, I began to suspect our own pressing danger. I received her last breath upon my lips. Her mind was much sunk, and her perceptions slow ; but a few minutes before the last, she must have caught the idea of dissolution ; and signed that I should kiss her. She faltered painfully, “ Yes ! yes !” —returned with fervency the pressure of my lips ; and in a few moments her eyes began to fix, her pulse to cease.’ She too is gone from me ! It was Tuesday morning, April 18th, 1843. His Mother had died on the Sunday before.

He had loved his excellent kind Mother, as he ought and well might : in that good heart, in all the wanderings of his own, there had ever been a shrine of warm pity, of mother’s love and blessed soft affections for him ; and now it was closed in the Eternities forevermore. His poor Life-partner too, his other self, who had faithfully attended him so long in all his pilgrimings, cheerily footing the heavy tortuous ways

along with him, can follow him no farther ; sinks now at his side : “ The rest of your pilgrimings alone, O Friend,—adieu, adieu ! ” She too is forever hidden from his eyes ; and he stands, on the sudden, very solitary amid the tumult of fallen and falling things. ‘ My little baby girl is doing well ; poor little wreck cast upon the seabeach of life. My children require me tenfold now. What I shall do, is all confusion and darkness.’

The younger Mrs. Sterling was a true good woman ; loyal-hearted, willing to do well, and struggling wonderfully to do it amid her languors and infirmities ; rescuing, in many ways, with beautiful female heroism and adroitness, what of fertility their uncertain, wandering, unfertile way of life still left possible, and cheerily making the most of it. A genial, pious and harmonious fund of character was in her ; and withal an indolent, half-unconscious force of intellect, and justness and delicacy of perception, which the casual acquaintance scarcely gave her credit for. Sterling much respected her decision in matters literary ; often altering and modifying where her feeling clearly went against him ; and in verses especially trusting to her ear, which was excellent, while he knew his own to be worth little. I remember her melodious rich plaintive tone of voice ; and an exceedingly bright smile which she sometimes had, effulgent with sunny gaiety and true humour, among other fine qualities.

Sterling has lost much in these two hours ; how much that has long been can never again be for him ! Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house ; and much lies in dismal ruins round him.

CHAPTER VI.

VENTNOR : DEATH.

IN this sudden avalanche of sorrows Sterling, weak and worn as we have seen, bore up manfully, and with pious valour fronted what had come upon him. He was not a man to yield

to vain wailings, or make repinings at the unalterable : here was enough to be long mourned over ; but here, for the moment, was very much imperatively requiring to be done. That evening, he called his children round him ; spoke words of religious admonition and affection to them ; said, “He must now be a Mother as well as a Father to them.” On the evening of the funeral, writes Mr. Hare, he bade them good night, adding these words, “If I am taken from you, God will take care of you.” He had six children left to his charge, two of them infants ; and a dark outlook ahead of them and him. The good Mrs. Maurice, the children’s young Aunt, present at this time and often afterwards till all ended, was a great consolation.

Falmouth, it may be supposed, had grown a sorrowful place to him, peopled with haggard memories in his weak state ; and now again, as had been usual with him, change of place suggested itself as a desirable alleviation ;—and indeed, in some sort, as a necessity. He has ‘friends here,’ he admits to himself, ‘whose kindness is beyond all price, all description ;’ but his little childrep, if anything befell him, have no relative within two hundred miles. He is now sole watcher over them ; and his very life is so precarious ; nay, at any rate, it would appear, he has to leave Falmouth every spring, or run the hazard of worse. Once more, what is to be done ? Once more,—and now, as it turned out, for the last time.

A still gentler climate, greater proximity to London, where his Brother Anthony now was and most of his friends and interests were : these considerations recommended Ventnor, in the beautiful South-eastern corner of the Isle of Wight ; where on inquiry an eligible house was found for sale. The house and its surrounding piece of ground, improvable both, were purchased ; he removed thither in June of this year 1843 ; and set about improvements and adjustments on a frank scale. By the decease of his Mother, he had become rich in money ; his share of the West-India properties having now fallen to him, which, added to his former incomings, made a revenue he could consider ample and abundant. Fal-

mouth friends looked lovingly towards him, promising occasional visits ; old Herstmonceux, which he often spoke of revisiting, but never did, was not far off ; and London, with all its resources and remembrances, was now again accessible. He resumed his work ; and had hopes of again achieving something.

The Poem of *Cœur-de-Lion* has been already mentioned, and the wider form and aim it had got since he first took it in hand. It was above a year before the date of these tragedies and changes, that he had sent me a Canto, or couple of Cantos, of *Cœur-de-Lion* ; loyally again demanding my opinion, harsh as it had often been on that side. This time I felt right glad to answer in another tone : " That here was real felicity and ingenuity, on the prescribed conditions ; a decisively rhythmic quality in this composition ; thought and phraseology actually *dancing*, after a sort. What the plan and scope of the Work might be, he had not said, and I could not judge ; but here was a light opulence of airy fancy, picturesque conception, vigorous delineation, all marching on as with cheerful drum and fife, if without more rich and complicated forms of melody : if a man *would* write in metre, this sure enough was the way to try doing it." For such encouragement from that stunted quarter, Sterling, I doubt not, was very thankful ; and of course it might coöperate with the inspirations from his Naples Tour to further him a little in this his now chief task in the way of Poetry ; a thought which, among my many almost pathetic remembrances of contradictions to his Poetic tendency, is pleasant for me.

But, on the whole, it was no matter. With or without encouragement, he was resolute to persevere in Poetry, and did persevere. When I think now of his modest, quiet steadfastness in this business of Poetry ; how, in spite of friend and foe, he silently persisted, without wavering, in the form of utterance he had chosen for himself ; and to what length he carried it, and vindicated himself against us all,—his character comes out in a new light to me, with more of a certain central inflexibility and noble silent resolution than I had elsewhere noticed in it. This summer, moved by natural feelings, which

were sanctioned, too, and in a sort sanctified to him, by the remembered counsel of his late Wife, he printed the *Tragedy of Strafford*. But there was in the public no contradiction to the hard vote I had given about it: the little Book fell dead-born; and Sterling had again to take his disappointment;—which it must be owned he cheerfully did; and, resolute to try it again and ever again, went along with his *Cœur-de-Lion*, as if the public had been all with him. An honourable capacity to stand single against the whole world; such as all men need, from time to time! After all, who knows whether, in his over-clouded, broken, flighty way of life, incapable of long hard drudgery, and so shut-out from the solid forms of Prose, this Poetic Form, which he could well learn as he could all forms, was not the suitablest for him?

This work of *Cœur-de-Lion* he prosecuted stedfastly in his new home; and indeed employed on it henceforth all the available days that were left him in this world. As was already said, he did not live to complete it; but some eight Cantos, three or four of which I know to possess high worth, were finished, before Death intervened, and there he had to leave it. Perhaps it will yet be given to the public; and in that case be better received than the others were, by men of judgment; and serve to put Sterling's Poetic pretensions on a much truer footing. I can say, that to readers who do prefer a poetic diet, this ought to be welcome: if you can contrive to love the thing which is still called "poetry" in these days, here is a decidedly superior article in that kind,—richer than one of a hundred that you smilingly consume.

In this same month of June 1843, while the house at Ventnor was getting ready, Sterling was again in London for a few days. Of course at Knightsbridge, now fallen under such sad change, many private matters needed to be settled by his Father and Brother and him. Captain Anthony, now minded to remove with his family to London and quit the military way of life, had agreed to purchase the big family house, which he still occupies; the old man, now rid of that encumbrance, retired to a smaller establishment of his own;—came ultimately to be Anthony's guest, and spent his last days so. He was

much lamed and broken, the half of his old life suddenly torn away ;—and other losses, which he yet knew not of, lay close ahead of him. In a year or two, the rugged old man, borne down by these pressures, quite gave way ; sank into paralytic and other infirmities ; and was released from life's sorrows, under his son Anthony's roof, in the fall of 1847.—The house in Knightsbridge was, at the time we now speak of, empty except of servants ; Anthony having returned to Dublin, I suppose to conclude his affairs there, prior to removal. John lodged in a Hotel.

We had our fair share of his company in this visit, as in all the past ones ; but the intercourse, I recollect, was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely : one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge, and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting : The empty dark house, such needless trouble, and the like ;—but he answered in his quizzing way, "Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder ; it is all easy ; come ; both of you are bound to come." And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners ; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations ; sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive : Sterling's silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days ; as if strange gorgon-aces of earnest Destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were passed. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont ; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

One evening, I remember, he came down hither, designing to have a freer talk with us. We were all sad enough; and strove rather to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk had been got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his Hotel, which I recollect was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient comfortable quaint-looking place, off the street; where, in a good warm queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell, among other things which I have now forgotten; on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and in some essential points wrong,—as I said I would convince him some day. “Well, well!” answered he, with a shake of the head.—We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come: he escorted me down certain carpeted backstairs, and would not be forbidden: we took leave under the dim skies;—and alas, little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a common evening, the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me forevermore.

Through the summer he was occupied with fitting-up his new residence, selecting governesses, servants; earnestly endeavouring to set his house in order, on the new footing it had now assumed. Extensive improvements in his garden and grounds, in which he took due interest to the last, were also going on. His Brother, and Mr. Maurice his brother-in-law,—especially Mrs. Maurice the kind sister, faithfully endeavouring to be as a mother to her poor little nieces,—were occasionally with him. All hours available for labour on his literary tasks, he employed, almost exclusively I believe, on *Cœur-de-Lion*; with what energy, the progress he had made in that Work, and in the art of Poetic composition generally, amid so many sore impediments, best testifies. I perceive, his life in general lay heavier on him than it had done before; his mood of mind is grown more sombre;—indeed the very solitude of this Ventnor as a place, not to speak of other solitudes, must have been new and depressing. But he admits

no hypochondria, now or ever; occasionally, though rarely, even flashes of a kind of wild gaiety break through. He works steadily at his task, with all the strength left him; endures the past as he may; and makes gallant front against the world. 'I am going on quietly here, rather than happily,' writes he to his friend Newman; 'sometimes quite helpless, not from distinct illness, but from sad thoughts and a ghastly dreaminess. The heart is gone out of my life. My children, however, are doing well; and the place is cheerful and mild.'

From Letters of this period I might select some melancholy enough; but will prefer to give the following one (nearly the last I can give), as indicative of a less usual temper:

'To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

'Ventnor, 7th December 1843.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—My Irish Newspaper was *not* meant as a hint that I wanted a Letter. It contained an absurd long Advertisement,—some project for regenerating human knowledge, &c. &c.; to which I prefixed my private mark (a blot), thinking that you might be pleased to know of a fellow-labourer somewhere in Tipperary.

'Your Letter, like the Scriptural oil,—(they had no patent lamps then, and used the best oil, 7s. per gallon),—has made my face to shine. There is but one person in the world, I shall not tell you who, from whom a Letter would give me so much pleasure. It would be nearly as good at Pekin, in the centre of the most enlightened Mandarins; but here at Ventnor, where there are few Mandarins and no enlightenment,—fountains in the wilderness, even were they miraculous, are nothing compared with your handwriting. Yet it is sad that you should be so melancholy. I often think that though Mercury was the pleasanter fellow, and probably the happier, Saturn was the greater god;—rather cannibal or so, but one excuses it in him, as in some other heroes one knows of.

'It is, as you say, your destiny to write about Cromwell: and you will make a book of him, at which the ears of our grandchildren will tingle;—and as one may hope that the ears

of human nature will be growing longer and longer, the tingling will be proportionably greater than we are accustomed to. Do what you can, I fear there will be little gain from the Royalists. There is something very small about the biggest of them that I have ever fallen in with, unless you count old Hobbes a Royalist.

‘Curious to see that you have them exactly preserved in the Country Gentlemen of our day ; while of the Puritans not a trace remains except in History. Squirism had already, in that day, become the *caput mortuum* that it is now ; and has therefore, like other mummies, been able to last. What was opposed to it was the Life of Puritanism,—then on the point of disappearing ; and it too has left its mummy at Exeter Hall on the platform and elsewhere. One must go back to the Middle Ages to see Squirism as rampant and vivacious as Biblicism was in the Seventeenth Century : and I suppose our modern Country Gentlemen are about as near to what the old Knights and Barons were who fought the Crusades, as our modern Evangelicals to the fellows who sought the Lord by the light of their own pistol-shots.

‘Those same Crusades are now pleasant matter for me. You remember, or perhaps you do not, a thing I once sent you about Cœur-de-Lion. Long since, I settled to make the Cantos you saw part of a larger Book ; and worked at it, last autumn and winter, till I had a bad illness. I am now at work on it again ; and go full sail, like *my* hero. There are six Cantos done, roughly, besides what you saw. I have struck-out most of the absurdest couplets, and given the whole a higher though still sportive tone. It is becoming a kind of *Odyssey*, with a laughing and Christian Achilles for hero. One may manage to wrap, in that chivalrous brocade, many things belonging to our Time, and capable of interesting it. The thing is not bad ; but will require great labour. Only it is labour that I thoroughly like ; and which keeps the maggots out of one’s brain, until their time.

‘I have never spoken to you, never been able to speak to you, of the change in my life,—almost as great, one fancies, as one’s own death. Even now, although it seems as if I had

so much to say, I cannot. If one could imagine '—* * * 'But it is no use ; I cannot write wisely on this matter. I suppose no human being was ever devoted to another more entirely than she ;—and that makes the change not less but more bearable. It seems as if she could not be gone quite ; and that indeed is my faith.

'Mr. James, your New-England friend, was here only for a few days ; I saw him several times, and liked him. They went, on the 24th of last month, back to London,—or so purposed,—because there is no pavement here for him to walk on. I want to know where he is, and thought I should be able to learn from you. I gave him a Note for Mill, who perhaps may have seen him. I think this is all at present from,—Yours,

'JOHN STERLING.'

Of his health, all this while, we had heard little definite ; and understood that he was very quiet and careful ; in virtue of which grand improvement we vaguely considered all others would follow. Once let him learn well to be *slow* as the common run of men are, would not all be safe and well ? Nor through the winter, or the cold spring months, did bad news reach us ; perhaps less news of any kind than had been usual, which seemed to indicate a still and wholesome way of life and work. Not till 'April 4th, 1844,' did the new alarm occur : again on some slight accident, the breaking of a bloodvessel ; again prostration under dangerous sickness, from which this time he never rose.

There had been so many sudden fallings and happy risings again in our poor Sterling's late course of health, we had grown so accustomed to mingle blame of his impetuosity with pity for his sad overthrows, we did not for many weeks quite realise to ourselves the stern fact that here at length had the peculiar fall come upon us,—the last of all these falls ! This brittle life, which had so often held together and victoriously rallied under pressures and collisions, could not rally always, and must one time be shivered. It was not till the summer came and no improvement ; and not even then without lingering glimmers of hope against hope, that I fairly had to own

what had now come, what was now day by day sternly advancing with the steadiness of Time.

From the first, the doctors spoke despondently ; and Sterling himself felt well that there was no longer any chance of life. He had often said so, in his former illnesses, and thought so, yet always till now with some tacit grain of counter-hope ; he had never clearly felt so as now : Here is the end ; the great change is now here !—Seeing how it was, then, he earnestly gathered all his strength to do this last act of his tragedy as he had striven to do the others, in a pious and manful manner. As I believe we can say he did ; few men in any time *more* piously or manfully. For about six months he sat looking stedfastly, at all moments, into the eyes of Death ; he too who had eyes to *see* Death and the Terrors and Eternities ; and surely it was with perfect courage and piety, and valiant simplicity of heart, that he bore himself, and did and thought and suffered, in this trying predicament, more terrible than the usual death of men. All strength left to him he still employed in working : day by day the end came nearer, day by day also some new portion of his adjustments was completed, by some small stage his task was nearer done. His domestic and other affairs, of all sorts, he settled to the last item. Of his own Papers he saved a few, giving brief pertinent directions about them ; great quantities, among which a certain Autobiography begun some years ago at Clifton, he ruthlessly burnt, judging that the best. To his friends he left messages, memorials of books : I have a *Gough's Camden*, and other relics, which came to me in that way, and are among my sacred possessions. The very Letters of his friends he sorted and returned ; had each friend's Letters made into a packet, sealed with black, and duly addressed for delivery when the time should come.

At an early period of his illness, all visitors had of course been excluded, except his most intimate ones : before long, so soon as the end became apparent, he took leave even of his Father, to avoid excitements and intolerable emotions ; and except his Brother and the Maurices, who were generally about him coming and going, none were admitted. This latter form

of life, I think, continued for above three months. Men were still working about his grounds, of whom he took some charge : needful works, great and small, let them not pause on account of him. He still rose from bed ; had still some portion of his day which he could spend in his Library. Besides business there, he read a good deal,—earnest books ; the Bible, most earnest of books, his chief favourite. He still even wrote a good deal. To his eldest Boy, now Mr. Newman's ward, who had been removed to the Maurices' since the beginning of this illness, he addressed, every day or two, sometimes daily, for eight or nine weeks, a Letter, of general paternal advice and exhortation ; interspersing sparingly, now and then, such notices of his own feelings and condition as could be addressed to a boy. These Letters I have lately read : they give, beyond any he has written, a noble image of the intrinsic Sterling ;—the same face we had long known ; but painted now as on the azure of Eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad ; the dusts and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world, now washed away. One little Excerpt, not the best, but the fittest for its neighbourhood here, will be welcome to the reader :

' To Master Edward C. Sterling, London.

' Hillside, Ventnor, 29th June 1844.

' MY DEAR BOY,—We have been going on here as quietly as possible, with no event that I know of. There is nothing except books to occupy me. But you may suppose that my thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you may be doing in the great City,—the greatest on the Earth,—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was between eight and nine years old, and then lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more there than anywhere else for seven years longer. Since then I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew from childhood to be a man. My little Brothers and Sisters, and since, my Mother, died and are buried there. There I first saw your Mamma, and was there married. It seems as if, in

some strange way, London were a part of Me or I of London. I think of it often, not as full of noise and dust and confusion, but as something silent, grand and everlasting.

‘When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, and moving along the same river, that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are,—I could gladly burst into tears, not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of Death and so bordering on Heaven. Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our Life is ; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed ; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him.’ * * *

‘We have a mist here today from the sea. It reminds me of that which I used to see from my house in St. Vincent, rolling over the great volcano and the mountains round it. I used to look at it from our windows with your Mamma, and you a little baby in her arms.

‘This Letter is not so well written as I could wish, but I hope you will be able to read it.—Your affectionate Papa,

‘JOHN STERLING.’

These Letters go from June 9th to August 2d, at which latter date vacation-time arrived, and the Boy returned to him. The Letters are preserved ; and surely well worth preserving.

In this manner he wore the slow doomed months away. Day after day his little period of Library went on waning, shrinking into less and less ; but I think it never altogether ended till the general end came.—For courage, for active audacity we had all known Sterling ; but such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know in him. His sufferings, his sorrows, all his unutterabilities in this slow agony, he held right manfully down ; marched loyally, as at the bidding of the Eternal, into the dread Kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from

him. Poor noble Sterling, he had struggled so high and gained so little here ! But this also he did gain, to be a brave man ; and it was much.

Summer passed into Autumn : Sterling's earthly businesses, to the last detail of them, were now all as good as done ; his strength too was wearing to its end, his daily turn in the Library shrunk now to a span. He had to hold himself as if in readiness for the great voyage at any moment. One other Letter I must give ; not quite the last message I had from Sterling, but the last that can be inserted here : a brief Letter, fit to be forever memorable to the receiver of it :

' To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

' Hillside, Ventnor, 10th August 1844.

*' MY DEAR CARLYLE,—*For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words ; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write ; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you ! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

' Your Wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

' JOHN STERLING.'

It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me : if in the great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me ; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immortal tears ; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone.

His business with the world was done ; the one business now to await silently what may lie in other grander worlds. "God is great," he was wont to say : "God is great." The Maurices were now constantly near him ; Mrs. Maurice assiduously watching over him. On the evening of Wednesday the 18th of September, his Brother, as he did every two or three days, came down ; found him in the old temper, weak in strength but not very sensibly weaker ; they talked calmly together for an hour ; then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm : hurrying to his Brother's room, he found his Brother dying ; and in a short while more the faint last struggle was ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavours of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

STERLING was of rather slim but well-boned wiry figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height ; of blonde complexion, without colour, yet not pale or sickly ; dark-blonde hair, copious enough, which he usually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity, with a certain careless natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice, he affected dim colours, easy shapes ; cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous : he sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures ; walked with long strides, body carelessly bent, head flung eagerly forward, right hand perhaps grasping a cane, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the end to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacrity ; which indeed his physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardour, dwelt in the eyes too, which were of brownish gray, full of bright kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong. A smile, half of kindly impatience, half of real mirth, often sat on his face.

The head was long ; high over the vertex ; in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

In the voice, which was of good tenor sort, rapid and strikingly distinct, powerful too, and except in some of the higher notes harmonious, there was a clear-ringing *metallic* tone,—which I often thought was wonderfully physiognomic. A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the softest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal,—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c. &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. His laugh, which on light occasions was ready and frequent, had in it no great depth of gaiety, or sense for the ludicrous in men or things ; you might call it rather a good smile become vocal than a deep real laugh : with his whole man I never saw him laugh. A clear sense of the humorous he had, as of most other things ; but in himself little or no true humour ;—nor did he attempt that side of things. To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange, him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all : but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous ; and were, in any field, rather light, wide and lively, than deep, abiding or great.

There is no Portrait of him which tolerably resembles. The miniature Medallion, of which Mr. Hare has given an Engraving, offers us, with no great truth in physical details, one, and not the best, superficial expression of his face, as if that with vacuity had been what the face contained ; and even that Mr. Hare's engraver has disfigured into the nearly or the utterly irrecongnisable. Two Pencil-sketches, which no artist could approve of, hasty sketches done in some social hour, one by his friend Spedding, one by Baynim the Novelist, whom he slightly knew and had been kind to, tell a much truer story so far as they go : of these his Brother has engravings ; but these also I must suppress as inadequate for strangers.

Nor in the way of Spiritual Portraiture does there, after so much writing and excerpting, anything of importance remain for me to say. John Sterling and his Life in this world were—such as has been already said. In purity of character, in the so-called moralities, in all manner of proprieties of conduct, so as tea-tables and other human tribunals rule them, he might be defined as perfect, according to the world's pattern : in these outward tangible respects the world's criticism of him must have been praise and that only. An honourable man, and good citizen ; discharging, with unblamable correctness, all functions and duties laid on him by the customs (*mores*) of the society he lived in,—with correctness and something more. In all these particulars, a man perfectly *moral*, or of approved virtue according to the rules.

Nay in the far more essential tacit virtues, which are not marked on stone tables, or so apt to be insisted on by human creatures over tea or elsewhere,—in clear and perfect fidelity to Truth wherever found, in childlike and soldierlike, pious and valiant loyalty to the Highest, and what of good and evil that might send him,—he excelled among good men. The joys and the sorrows of his lot he took with true simplicity and acquiescence. Like a true son, not like a miserable mutinous rebel, he comported himself in this Universe. Extremity of distress,—and surely his fervid temper had enough of contradiction in this world,—could not tempt him into impatience at any time. By no chance did you ever hear from him a whisper of those mean repinings, miserable arraignings and questionings of the Eternal Power, such as weak souls even well disposed will sometimes give way to in the pressure of their despair ; to the like of this he never yielded, or showed the least tendency to yield ;—which surely was well on his part. For the Eternal Power, I still remark, will not answer the like of this, but silently and terribly accounts it impious, blasphemous and damnable, and now as heretofore will visit it as such. Not a rebel but a son, I said ; willing to suffer when Heaven said, Thou shalt ;—and withal, what is perhaps rarer in such a combination, willing to rejoice also, and right cheerily taking the good that was sent, whensoever or in whatever form it came.

A pious soul we may justly call him ; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things : the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man. Doubtless, in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship ; which silent feeling, as we have seen, he was eager enough to express by all good ways of utterance ; zealously adopting such appointed forms and creeds as the Dignitaries of the World had fixed upon and solemnly named recommendable ; prostrating his heart in such Church, by such accredited rituals and seemingly fit or half-fit methods, as his poor time and country had to offer him,—not rejecting the said methods till they stood convicted of palpable *unfitness*, and then doing it right gently withal, rather letting them drop as pitiously dead for him, than angrily hurling them out of doors as needing to be killed. By few Englishmen of his epoch had the thing called Church of England been more loyally appealed to as a spiritual mother.

And yet, as I said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great or intense ; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it : but he was of too joyful, light and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition ; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn-out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine, looking at the ‘three ells’ of Heaven high overhead there. In sorrow he would not dwell ; all sorrow he swiftly subdued, and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, ‘whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow’?—I should say, not religious reverence,

rather artistic admiration was the essential character of him : a fact connected with all other facts in the physiognomy of his life and self, and giving a tragic enough character to much of the history he had among us.

Poor Sterling, he was by nature appointed for a Poet, then,—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful ; and not for a Priest at all ? Striving towards the sunny heights, out of such a level and through such an element as ours in these days is, he had strange aberrations appointed him, and painful wanderings amid the miserable gas-lights, bog-fires, dancing meteors and putrid phosphorescences which form the guidance of a young human soul at present ! Not till after trying all manner of sublimely illuminated places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, discover his true sacred hill, and passionately climb thither while life was fast ebbing !—A tragic history, as all histories are ; yet a gallant, brave and noble one, as not many are. It is what, to a radiant son of the Muses, and bright messenger of the harmonious Wisdoms, this poor world,—if he himself have not strength enough, and *inertia* enough, and amid his harmonious eloquences silence enough,—has provided at present. Many a high-striving, too-hasty soul, seeking guidance towards eternal excellence from the official Black-artists, and successful Professors of political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, commercial, general and particular Legerdemain, will recognise his own history in this image of a fellow-pilgrim's.

Over-haste was Sterling's continual fault ; over-haste, and want of the due strength,—alas, mere want of the due *inertia* chiefly ; which is so common a gift for most part ; and proves so inexorably needful withal ! But he was good and generous and true ; joyful where there was joy, patient and silent where endurance was required of him ; shook innumerable sorrows, and thick-crowding forms of pain, gallantly away from him ; fared frankly forward, and with scrupulous care to tread on no one's toes. True, above all, one may call him ; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word and deed. Integrity towards all men,—nay integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous

generosity ; there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal ; he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful, to read all those interior movements ; the little shades of affectations, ostentations ; transient spurts of anger, which never grew to the length of settled spleen : all so naïve, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you.

And so he played his part among us, and has now ended it : in this first half of the Nineteenth Century, such was the shape of human destinies the world and he made out between them. He sleeps now, in the little burying-ground of Bonchurch ; bright, ever-young in the memory of others that must grow old ; and was honourably released from his toils before the hottest of the day.

All that remains, in palpable shape, of John Sterling's activities in this world are those Two poor Volumes ; scattered fragments gathered from the general waste of forgotten ephemera by the piety of a friend : an inconsiderable memorial ; not pretending to have achieved greatness ; only disclosing, mournfully, to the more observant, that a promise of greatness was there. Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy ; high hopes, noble efforts ; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever-new nobleness of valiant effort ;—and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding. A life which cannot challenge the world's attention ; yet which does modestly solicit it, and perhaps on clear study will be found to reward it.

On good evidence let the world understand that here was a remarkable soul born into it ; who, more than others, sensible to its influences, took intensely into him such tint and shape of feature as the world had to offer there and then ; fashioning himself eagerly by whatsoever of noble presented itself ; participating ardently in the world's battle, and suffering deeply in its bewilderments ;—whose Life-pilgrimage accordingly is an emblem, unusually significant, of the world's own during those years of his. A man of infinite susceptibility ;

who caught everywhere, more than others, the colour of the element he lived in, the infection of all that was or appeared honourable, beautiful and manful in the tendencies of his Time ;—whose history therefore is, beyond others, emblematic of that of his Time.

In Sterling's Writings and Actions, were they capable of being well read, we consider that there is for all true hearts, and especially for young noble seekers, and strivers towards what is highest, a mirror in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. Here also is one encompassed and struggling even as they now are. This man also had said to himself, not in mere Catechism-words, but with all his instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him, and pulsed in every drop of his blood : "What is the chief end of man? Behold, I too would live and work as beseems a denizen of this Universe, a child of the Highest God. By what means is a noble life still possible for me here? Ye Heavens and thou Earth, oh, how?"—The history of this long-continued prayer and endeavour, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say to men !

Nay, what of men or of the world? Here, visible to myself for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable and lovable amid the dim common populations ; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul : whom I, among others, recognised and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were. Sitting now by his tomb in thoughtful mood, the new times bring a new duty for me. 'Why write the Life of Sterling?' I imagine I had a commission higher than the world's, the dictate of Nature herself, to do what is now done. *Sic prosit.*

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